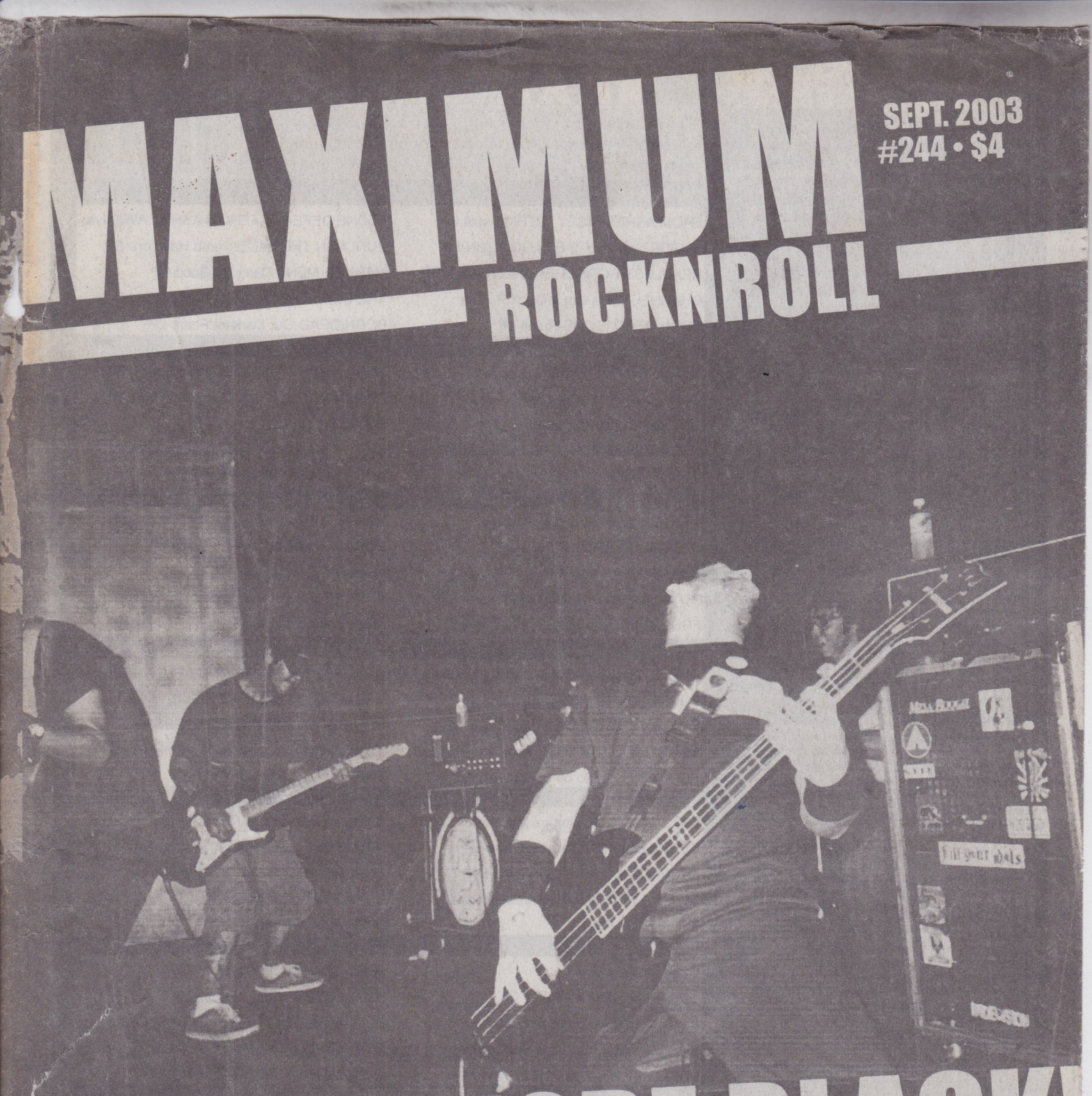
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

SEPT. 2003
#244 • $4



¡NONE MORE BLACK!

PLUS: BOXED IN • PUNK ROCK IN MALAYSIA • TRUST FANZINE
DEADLINE • BLACKOUT TERROR • MORTICIA'S LOVERS
THE EXPLODING HEARTS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US Rate: $4 each. 6 issue sub for $22. 12 issue sub for $36. In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $23.87 for 6 months, or $39.06 for 12 months (tax).
•Canada & Mexico: $5 each (air) or $4 (surface, to Canada only). 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $55 (air).
•Everywhere else: $10 each (air) or $6 (surface). 12 issue sub for $110 (air) or $57 (surface).
Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-154, 156 pt. 1, 156 pt. 2, 158, 160-163, 166, 168-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-211, 213-243 are as stated above in subscription info.
See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In (with payment):
by 15th of previous month.
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $100
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
Full page (7 1/4" x 10") $400

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads on paper, properly sized, or as TIFFs at 300 dpi—payment by mail.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, they're $1.50 each ppd. cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order 5 or more of the same issue.

NEWSSTAND circulation through Big Top Newsstand Services, a division of the IPA. For more information call (415) 643-0161 or fax (415) 643-2983 or E-mail: Info@BigTopPubs.com.
Also available from: No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.
See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS-split LP	CLONE DEFECTS / FROM ASHES RISE-live
HORDE-Song No. 2-EP / GG ALLIN-LP	PUNCH IN THE FACE-Dumb Hardcore-EP
HEADLESS HORSEMEN-Unconscious-EP	MARKED MEN-I Can't Be Good-EP
CHANNEL 3-I've Got a Gun-LP	THE SEEDS-LPs / USUALS-45
BORN DEAD ICONS-Ruins-LP	BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP

ROB COONS

MINOR THREAT-First Demo Tape-EP	SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP
BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP	PUNCH IN THE FACE-Dumb Hardcore-EP
GUYANA PUNCH LINE-Direkt Action-LP	USUALS-both 45s
FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS-split EP	KNIFE FIGHT-What Have You Done?-EP
IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE-EP	BORN AGAINST-The Rebel Sound-LP

ARWEN GURRY

MARKED MEN-I Can't Be Good-EP	MINOR THREAT-EP / BORN AGAINST-LP
FREEZE BABY-Boosh Hole-EP	BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP
OMENS-Yeah-Yeah!-EP	TRI-CITY THUNDERCATS-LP
GUYANA PUNCH LINE-Direkt Action-LP	SHOCKS-Bored to be in Zero 3-LP
FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS-split EP	Mission Records Final Show (xoxo forever)

PAUL CURRAN

DIRT BIKE ANNIE-Show Us Your Demons-LP	GRABASS CHARLESTONS / TILTWHEEL-live
FOURTEEN OR FIGHT-Fourteen or Fight-EP	USUALS-45s / BILLY REESE PETERS-live
MINOR THREAT-EP / MARKED MEN-EP	BROKEN SOCIETY-American Bull-EP
SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP	TOYS THAT KILL-Control the Sun-LP
SHOCKS-Bored to be in Zero 3-LP	THE KICKZ-Down and Out-EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

TOYS THAT KILL-Control the Sun-LP	BORN DEAD ICONS-Ruins-LP
BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP	RADIO REELERS-Rockin' Sound-12"
FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS-split EP	SHIKABANE-Why Do You Live-LP
GUYANA PUNCH LINE-Direkt Action-LP	BAREFOOT-Only Souvenirs-CD
SOVIETTES-live	JOH WILKES BOOZE-live

JEFF NEERMANN

USUALS-Escape-45	RUMPS-Necro Minority-LP
OMENS-Yeah-Yeah!-EP	REAL LOSERS-Time to Lose-LP
MINOR THREAT-First Demo Tape-EP	REAL LOSERS / POP THREAT-split EP
MARKED MEN-I Can't Be Good-EP	PUBLIC TOILETS-Wish I Was Stupid-EP
USUALS-I'll Keep Your Heart in Mind-45	DISGRACE / TENDERIZER-split EP

KENNY KAOS

REAL LOSERS-Time to Lose-LP	USUALS-Escape-45
PUBLIC TOILETS-Wish I Was Stupid-EP	SHOCKS-Bored to be in Zero 3-LP
RADIO REELERS-Rockin' Sound-12"	CHANNEL 3-I've Got a Gun-LP
SWEET JAP / KILL-A-WATTS-split 45	BUZZCOCKS-LP
USUALS-I'll Keep Your Heart in Mind-45	OMENS-Yeah-Yeah!-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

GITS-Frenching the Bully-CD	MINOR THREAT-First Demo Tape-EP
The Gits Movie-film / RADIO REELERS-12"	NERVOUS EATERS-Eat This!-CD
REAL LOSERS / POP THREAT-split EP	SWEET JAP / KILL-A-WATTS-split 45
JOHN WILKES BOOZE-live	TRI-CITY THUNDERCATS-LP
MARKED MEN-I Can't Be Good-EP	PUBLIC TOILETS-EP / FREEZE BABY-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

LEFT FRONT TIRE-42 Ways to Lose-CD	PROJECT: BOTTLECAPSaving Rock-CD
800 OCTANE-CD / LANDSCAPE-CDEP	REDSCARE-Eight Pieces of Summer-CD
IPANEMA-Je Suis Un Baseball Bat-CD	TEMPER TANTRUMS-Drummer Girl-CD
DIRT BIKE ANNIE-Show Us-LP / ARTLESS-CD	EXPLODING HEARTS-live / DOUGHBOYS-EP
CRASH-CD / BUZZCOCKS-CD	BAREFOOT-Only Souvenirs-CD

BOBBY MANIC

BUZZCOCKS – LP	SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP
V/A-Powerpearls Vol. 10-LP	THE SPECTACLE-Lakonia-10"
USUALS-both 45s	FUCKED UP-Baiting the Public-EP
FREDDY & THE FOUR GONE CONCLSIONS-CD	BAD BUSINESS-Journey to the Center-EP
TOYS THAT KILL-Control-LP	RED LIGHT STING-live

WILL RISK

C.AARMÉ-Tu Putta Mi Casa-EP	BUZZCOCKS-LP / HORDE-EP
BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP	BORN DEAD ICONS-Ruins-LP
FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS-split EP	CRAVING-Fans Will Shit Their Pants-2xLP
BORN AGAINST-LP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP	SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP
CHANNEL 3-I've Got a Gun-LP	MINOR THREAT-EP / TOYS THAT KILL-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

OMENS-Yeah-Yeah!-EP	RADIO REELERS-Rockin' Sound-12"
SWEET JAP / KILL-A-WATTS-split 45	SHOCKS-Bored to be in Zero 3-LP
FREEZE BABY-Boosh Hole-EP	BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP
REAL LOSERS-Time to Lose-LP	TOYS THAT KILL-Control the Sun-LP
SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP	ZUMM-ZUMM-Crusp Srexstling-CD

DONNA POOLE

HAMMERLOCK-live / COLD SHOULDER-EP	CHARGE 69-Des Mots, Des Rires-LP
KNIFE FIGHT-What Have You Done?-EP	PUBLIC TOILETS-Wish I Was Stupid-EP
PUNCH IN THE FACE-Dumb Hardcore-EP	BORN/DEAD-Our Darkest Fears-LP
IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE-EP	CHAINSAW-Just Need It-EP
G.G. ALLIN-Was, Is, and Always Shall Be-LP	SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

WRECKAGE / SIGNAL LOST-live	CHAINSAW-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP / SHOCKS-LP
DROP DEAD / CAUSTIC CHRIST /	DEATH SQUAD-EP / TOYS THAT KILL-LP
PAINT IT BLACK / DEAD RECKONING-live	MARKED MEN-EP / BLEED FOR PAIN-LP
ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS / TYRADES-live	FUCKED UP-EP / INFEZIONE-LP
WITCH HUNT-live/FAR / VICTIMS-split LP	GUYANA PUNCH LINE-LP / CAUSE-EP

MIKE THORN

POLYSICS-Neu-CD	TRI-CITY THUNDERCATS-LP
REAL LOSERS-Time to Lose-LP	SWEET JAP / KILL-A-WATTS-split 45
DISGRACE / TENDERIZER-split EP	MARKED MEN-I Can't Be Good-EP
USUALS-both 45s	THE KICKZ-Down and Out-EP
PSYCHOTIC REACTION-Every Little Thing-45	SURF NAZIS MUST DIE-Anti-Everything-EP

RYAN WELLS

ZINE TOP TEN

Capinch #5 / Dig It! #28	Interstitial #1
Inside Front #8	Perro Maldito #2
Chainbreaker #2	Race Riot #2
Eaves of Ass #2	Scenery #14
The Free Press Deathship #3	Usual Suspect #7

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Anandi	Aragorn
Peter Avery	Michelle Barnhardt
Ben	Angie Beyer
Janelle Blarg	Jerry Booth
Julia Booz Ullrey	Tim Brooks
Amy Browne	Kat Case
Ariel Celeste	Clayton
Catherine Cook	Rob Coons
Paul Curran	Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado	Ben Ditch
Sean Dougan	Jake Filth
Jonathan Floyd	Travis Fristoe
Gardner Fusuhara	Lien Gray
Doug Grime	Harald Hartmann
Greg Harvester	Jeff Heermann
Peter Hirseland	Vince Horner
Chloe Jensen	Ramsey Kanaan
Kenny Kaos	Paul Lesneski
Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Jesse Luscious	Hal MacLean
Jeff Mason	Tobia J. Minckler
Megan March	Mauz
Allan McNaughton	Mark Murrmann
Mimi Nguyen	José Palafox
Joshua Peach	Donna Poole
Cooper Quintin	Wm. Rage
Roy Rahlfling	Sandra Ramos
Spencer Rangitsch	Rick Reavill
Casey Ress	Will Risk
Heather Ryan	Greta S.
Sara Sandberg	Andrew Scott
Mary Southworth	Max Tremblay
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Erin Yanke	Gordon Zola

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Tony Arena	Mykel Board
Renae Bryant	Mitch Cardwell
Carl Cordova	CrimethInc
Bill Florio	George Impulse
Carolyn Keddy	Chris Boarts Larson
Bobby Manic	Jessica Mills
Ted Rall	Bruce Roehrs
Steve Spinali	George Tabb
Mike Taylor	Wells Tipley
Felix Von Havoc	Brad Wallace
Mike Robinson	Bob Suren
Steve K.	Neil Edgar
Hisham	Nick Royles
Greg Dick	Matt Bickle
Stephe Perry	Greg Dick
Chris Foresman	Trent Reinsmith
Jeffrey D. Pelly	Tim Brouk
Toni Terror	Texas Eddie
Chrystaei	Fred Lawdeen
Lauren Wilson	

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Clara Jeffers

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry Mike Thorn

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk: the Buzzcocks."

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Distemper, Enewetak, UK Subs, Luxo Champ, Jake Sayless, "Pioneers of Punk."

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore Fanzine, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. BACK IN STOCK! I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports,John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#244/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Huymanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

YOU WANT BACK ISSUES? ...WE'VE GOT YER BACK ISSUES RIGHT HERE.

BUY 3, THE 4TH IS FREE!

$3 DOLLARS EACH FROM → MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PO BOX 460760 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION

Dear *MRR* readers...
Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe and elsewhere. We've been doing our best to cover as much territory outside of the U$A as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like-minded punx who are interested in carrying *MRR*. We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*, but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just want to go in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—get in touch and we'll tell you the details! Please note that several of the distributors below are now offering subscription services. If you're not sure, just ask! Thanks again for all your support.

AUSTRALIA

Vox Populis Zine Distro
PO Box 253 Roselands
Sydney, NSW
2196 Australia
http://vox.i85.net

AUSTRIA

Existence Distribution
Ignazgasse 40
1120 Vienna
Austria
www.exdistro.com

BRAZIL

Terrötten Records
c/o Renan Fávero
Caixa Postal 8080
Porto Alegre - RS
90201-970 Brazil
www.terrotten.com

CZECH REPUBLIC

Filip Fuchs
Grohova 39
602 00 Brno
Czech Republic
orba@seznam.cz

Malarie Records
PO Box 153
756 61 Roznov P/R
Czech Republic
www.malarie.ind.cz

DENMARK

Kick 'n' Punch
PO Box 578
2200 Copenhagen N., Denmark

ENGLAND, UK

Active Distribution
BM ACTIVE
WC1N 3XX London, England, UK
www.activedistribution.org
Single copies & Subscriptions
Wholesale also available

Tony Suspect
PO Box 295
Southampton
S017 1LW
England, UK

FINLAND

Combat Rock Industry
PO Box 65
11101 RMK, Finland
www.combatrockindustry.com
info@combatrockindustry.com

FRANCE

El Trasgo // Pierre
Le Courtil
05250 St. Etienne en Devoluy, France
eltrasgo@infonie.fr

Stonehenge Records
B.P. 46
33031 Bordeaux Cedex, France
www.stonehengerecords.com

Sugar & Spice Mailorder
B.P. 9 / 69126 Brindas, France
www.sugarandspice.fr

GERMANY

Plastic Bomb GmbH
Heckenstr. 35a
47058 Duisburg
Germany
swen@plastic-bomb.de
Subscriptions available

Thought Crime
c/o Thomas Franke
Boxhagener Str. 22
10245 Berlin, Germany

Green Hell Records
Bradford & Kestennus GbR
Von Steuben Str. 17
48143 Muenster, Germany
www.greenhell.de
fax 49 - (0) 251 - 5302627
ph 49 - (0) 251 - 5302628

X-Mist
Leonhardstr. 18A
72202 Nagold
Germany
www.x-mist-de

Yellow Dog
PO Box 55 02 08
10 372 Berlin
Germany
www.yellowdog.de
Subscriptions Available

GREECE

Jinx Records
24 Asklipioy Str. / Athens, Greece
ph / fax +3-210-3645069
info@jinx.gr / www.jinx.gr

ICELAND

Sigurdur Hardarson
Barónsstígur 57
101 Reykjavik, Iceland
nursepunk@hotmail.com

ITALY

Angry Records
c/o Fulvio Dogliotti
C.P. 280
15100 Alessandria, Italy
angryrec@iol.it
www.angelfire.com/ne/angry

NETHERLANDS

Sonic Rendezvous
PO Box 417
1800 AK Alkmaar
Netherlands
T +31 (0)72 5673038
F +31 (0)72 5647237
http://www.sonic.nl

POLAND

Refuse Records
c/o Robert Matusiak, PO Box 7
02-792 Warszawa 78, Poland
refusexresist@go2.pl
www.refuserecords.prv.pl

RUSSIA

Old Skool Kids Records
PO Box 64, 109147
Moscow, Russia
oldschoolkids@yahoo.com
www.oskids.nm.ru

SINGAPORE

Humble Start
Bernard Low
Blk 451, Tampines St. 42
#05-222, Singapore 520451

SPAIN

La Idea (Infoshop)
C/Santa Barbara 7, Local
280004 Madrid, Spain
www.sindios.net

Runaway Records
Costa de Santa Creu N. 4 A
07012-Palma de Mallorca, Spain
runaway@arrakis.es

SWEDEN

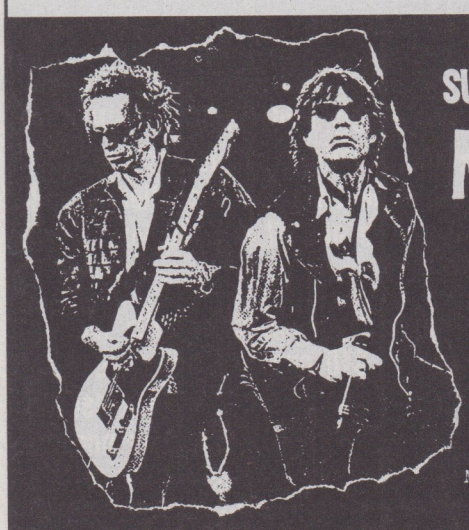
Busted Heads
c/o Christoffer Jonsson
Hedlundav 3A
903 21 Umeå, Sweden

SWITZERLAND

Pete S. Texas
c/o Furrer
Haenibueel 20
CH-6300 Zug, Switzerland
thefish@bluefintunarecords.com

WALES, UK

Assembly Line
Unit 100, 61 Wellfield Rd.
Cardiff CF24 3DG, Wales, UK
www.assemblylinemusic.com
Single copies & Subscriptions



don't end up old, pathetic and out of touch like these chumps...

SUBSCRIBE TO
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL!

only $36 for a full year in the U$A!
That's 12 issues for the price of 9!
what a fucking deal!

foreign subs a bit more
get in touch for cheap rates!

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL • PO BOX 460760 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
www.maximumrocknroll.com • mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

HOLY SHIT MRR IS $4?!

WE KNOW IT SUCKS, AND WE'VE TRIED TO AVOID IT FOR A LONG TIME, BUT SO IT GOES. WE'VE TRIED TO KEEP IT AS LOW AS POSSIBLE FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN POSTAGE, PRINTING AND OTHER ASSOCIATED COSTS KEEP GOING UP, WE ARE LEFT WITH NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE BUT TO INCREASE THE COVER COST. WE HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND. THANKS FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT.
HERE ARE THE NEW RATES:

U$A:
$4 each ($4.34 in California)
6 issue subscription for $22 ($23.87 in California)
12 issue subscription for $36 ($39.06 in California)

INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(check distribution page for cheaper rates from a distro in your area)
All international subscriptions are now available through airmail only.

CANADA/MEXICO:
$5 each for airmail delivery
$4 each for surface delivery (not available to Mexico)
$19 for a package of 5 zines• you specify which issues you'd like
6 issue airmail subscription for $30
12 issue airmail subscription for $55

EVERYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD:
$10 each for airmail delivery
$6 each for surface delivery
$20 for a 5 magazine package
6 issue airmail subscription for $57
12 issue airmail subscription for $110

STEALING TIME

13 YEARS OF PUNK IMAGES

Spanning 1990-2002, Stealing Time is a stunning book, capturing the raw emotion and energy of many of the era's influential punk bands and their music. The book contains 87 photos, including many never before seen live and studio shots by photographer Mark Beemer, whose work has appeared in magazines like Thrasher, MRR and Entertainment Weekly and on countless album covers. A labor of love, Stealing Time was assembled to raise money for the Syrentha Savio Endowment. All profits from sales of the book go directly to the Endowment's efforts to assist with breast cancer treatment for those in financial need. See www.syrentha.org for details.

Portraits and Live Shots of: Ashes / Battery / Better Than A Thousand / Blue Tip / The Curse / Damnation a.d. / Disembodied / The Donnas / Euphone / The Explosion / In My Eyes / Insted / Jets To Brazil / Fishbone / Fugazi / The Get Up Kids / Good Clean Fun / Good Riddance / Kid Dynamite / Mighty Mighty Bosstones / Mudhoney / Murphy's Law / Nation of Ulysses / New End Original / Paint It Black / The Promise Ring / Quicksand / Henry Rollins / Snapcase / Strike Anywhere / Texas Is The Reason / Trial By Fire / Worlds Collide / and many more.

To view sample images and order book, visit
www.beemerkid.com

BEEMERKID
3708 Stewart Driveway
Chevy Chase, MD 20815
www.beemerkid.com

MAN

'MACHINE'

NEW ALBUM IN STORES NOW

ALSO AVAILABLE ONLINE AT:
WWW.BEERFORMAN.COM -OR- WWW.TIMESBEACHRECORDS.COM

Times Beach Records
118 E. Seventh St.
Royal Oak, MI 48067

TIMES BEACH

ARMAGEDDON LABEL

PO BOX 56 - PROVIDENCE, RI 02901 - USA
ARMAGEDDONDAYNOW@HOTMAIL.COM

FINALLY OUT... TRAGEDY PRESENT TWO SONGS OF DARK AND HEAVY HARDCORE. RECORDED AT THE TIME OF THEIR FIRST LP. BRUTAL SOUND, ANGRY AND INSPIRING LYRICS. TOTALITAR HAVE TWO SONGS RECORDED AT THE TIME OF THEIR CLASSIC "SIN EGEN..." LP. RE-WORKING TWO SONGS FROM THE 1986 DEMO. GREAT SOUND, GREAT LYRICS, NO BULLSHIT. THIS IS WHAT HARDCORE SHOULD ASPIRE TO .

$4PPD USA / $5PPD CAN-MEX/ $6PPD WORLD
WELL CONCEALED CASH, OR MONEY ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO A. BARNETT ONLY.

DISTRO: EBULLITION, BRICKWALL, REVOLVER, GET HIP, AND OTHERS, WRITE FOR WHOLESALE RATES/INFO. SEND STAMP/IRC FOR CATALOG OF OUR RELEASES.

CD'S, LP'S, T-SHIRTS, PATCHES, TAPES BY DROPDEAD, AND O T H E R S . TOTALITAR DISCOG LP/CD NEXT!

924 GILMAN

Queer-friendly, pro-unity, peaceful, & loving, D.I.Y., all ages, clean & sober PUNK club

JULY...

18 MAJORITY RULE (VA), DEL CIELO (MD), DEAR DIARY, I SEEM TO BE DEAD (Lou.), PROMISE (Lou.) TAKARU (6 BANDS, Yo!)

19 BORN/DEAD, CONGA FURY (Japan), CHAINSAW (Japan), VOETSEK, CASE OF EMERGENCY, DOPPEL-GANGER (Hella bands, dude!)

25 WxHxNx?, CUT THE SHIT (Boston), ARTIMUS PYLE, THE RITES (also), FUNERAL SHOCK

26 THE CLARENDON HILLS, LATTERMAN (NY), SPEAK-EASY (MA), WEAK LEADS

27 BLUE MONDAY (can.) MENTAL (MA). 5pm show, kids.

AUGUST...

1st TO SEE YOU BROKEN, THE DISKORDS (OR) ← great band!

2nd PLAN 9 (Misfits tribute) PENIS FLYTRAP, PROUD FLESH, FREE VERSE (WA) ← yay! THE POX (SFDP) (what is SFDP?)

3rd FOR THE CROWN, IN CONTROL (Hardcore), MODERN LIFE IS WAR (IA), DRAGNET (MA). Another 5pm show.

8th THE LOCUST, RAH BRAHS, ERASE ERRATA, HELLA.

9th STRIKE ANYWHERE, FROM ASHES RISE, THEY LIVE (NY), ROBOT HAS WEREWOLF HEAD (NY), THE DISASTER (NY) (No local bands?)

15th LUDICRA, BRAINOIL, WORMWOOD (WA) ← awesome! FALL OF THE BASTARDS (OR), IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE

16th IRON LUNG, THE GATE-CRASHERS (NJ), OUT OF VOGUE (LA) (more TBA)

17th THE DAMAGE DONE, DESPERATE MEASURES (DC), FAR FROM BREAKING (TX). 5pm!

23rd THOUGHT RIOT, SCATTERED FALL, LOVESONGS KADENA (NY), ESKAPO (Vallejo!)

30th PITCH BLACK, SCURVY DOGS (rec.rel.), DEADFALL

www.924Gilman.org (for geeks)

REAL PUNX CALL (510) 525-9926. BOOKING (524-8180) IS TUE. & WED 7-9pm. ALL SHOWS ARE 5 BUCKS. 2 BUX FOR 1 YR. MEMBERSHIT. GET IN FREE IF YA VOLUNTEER (SIGN UP @ 7:00pm). EVERY-ONE SHOULD COME TO THE FUCKIN' MEMBER MEETINGS 1st & 3rd SATURDAYS 5pm!

Shows start @ 8pm

8/22 & 8/29 TBA

SIX WEEKS RECORDS

225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931, U.$.A.

www.sixweeksrecords.com

New releases out now!

SHORT, FAST & LOUD! fanzine #10

The usual plus interviews with Intense Youth, Brody's Miltia, Sairaat Mielet, and Betercore plus an Italian hardcore retrospective with Negazione and Indigesti!

DFA "Defy False Authority" LP/CD

Let these Canadian thrashers kick your ass!

The RUNNAMUCKS "Of a Different Breed" LP/CD

Florida kids on speed!

CRUCIAL UNIT's "These Colors Get The Runs" LP/CD

Thrash, thrash, thrash, thrash, thrash metal. Prepare to shit your pants in hilarity. CD has tracks from split with Municipal Waste. Cover art to DIE in the desert for. Duct tape not included.

BETERCORE's "YouthcrustDISCOgraphy"CD

Dutch thrash in its finest moment!! Contains all recorded material, rehearsal/live tracks + 20 minute video CDROM! Total all out thrash war!!

STRIKER's "No Bears On The Track" CD

Blazing Swedish hardcore featuring members of Rovsvett. Crude SS/Skitlickers come to mind! This stuff KILLS!! Has both demos + Crucifix cover.

v/a "SIX WEEKS OMNIBUS VOL. 1 CD

Japan HC (re-issue of the 8", as well as the Violence flexi 8") w/ The Gaia, Slight Slappers, Cement, Jack With Killer, Rose Rose, Toast, Ultimo Rausea, Senseless Apocalypse, Zone, Beyond Description, Real Reggae, Nice View, Argue Damnation, No Think, Flash Gordon, One Size Fits All!!

RAW POWER'S "Still Screaming After 20 Years" LP/CD

17 new blasts in 30 minutes..total HC from Italy's punk legends. Do we really need to go on?

MUNICIPAL WASTE's "Waste 'Em All" LP/CD

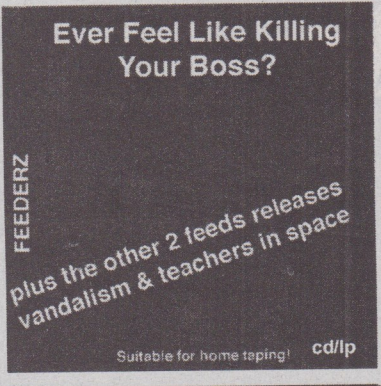
Second pressing already—you don't want to miss out on getting Wasted!

USA PPD PRICES: LP: $8/CD: $10/zine: $3.50 (Applies to Six Weeks releases only!)
OVERSEAS PRICES: LP: $15 Europe/$16-JAPAN/AUS CD-$12/13 zine: $7

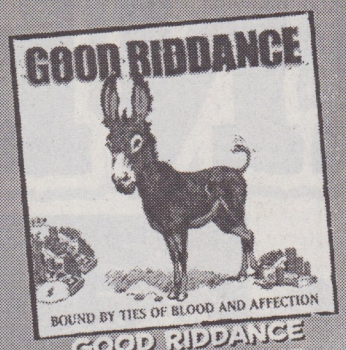
CHECK THE WEBSITE FOR THE REST OF OUR CATALOG. WE ALSO CARRY A HUGE SELECTION OF U.S. AND GLOBAL STUFF. EMAIL US TO GET A WEEKLY CATALOG UPDATE.

Broken pob 460402, SF CA 94146 USA www.brokenrekids.com

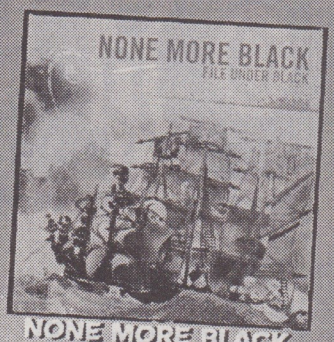
CDs$12. LPs $9. any 3cds $30.00 ppd in USA!



NOW THIS WON'T HURT A BIT!

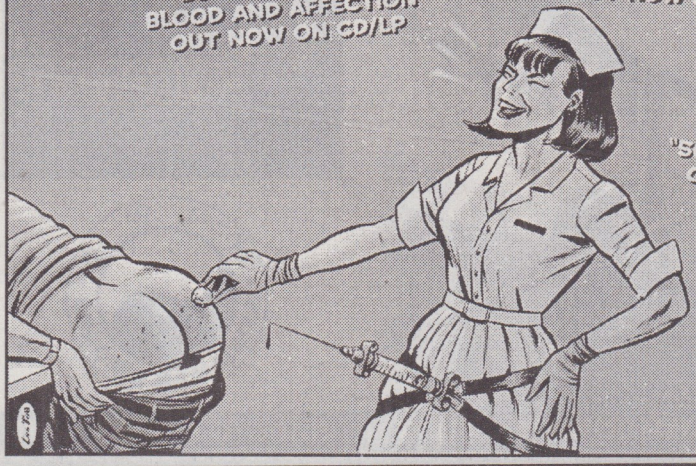


GOOD RIDDANCE
"BOUND BY TIES OF BLOOD AND AFFECTION"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP

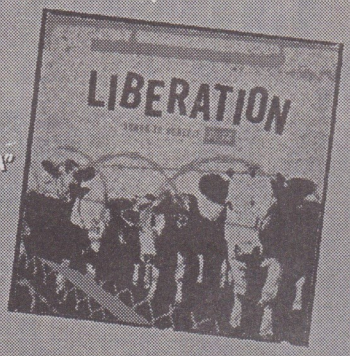


NONE MORE BLACK
"FILE UNDER BLACK"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES
"TAKE A BREAK"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP



LIBERATION
"SONGS TO BENEFIT PETA"
OUT NOW ON CD ONLY



FAT WRECK CHORDS
P.O. BOX 193690
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119
WWW.FATWRECK.COM

FAT
WRECK CHORDS

WHATEVER IT TAKES

a fistful of revolution ★★★★ stars and skulls E.P.

The re-release of "a fistful of revolution" and the "stars and skulls ep" is coming to you now on one disc of hard hitting melodic rock and roll fronted by Chris #2 of ANTI-FLAG.

A-F RECORDS P.O. BOX 71266 PITTSBURGH, PA 15213 www.a-frecords.com

A-F
RECORDS

NICOTINE

SCHOOL OF LIBERTY

PUNKROCK FROM JAPAN
AM-105 CD OUT NOW
ON ASIAN MAN RECORDS

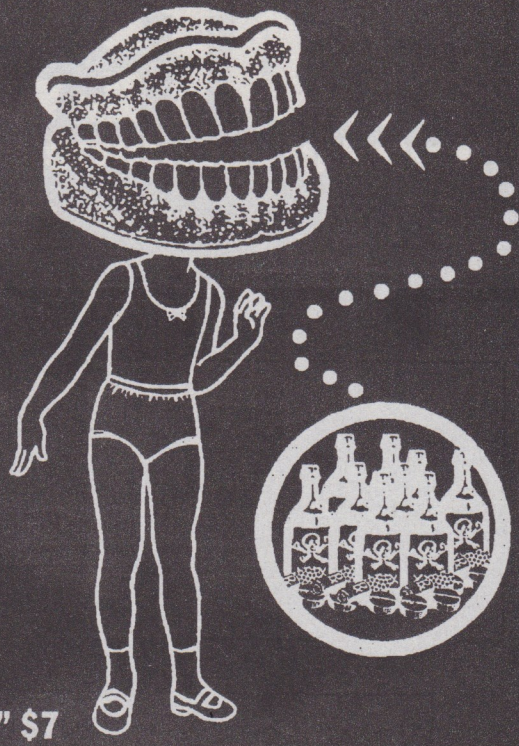
ASIAN MAN RECORDS • PO BOX 35585 • MONTE SERENO, CA 95030 • WWW.ASIANMANRECORDS.COM • AM-105 CD

DISTRIBUTED BY MORDAM RECORDS

CDs are $8 postage paid. To order send check or moneyorder made out to Asian Man Records, or go online to order with a creditcard: www.asianmanrecords.com. Int'l orders, please send $5 for shipping. Send SASE for a complete printed catalog. Thanks!

true north

put your nightlife where your mouth is



TRUE NORTH "Put Your Nightlife Where Your Mouth Is" 12"
TRUE NORTH "We Speak in Code" LP/CD
SMALL BROWN BIKE "Nail Yourself to the Ground" 12"/CD *($7 ppd.)*
FIFTH HOUR HERO "Scattered Sentences" LP/CD
GUNMOLL "Board of Rejection" LP/CD
GRABASS CHARLESTONS "The Greatest Story Ever Hula'd" LP/CD
TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT "Devil's Egg" 7"/CDep *($3.50 ppd.)*
THE BLACKTOP CADENCE "Chemistry For Changing Times" LP/CD
ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES "Stevie" 7"

POSTPAID IN THE USA! LP/CD $9 • 7" $3.50 • 12" $7

See our website for overseas postage & a huge catalog of over 4,000 CD's, records, shirts, & other fun stuff!

NO IDEA

p.o. box 14636 gainesville, fl 32604-4636
www.noidearecords.com • noideanerds@earthlink.net

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Greetings loyal slimeballs—
This letter is being written for a specific group of people—so listen up you little criminally insane lunatics who think that the only thing you have going for you is your ability to get away with every criminal act you set your mind on! The time has come to re-think your strategy (if you don't know what the word strategy means, you are really in trouble!). Now, before you turn me off, please understand that I am not condemning what it is that you do. I'm writing this as a warning and wake up call to those of you who live outside of the laws of society.

I challenge each and every one of you to go to your local library or college library and look up the penalties for the laws you are breaking. Become informed so you will know how much jail time you are facing if and when you get arrested.

You see, I didn't care about things like that when I was younger, and now I'm paying a harsh price for my ignorance. So far, I've spent 141/2 years of my life in prison. I'm lucky that I have a release date in 2006. For the past nine years, I've been watching the legal system fuel the prison industrial complex with young punks such as yourselves. Youngsters, 17 and 18 years old, getting slammed with 30 years for possession of a few grams of dope!

Educate yourselves—you live a life that is unique and full of possibility. Sure—it's not always "fun" and there are times when you're down right miserable. But you are still free! Once you're thrown into this cage, everything changes. Some of you become Big Bubba's girlfriend while others turn to prison gangs only to catch more time and spend the rest of their lives in prison.

I'm tired of hearing, "I didn't know" come out of so many young mouths. Once you are my cellie, it's too late for words, which is why I'm trying to tell you now. If you can't do the time—don't do the crime. Just a little advice from a sleezer who was in the scene back in the '80s.
Sincerely,
Brad Kehm
#90395-012
PO Box 33
Terre Haute, IN 47808-0033

Dear *MRR*—
Hello & cheers.
For a few years I had simply left everything. For good or bad is constantly the question. However, in getting back to things, one of my first goals was to score a sub to *MRR*, my favorite mag since I was 13. I remembered reading the articles and letters. When I was done, I felt as though there were people all over the world who I shared so many ideas and beliefs with.

Now, however, as I read through the printed letters in *MRR*, I constantly read letter after letter of people arguing, who's right, who's wrong, what's punk, what's DIY. Everyone seems (in general) to want to force, cram and criticize everyone else's way of life. To put blame and debate that their mode of action is the only justifiable mode of existence. I see the importance of debate.

However, it's as though people are mainly concerned with their differences rather than what they may have in common. It's like if there were a revolution, everyone would intentionally divide themselves just to see who could win it. There's no fuckin' way that anything is going to change as long as we all sit around bashing one another and go on stroking our egos. As of now, we're all here on this decaying planet, watching as everything goes extinct. And all we can do is argue over who's got the coolest fanzine! See, the bullshit is rubbing off. Just remember, "United we stand, divided we fall!"
PS—If anyone is interested in a pen pal, who's all about honest and sincere conversation, write to:
Chadd Beverlin #424-439
PO Box 8107
Mansfield, OH 44901

Dear *MRR*—
Presumably Mykel Board's column in #242 was designed to shock. And presumably a large majority of *MRR*'s readers probably felt the same revulsion we did when reading it.

There're a lot of things about society's attitudes to sexuality that are badly screwed up, and perhaps we do need to debate issues surrounding the age of consent in much the same way as policies towards homosexuality, anal sex etc have been amended. There is certainly media hysteria around the issue of pedophilia and it's not hard to imagine it being used in the future to justify things like restriction of Internet freedom. Certainly it has been used to shift papers in the UK, the most striking example being the disturbances in Portsmouth resulting from a national paper exposing convicted child rapists. But that is a whole different argument.

The fact is that teenagers having sex may be technically illegal in a lot of places but few would consider it wrong. But sexual contact between adults and children is fundamentally wrong. Maybe that is imposing the beliefs of the majority onto a minority, but pedophilia is not like some conventional unusual sexual activity. A child is not in a position to make an informed decision to consent, which makes it non-consensual, i.e. rape.

The attempt to eroticize pedophilia in this column was particularly vile. What would the reaction be to someone trying to portray some-

thing like a violent rape as erotica in these pages? Total condemnation, and rightly so, but is there any difference? A child is scarred by rape or sexual assault as much if not more than an adult, yet no sane person would try to justify rape of an adult. What about if we replaced the (presumably fictional) children described in the column with kids that the writer knows? Would he be so keen to excuse this sort of thing if put in the context of a real child, where the pain and lifelong after-effects caused by sexual assault are all too real.

And the attempts at justification are preposterous. That it has been "permissible or obligatory in many cultures and periods of history" is a farcical argument. You could use that to justify burning witches or gassing Jews. You can justify any extreme of human behavior at all if you dress it up in enough pseudo-psychology bullshit or argue it in the realm of intellectual abstraction. But in the real world there are right and wrong, aggressors and victims.

Most frightening of all was the assertion, backed up with no facts or evidence at all, that "most cases of adult-child sex are initiated by the child." Precisely what the average pedophile would say to justify their actions to themselves, no doubt, in much the same way as a rapist might use the "she was wearing a short skirt so she was asking for it," line. Ask most victims of child sexual abuse and I'm sure you'll encounter an altogether different story.

To try to justify sexually assaulting children is utterly repellent. Perhaps that sounds sexually repressed or like some kind of religious guilt complex in the eyes of Mykel Board, but its impossible to see how any sane, rational and well—adjusted person can come out in support of the likes of NAMBLA. We'd suggest readers spend time finding out about the many charities and organizations who help victims of rape and sexual abuse, instead of wasting time on what amounts to child-rape apologist crap.

Chip & Rachel Headwound
Headwound fanzine
c/o 145-149 Cardigan Road
Leeds, LS6 1LJ, England

PS. A letter we wrote a month or so back regarding some comments made by Barse about a friend of ours Andy Cactus, mentioned Mykel Board. It should be stressed that this was nothing specific, he was simply the first name that sprang to mind to illustrate the point being made and to use any other American zine personality would have made the point equally well, so that is totally unconnected to the subject of this letter

H e l l o *Maximumrocknroll*—
My name is XAndreyX. I thought to you to write, as I saw the letters printed in your magazine. First a small representation about the one who writes to you (that is, about me). I live in the city of Minsk (Republic of Belarus). I play on drums in several groups, one of which, Jiheart (emo-core with a female vocal), is the first and at present unique sXe group in our country. Also I make a DIY zine *Skid Row*—number one is gone, but the second is available. After an output of number two, I want to make the English version of these, for the greater circle of readers. I also do small distribution (*Skid Row* distro). This distributes CDs, tapes, zines and shirts. Soon I will open my site distribution www.skidrow.by.ru. Probably when you will be reading this letter the site will already be open. The overall objective of my letter is to establish as much as possible contacts to people for information interchange, an exchange of music and is simply for dialogue. Who has an opportunity, can send the records for reviews in my magazine, I can distribute some records in the to the country (there is an opportunity of a cover of quite good quality for small money). Also so me the information on your scene is desired.
All good luck!
XAndreyX
So all interested persons can write to me to the address:
Belarus, Minsk 220138,
PO Box 31, Zitkevich Andrey
e-mail: xsk8x@mail.ru or skidrow@tut.by .

Dear *MRR*—
Preston Hetherington of the Yuppie Pricks here—just wanted to take a moment between cocktails here aboard our fabulous yacht in the Côte d'Azur to thank you for reviewing the new Yuppie Pricks CD, *Initial Public Offering*. You made us all very proud, as *MaximumRocknRoll* was our favorite magazine while attending Wellesley Prep School, right alongside *GQ* and *Forbes*. We spent many a night regaling each other with tales ripped straight from your pages of what life must have been like growing up as a young street-tough in San Francisco, pan-handling for change, living hand to mouth, reveling in the filth and squalor of the legendary Gilman Street scene in its heyday.... Oh, what heady times those must've been! And your columnists? What can we say about them that hasn't been said already! From Mykel Board to George Tabb to Lefty Holligan and back again, Dickens' own Artful Dodgers couldn't hold a candle to the magical misadventures of your lovable band of scamps!

We'd also like to thank your kind reviewer, Donna Poole, for her warm, appreciative words regarding our fine work...from her praise of our "Jello-esque vocals" to her spot—on recognition of "Prosperity in the USA" as a brilliant reworking of the British boy-band classic, "Anarchy in the UK" (you certainly know your stuff, Ms. Poole!), so enamored was she of our record, that she actually requested we never record again! And understandably so—for having set such a high mark of excellence the first time out how could we ever possibly top ourselves??? But fear not, Ms. Poole—we'll try our best! You may only be an anonymous pair of initials at the bottom of a review to most, but to us 'DP', you'll always be something 'special'.

We should apologize however—for we may have left Ms. Poole slightly confused...a common occurrence, as many listeners are so bowled-over by our incredible talent and wit, that they often are left disoriented upon first encountering our revolutionary, new approach to your so-called "punk-rock" musical genre. Apparently she was under the mistaken impression that we are in fact a "parody" band, attempting to engage in "satire". But in reality, we actually *are* millionaires who play punk rock in our spare-time. Don't believe us? Just check out our recent press in the

Feb. 2003 issue of *GQ* or the April edition of *i-D Magazine*. So while she is correct in stating that our "obsession with money, stock, cocaine and general-upper crustiness doesn't really come off as derisive", the fact of the matter is, derision of the ultra-successful lifestyle we've chosen for ourselves is the last thing on our minds! Then again, perhaps Ms. Poole was engaging in a bit of witty satire herself, for surely a finely-tuned intellect such as hers would be able to discern the difference, no?
Au revoir,
Preston Hetherington
The Yuppie Pricks

Well, Preston Hetherington, I didn't mention the fact that you claim to be filthy rich in my review because I didn't think it was that important, but obviously I was wrong. If the state of your financial affairs is some kind of gimmick (White Stripes: brother and sister or husband and wife?/ Yuppie Pricks: spoiled rich white assholes or great pretenders), I can assure you that nobody around here gives a shit. We care about the music and unfortunately all the money in the world doesn't keep your record from sucking. Perhaps, Preston Hetherington, if you spent more time on your music and less time writing pompous letters to people who don't like it, your CD wouldn't be in the free bin.—Donna

Hi *MRR* and punx from all over the world—
I'm in agreement with the person who wrote in about the *MRR* library, thinking that it was a good idea to put all the records from *MRR*'s library on to the web site as mp3s. It seems like a good idea to me for a few reasons—it would be free punk for the punx. This music is our heritage and we should all have free access to our culture. It seems a waste all those lost and forgotten classics sitting around never to be heard again. Another reason would be safe keeping imagine if there was a fire or an earthquake or something it would all be lost for ever. So come on computer punx keep harassing the *MRR* staff, to get this done, and in return we will promise to make good comp tapes and CDrs to give out to the punks who can't download...free punk for the punx!
J. Jobby
Somewhere in Europe.

*Man, you can harass us till we're ready to scream but I think I speak for everyone in saying we'd prefer you didn't, cause no matter how annoying you are we still won't have time to take on a project of that magnitude in addition to everything else! Just to play 50,000 records would take a mind boggling number of hours! I think it would be cool too, but it just ain't gonna happen, I'm sorry.
—Anandi*

Greetings *MRR*—
First off, thanks a lot to Julia Booze for the good review on *Chaotic Noise Zine* in MRR #241! Just wanted to make a couple updates. Despite what is depicted in the image of *Chaotic Noise Zine* in Issue 241, *Chaotic Noise* is 100% free, worldwide, but for single copies only. Anyone wishing to distribute *CN Zine*, get in touch and I'll mail you a flat copy to print yourself and handout. Also, we have moved, and the new address is as follows: Chaotic Noise/1020 W. Kings Hwy. Apt. 10/Bellmawr, NJ 08031. E-mail: dbeatbastard@yahoo.com.Site address: www.geocities.com/dbeatbastard. Okay that'll do it. Keep up the good work *MRR*. Cheers!
Jay Bastard/*CN Zine*

Hello *MRR* and Readers—
I was just writing to give touring bands a warning about some problems we've had in Chattanooga, TN. We've been having a ton of fun DIY shows here for years and we're usually reliable about making them happen. However, in the past week, three or four bands have shown up on our doorsteps expecting punk shows that we never got any word of. It turns out that a guy named Walt told these bands that he would set up a show for them. It's pretty obvious that he never had any intentions of actually doing that. I could tell you a lot of things about Walt, but I'm not here to talk shit. My friend, Tom Foote, sets up most of the shows here. There are other good kids that do some amazing things here and play in the best bands that you've never heard. So, we extend our apologies to Born/Dead and the other bands that have shown up expecting a fun show, but just had to hang out at our houses instead. If you're touring and planning on coming here, double check and ask questions. The people who set up the shows here are all in bands that go on tour and realize how frustrating it is to show up somewhere unfamiliar and not even have a show to play. We don't want that to happen to you. Thanks for your time.
Greg Harvester
On behalf of the Chattanooga punks
PO Box 1581
Chattanooga, TN 37401

MRR—
How's life guys? I'm doing time at Snake River Correctional Institution in Ontario, Oregon. I've been in prison for 13 years, 8 months now and had never seen your 'zine until recently. Living in a country that has openly declared war on its own citizens, it's nice to see a place where people can voice their opinions and vent at The Establishment. America gives its people more than enough reasons to be angry. I just hope that those who are angry will keep in mind that once that anger turns to acts of violence it makes us no better than the George Bushs of this country.
I have a publisher's address that might interest your readers. They publish books on how to beat the government at its own games. Eden Press, P.O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, CA 927098, or www.edenpress.com.
I salute your 'zine and were I not dead ass poor would gladly subscribe to it. Perhaps some of your readers would be willing to help me acquire some books I've been trying to get. If so, they can contact me at:
Jeremy Lawrence #8012827
777 Stanton Blvd.
Ontario, OR 97914
If they write, keep in mind no nicknames, or politically questionable material, or the pigs will reject it. They're assholes that way.
Later, Jeremy

MRR—
Erika Ransom—Maddy (even though I sent you $3.00 a while ago I never received *Tight Pants*)—Arwen Curry! Ya!! Mike Thorn & Bruce, I always look forward to your articles. *MaximumR&R* is why I stay sane & drinking home made wine is why I'm in the hole, Punk Fuckin Rock!!!
Take Care,
Matt Earon #CW2428
10745, Rt. 18
PA 16475

To my dear *MRR*—
I must confess, you've got me under your spell. Yes, I am in love. I avoid washing for days just to keep the stains of black ink on my fingers. You fill a void in my life that even Punk Planet is incapable of. For this, I am eternally grateful and indebted to you. I was hesitant, even a bit reluctant at first; afraid to move too fast, afraid of commitment. But then you displayed your affection by reviewing my zine (*MRR* #241), and giving it quite a positive one. That did it, from that moment on, I was yours. *MRR*, I love you!
Sincerely,
Kate Bangs
Counterblast Zine
Diy-grrrl@straightedgeonline.org
PS—Will you be my date for the prom?

So your phone number is...hey wait a minute! What do you mean "even" Punk Planet?!! Anyway, uh, thanks, we're blushing...—Anandi

To Whom It May Concern—
Hello, I'm Ken. I'm incarcerated in the IDOC (Idaho Department of Corruption). I've been fortunate enough to be moved to a work center so I can make money. I've been there for 3/4 of my time down. I've been reading *MRR* since I was around ten, about the same time I became aware of the punk scene. I have a subscription now and enjoy it. Since I've been receiving my monthly *MRR*, I've been able to find out about new Crust/Hardcore/Punk that I am into. I've been locked up since I was 14 and have managed to lose my whole collection of vinyl, tapes, CDs and each time I have managed to rebuild all the stuff that I lost. I have a few months until my release (possible—board date) and am this time around rebuilding my collection so as to have all of it not on recorded tapes, if possible.

So, I've started already, building up what I have lost and want to get a little collection for when I get out so I can hear some tunes that I haven't heard yet or to just be able to listen to some good tunes after not being able to listen to what I want for so long. The reason why I'm writing this letter is for various reasons. I've been in the scene for about 15 years now, and I feel I need to do something for the punk scene. Since I've been in the scene, I haven't done anything to help and really be a part of the solution or scene except buy a couple of records or wear the scene around as a human billboard. I figure maybe I could become pen pals with someone while I'm still locked up, get to know someone that could maybe give me some ideas or suggestions of what I could do, to do my part, also maybe help me by letting me know how to go about it. For example, distro, shows, record labels, etc. Then, when I get out, I can keep in touch, meet some good people and possible have something good to be productive in the scene. An extra incentive to staying clean and out of the reach of the law.

I also have a favor to ask of the punks. I read every once in awhile, you guys at *MRR* have a music library as to where you keep log of all the music that comes through the zine for review. I know you guys have reviewed lots of records and bands, also know or can find out where to obtain copies, if possible of stuff, distro, addresses, record labels, etc. I'd like to know if you guys/girls could, if I give you a list, help me find some albums by some bands? If yes, cool. A much thanx. I'll include a small list so as if you could look for addresses and prices, you could let me know so I can order them and also see if there's an individual there or who you could point me to help me in my journey. For example Felix, he's the type of dude that I find a good part of the scene puzzle of interlocking pieces. Whoever it may be, I'm cool with whatever you can send my way. I'm into the hardcore/crust style if that helps. Thanx for everything and the effort you guys put into the magazine so as people like me, the punx, can have some kind of excitement in our lives behind bars. Also, you guys help the scene to exist by influence and knowledge. To go the extra mile, so as people can and will, if by choice become aware and be part of the scene, that is the life for a lot of us. Me included. I thank you for your time to read my words and await your reply. Thanx. Up the fuckin' punx. I can send some money to help with the search of this music.
My address:
Ken Charles 57006
SAWC
125 Nth 8th West
St. Anthony, ID 83445.
Music that I'd like to find—Any info of where to obtain would be much help! ASSRASH – any or all; HELLSPAWN/SASQUATCH – split 7"; THE FANATICS – any or all; RESIST – discography CD; DISABUSE – ENT/Disrupt Members CD/LP, any or all; DISRUPT – discography CD – any or all; SCORCHED EARTH POLICY – any or all; DEPRIVED – any or all; DECREPIT – any or all; EMBITTERED – any or all; STATE OF FEAR – any or all; CHICKEN CREST AND THE BIRD BOYS; CHARRED REMAINS – discography CD, any or all; PAXSTON QUIGGLY – any or all; SOCIAL INFESTATION – any or all; HUMAN GREED – any or all

MRR—
I normally don't like to write to places to talk shit but this is more of a warning for everyone else. Do not order from Anok & Peace! I ordered some stuff from them around September, and I never received any of the stuff I ordered or an answer to any of my letters. I've been on the "orders we've recently received" list for about eight months now and I have a feeling I'm never going to receive my stuff. Sorry to bore everyone with this—I'm just trying to help you avoid getting ripped off too.
Best regards
-Mike O'Mahony

OUT IN MID-LATE 2003:

NEVER CONFORM - EP
Sapporo HERESY style from the late 80s

NO TIME LEFT- 10" lp
Fast-posi-high-energy hardcore from Buffalo.

DISCARGA - New 10" LP
Brand new LP for Euro tour! Brasilian LARM

I SHOT CYRUS - LP
Out of control fastcore from Brazil

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
Crazed HC from Austin. Original as fuck.

LETS GROW - EP
Fast posi HC from Yugoslavia

XSECRET 7X - Ep
11 songs on 1 side! Singapore fast attack

NINE CURVE- Ep
Awsome crossover inspired HC from Japan

V/A Barbaric Comp Series
New comp Eps/Lps from specific areas, Norcal, Socal, Japan, SE Asia and more. Check the website for release info!

THEY LIVE - LP
Insane fastcore from Buffalo.

THE KILL - Demo Ep
Redefining Aussie grind core. 1000mph.

MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS - EP
Fast as fuck HC from Texas....

DOMESTIK DOKTRIN - Ep
Crazed thrash from Indonesia

GNATS SUCKER- Ep
Great Sapporo HC from late 80s, like UC

SPITFIRE - Collection CD
An awesome, yet unknown Sapporo HC act from the mid-80s. Demo, live, CD-rom footage.

BREAKFAST - Lp
Hectic skate influenced thrash from Tokyo.

KUNGFU RICK - Lp
Their last and fiercest effort

Hignscore - 2nd Lp
Fast, raw posi-HC from Germany

SCHOLASTIC DETH - Discography CD
Everything plus unreleased, live and video

SIX TWO FIVE PLAY FAST, EH?

LPS/CDS STILL AVAILABLE BY:

POSSESSED TO SKATE -10" Comp
HHH - 2xCD Spanish 80s thrash
ExTxA- Frantic Swedish HC
FOUR CORNERS - Int'l posi Comp
YOUTH ENRAGE -Japan fastcore
RAMBO - Infamous moshtrocity
THE FUTURES - Osaka T-HC
IMMORTAL FATE-90s grindcore
REAL REGGAE - Osaka thrashcore.
Murderous Grind Attack-Comp
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - TX HC
LIE - Fast Japanese thrash
GORDON SOLIE MOFOs-Clevo HC
DUMBSTRUCK - UK throaty HC LP
HIGHSCORE - Fast German HC
PLUTOCRACY - 90s grindcore
LIFES HALT/WxHxN - LH rules!
WHN- CD Collects the 2nd year
SPAZZ - CD Collects early stuff
DISCARGA - Fast HC de Brazil
V/A-Barbaric Thrash Vol.3
DOWN IN FLAMES - New Jersey HC
SHANK - thrash from Scotland
RISE ABOVE - Tokyo DIY grind

"EPS STILL AVAILABLE:"

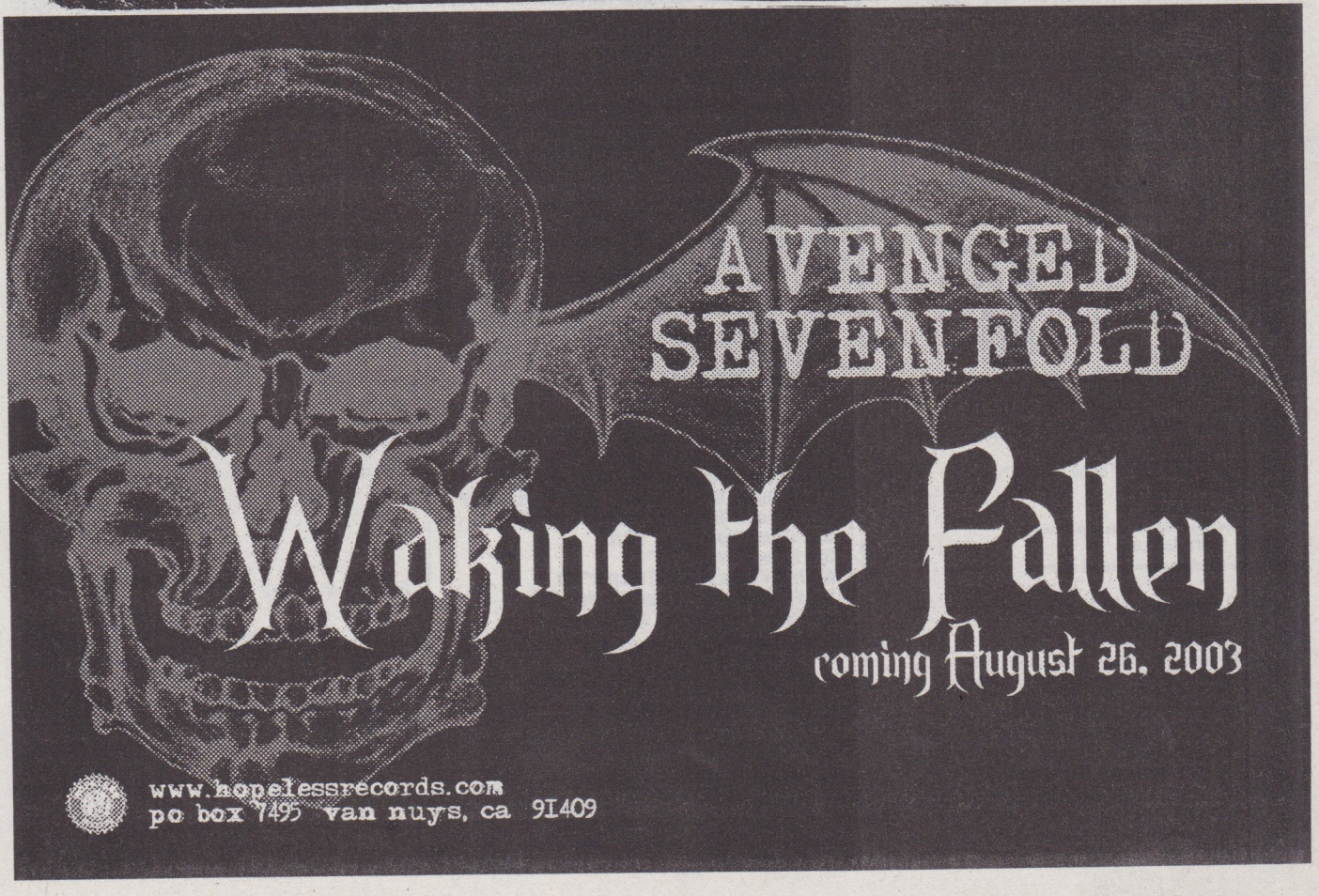
COMPLAIN - Sapporo HC attack
MAD RATS - Portuguese 80s HC
SCHOLASTIC DETH - 2nd + 3rd
I QUIT - Fucked up Swedish HC
FREAKS - Tokyo guitar attack
LIE - Manic thrash for US tour
BREAKFAST - Tokyo skate thrash
QUATTRO STAGIONE - fastcore
IRON LUNG - 2 man brutality
THE REAL ENEMY - MN sxe punk
FACE OF CHANGE- Sapporo HC
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-thrash
EDORA - Singaporean fast attack
POINT OF FEW - Dutch HC
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM

Max Ward: Eat Shit Poser!

625 is distro'd by:
Ebullition
Po Box 680
Goleta, CA 93116 USA
(www.ebullition.com)

625 SHIRTS thru EBULLITION
Will soon be discontinued, so get what ya want now. No more restocks.....

For more detailed info, check out:
www.625thrash.com
Check the 625 website for other distributors that carry 625 and check EBULLITION's website for older 625 titles that they still have available!
(will soon stop repressing titles, and will also reduce my press runs, so get it while ya can)



BUY VINYL!!

AGATHOCLES / DEPRESSOR "split" 7" $4.00
ANAL CUNT / FLACHENBRAND "split" 7" $4 .00
ANFO "la Sangre De Latinoamerica Luc Resiste" 7" $4.00
BASTARD NOISE "Noise Report" 7" $4.00
BATHTUB SHITTER "One Fun" 7" $4.00
BATHTUB SHITTER "97+3 points" 7" $4.00
BG "The and That's What I'm here to Do" 7" $4.00
BLK MARKET FETUS /BODIES LAY BROKEN 7" $4.00
BRODY'S MILITIA / CRUNKY KIDS "split" 7". $4.00
CAUSTIC CHRIST / INTENSE YOUTH "split" 7"$4.00
COMRADES "Rebels today" 7" $4.00
CRIPPLE BASTARDS "Il Grande Silenzio" 7" $5.00
CRIPPLE BASTARDS / REGURGITATE "split" 7" $4.00
CRUEL FACE / DUDMAN "split" 7" $4.00
DAMAGE DEPOSIT "Do Damage" 7" $4.00
DESPITE "the Last Breath Of a Dying Race" 7" $4.00
DETRIMENTAL GREED "s/t" 7" $4.00
DEVOID OF FAITH "Denial By Machinery" 7". $4.00
DISARM / H.407 "split" 7" $4.00
DOMO ARIGATO "Japanese Punk" 7" $4.00
EBOLA VIRUS "No Redemption" 7" $4.00
EXHUMED / RETALIATION "split" 7" $4.00
FEAST OR FAMINE "Negative Reflections" 7" $4.00
FUCK I'M DEAD "bring On The Dead 7" $4.00
FUNERAL "Cry Of State Desperation" 7" $4.00
GENOCIDE SS "Iron Cross" 7" $4.00
GLAUCOMA / MESERINE "split" 7 $5.00
HEAD HITS CONCRETE "s/t" 7" $4.00
HELLCHILD / BONGZILLA "split" 7" $5.00
HUMAN ORDER "s/t" 7" $4.00
IMPALED / ENGORGED "split" 7"$4.00
JABARA / APATIA NO "split" 7 $5.00
KAIVOSURMA "Bronstein" 7" $5.00
MALIGNANT TUMOR / INTUMESCENCE 7" $5.00
NAILED DOWN "Might Is Right" 7" $4.00
PATH OF DESTRUCTION "1:00 AM" 7" $4.00
PATH OF DESTRUCTION / PREVOKE "split" 7" $4.00
THE PROWL "What are You Doing" 7" $4.00
THE PUBLIC / SEE YOU IN HELL "split" 7" $4.00
REMISSION "Temporary Service=Temp Slavery" 7" $4.00
RESOLVE / CONSUME "split" 7$4.00
RIISTETYT "Tervetuloa Kuolema" 7" $4.00
RIISTETERROR "Taaba Jara Hardcore" 7".$4.00
RUIDO "live @ KXLU Radio" 7" $4.00
RUIDO DE ODIO / KONTAORDEN "split" 7 $4.00
RUPTURE / SKRUPEL "split" 7"$5.00
SORTO "1984-1986" 7" $4.00
SPITTING TEETH "Legacy Of Cruciality" 7" $4.00
STAKEOUT "6 song" 7" $5.00
SYSTEM SHIT "Hell-O" 7" $4.00
TAPASYA / URINE SPECIMEN "split" 7"$4.00
TERRORISM / EMBALMING THEATRE "split" 7" $4.00
ULCERRHOEA / SIVHLIMURHA "split" 7 $4.00
UNHOLY GRAVE "Against Terrorism" 7" $4.00
UNHOLY GRAVE "Kill em All For One" 7" $4.00
v/a PAYOLL BENEFIT Comp 7" $4.00

MAD CITY MAILORDER
C/O F.B.F.
322 MAPLE AVE #2
MADISON, WI 53704

LIST ALTERNATIVES
CREDIT SLIPS / SUBSTITUTIONS GIVEN
INSURANCE $2.00 USA/World (Lost packsOur Problem)

MONEY ORDERS or CASH Too: A. Dobron

CATALOG + BUTTON = $1.00 / 2 x IRC's

USA SHIPPING RATES
All orders postpaid include media mail
Priority Mail Add $4.00
Delivery Confirmation Add $0.50 cents

WORLD SHIPPING RATES
Can/Mex Add $1.00 per item
Can/Mex AIR add $3 first item, $1 each add
World Surface Add $2.00 first item, $1 each add
World AIR Add $4.00 first 2 items, $1 each add

SPECIAL"sizzlin'" SALE
USA Any 3 x 7" for $10.00
Can/Mex Any 3 x 7" for $12.00
World Any 5 x 7" for $30.00

MEET THE VIRUS
Full length out soon.
Twelve songs of intense punk anger and dissonance that arrives at just the right time to stand in protest against America's current warmongering regime. Ex-members of Naked Aggression, OMOBNA, etc.

LIM
"Snutas" 7"
Top-notch hardcore thrash by these Swedish punks.

CIRIL
s/t CD
Finally! The first full length by these Peni meets Christian Death punkers from the LBC.
New Ciril full length out soon.

Thrash Of The Titans LP
The mega-thrash compilation with Strong Intention, Ruido, Fuck On The Beach, DS-13, Cripple Bastards, Dead Nation, Lack Of Interest, Flachenbrand, Anal Cunt, Scarred For Life, MK Ultra, Hirax, D.R.I., Tragatelo, Insult, Beyond Description & Capitalist Casualties

Thrash of the Titans 2 is in the works...

Distro stuff:
RKL "Keep Laughing- Best Of" CD $14ppd
Ill Repute "What Happened Then" CD $14ppd
Excel "Split Image" CD $13ppd
Mad Parade "Re-Issues" CD $10ppd
E.T.A. "No Faith" LP $8ppd
V/A "Hardcore" Oxnard Hardcore CD $14ppd
V/A "New York Thrash" CD $14ppd
United Super Villains LP $8ppd
Brother Inferior "Anthems For Greater...." LP $8ppd
Ciril "Huntington Cliffs" 7" $4ppd
Ciril "Six Tales" 7" $3.50ppd
Driller Killer "And the Winner is" LP $8ppd
Bonecrusher "For Your Freedom" 7" $3.50
prices include postage in the U.S.

Know Releases available:
Ruido/Insult split 7"
Armistice/Ciril split 7"
Dead Man's Choir "Out With The Trash" CD
46 Short "Specimen" CD/LP
Dead Man's Choir "She Don't Like It" 7"
Dead Man's Choir "What's Wrong With Me" 7"
Scarred For Life "Born, Work, Die" CD/LP
The Fixtures "One Crisis Short Of Chaos" CD/LP
The Fixtures "Dangerous Music Defect" CD
Das Klown "Holy Crap!" CD/LP
Das Klown "Live At Zed" CD
All Day "Nobody Likes A Quitter" CD
Insult "I Wanna Be A Burn Victim" CD
46 Short/Arson Family split 7"

go to the website for a complete list of releases.
www.knowrecords.com

Prices below are for KNOW RECORDS releases

Prices	7"	LP	CD
USA	3.50	8.00	10.00
Canada/Mexico	4.00	10.00	11.00
World (Air mail)	7.00	15.00	13.00

send money order, check or WELL hidden cash...or go to the website to pay by paypal.

KNOW RECORDS
P.O. BOX 90579
LONG BEACH, CA 90809
e-mail to check stock: knowrec@earthlink.net

KNOW Records

SUBTERRANEAN
MAIL ORDER

"MINERS' BENEFIT" comp CD
Featuring 26 tracks by UXA, THE SLEEPERS, NEGATIVE TREND and TUXEDOMOON recorded live in March 1978 at the Mabuhay Gardens in San Francisco, this is the first volume in a multi-part series documenting a 2-night benefit show for the striking coal miners of Stearns, Kentucky. Many songs here are not available anywhere else! The 12-page booklet has several rare photos, liner notes, and quotes from some of the participating musicians.

CD $11.55

THE MANIKINS s/t LP
Fab mod powerpop and punk from late-'70s Australia! Well-known by collectors, they released 3 great 7"s and a cassette-only album before disbanding; this release culls the best of their recordings! Liner notes by singer-guitarist Neil Fernandes. Italian import.

LP $12.40

WHITE FLAG
"R is for Rocket, U is for Unreleased" LP/CD
Yes, it's that well-known 1980s Los Angeles punk band, but with 24 vintage crazed and raw tracks, including their sort-of-unreleased 1982 1st album, several unreleased outtakes from the same studio sessions, plus 9 more live tracks from their first ever gig on June 14, 1982! LP has one extra outtake track, CD includes a radio interview. LP insert and CD booklet include a long interview with guitarist Pat Fear, photos, and a complete discography including cover reductions. Great full color Mad Magazine parody cover art! Italian import.

LP $11.20, CD $10.55

THE LEG HOUNDS s/t LP
Smokin' rock & roll/punk rock from the rock hotbed of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Clearly not un-DEVIL DOGS influenced, but, unlike 95% of the bands over the course of the last five years who were clearly not un-DEVIL DOGS influenced, these guys don't suck, unless of course you never thought much of THE DEVIL DOGS in the first place. I mean, come on, who else do you know that covers both the Phantom Rats AND Buddy Holly??? The exclusive vinyl version of the first of THREE full-length albums from these prolific bratwurst-munchers. Belgian import.

LP $9.80

"LET'S GET KILLED" comp LP
A new compilation from SEXUAL TENSION singer Elias "Vanilla Thunder" Newton's young label. This thing features everything from KBD-style punk to post-punk to SOCKEYE-style punk from: KILL THE HIPPIES, CRIMSON SWEET, C.D. TRUTH, PLAYPANTS, WRED FRIGHT, THE PIRATES WHO CARVE OUT YOUR EYES AND PISS IN YOUR EYE SOCKETS, THE JEFFS, RADAR SECRET SERVICE, SOCIALS, SWEATY WEAPONS, SEXUAL TENSION, NOWHERE SQUARES, and ZERO CRAG.

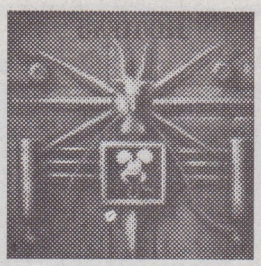
LP $8.25

All prices are postpaid in the US.
Elsewhere add $2.50 for 1st item, $.50 for next.

Check out our giant list at:
www.subterranean.org

Shops! Yes, we sell direct! Great prices, great fills on tons of hard to find items on so many labels we lost count. Ask for our wholesale updates with the newest releases.

SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS
PO Box 2530
Berkeley, CA 94702 USA

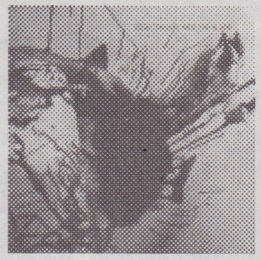


BRAINOIL LP

7 songs of crushing, riff fanatical sludge brought to you by Bay Area's evil Wizards of Rock! Heavy ass production via Dan Rathbun at Polymorf studios. LP=Clear vinyl!! CD version with extra live tracks and video out later this year.
$10ppd US / $15ppd World AIR

le SCRAWL

"too short to ignore" CD
1990-1999 Discography.
Straight outta Berlin, le SCRAWL blast out 66 songs of unrelenting brainiac grind mixed with a ton of jazz, ska, surf, and more. This is indeed one friggin fucked up cd.
$10ppd US / $13ppd World AIRMAIL



TEEN CTHULHU

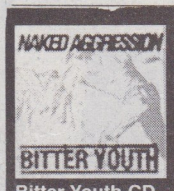
"Ride the Blade" LP
Thirteen tracks of blackened metal tinged fastcore that will trample you under cloven hoof and fill your veins with burning vitriol. Thunderous, relentless grind and blackmetal with keyboards.
$10 ppd US /$15 ppd World AIRMAIL

Tomorrow's Unknown Soldier

Plus stuff by ARTIMUS PYLE, ASUNDER, BLATZ, DYSTOPIA, FIELDS OF SHIT, FILTH, LUDICRA, MEDICATION TIME, NIGEL PEPPER COCK, TARANTULA HAWK, TOTAL SHUTDOWN, YETI.. write for a free catalog or go to the fucking website!!

LIFE IS ABUSE
P.O. Box 20524
Oakland, CA. 94620 U$A
www.lifeisabuse.com

LIFE IS ABUSE

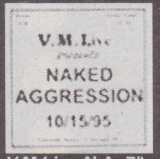


Bitter Youth-CD
(Broken Rekids)

STAY DISCONTENT MAILORDER

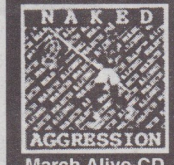
Meet The Virus-CD
(Know Records)

March Along-CD
(Broken Rekids)



V.M.Live N.A.-7"
(V.M.L. records)

XL, L, M, S
Regular or Babydoll
T-shirts
N.A. or MTV



March Alive-CD
(Broken Rekids)

Naked Regression
CD (Broken Rekids)

Prices:	USA	Can/Mex	Eur	World
CD	$10	$11	$12	$14
T-shirt	$10	$11	$12	$14
NA live video	$10	$11	$12	$14
7"	$3	$4	$5	$6
Back Patches	$2	$3	$4	$4
Arm Patches	$1	$1	$2	$2
Pins	$1	$1	$2	$2

Send M.O. or Check payable to: Kirsten Patches
P.O. Box 50854, L.A., CA 90050, USA
www.nakedaggression.com
Stores Contact: Mordam Records & Sound of California

GLOBAL HOLOCAUST
OBNOXIOUS RACE

split CD. 15 studio songs and 13 live tracks. Over an hour of crucial crust-punk. Comes with fancy 16 pages booklet, providing all the lyrics. Great sound quality from start to finish. This is both punk and professional so what are you waiting for? Only 10$ in Canada, or 9$ anywhere else, from:

SIMON PARE
827 GOLDBOURN
GREENFIELD PARK, QC.
J 4 V 3 H 4 CANADA
Distribution of your dreams:
www.fade.to/gasworld
gasworlddistro@hotmail.com

RETCH records

This release features a whopping **29 bands!** for this global audio assault of world wide punk insurgency from all 4 corners of the world an outrageous blend of street punk and catchy arsed punk rock

WORLD WIDE NOISE ATTACK COMPILATION CD

Never in the long history of punk rock has so much punk rock bombastic thump ever appeared on one disc. English Dogs, Blitzkrieg, APA, Varukers, Paradox UK, The Parasites and many more. Cheeky belligerent, sexy colour, six sided fold out cover, scandalous value for money, a formidable cornucopic collection of trans global disciples of the noble art of noise attack. USA. UK. Russia. Poland. Japan etc

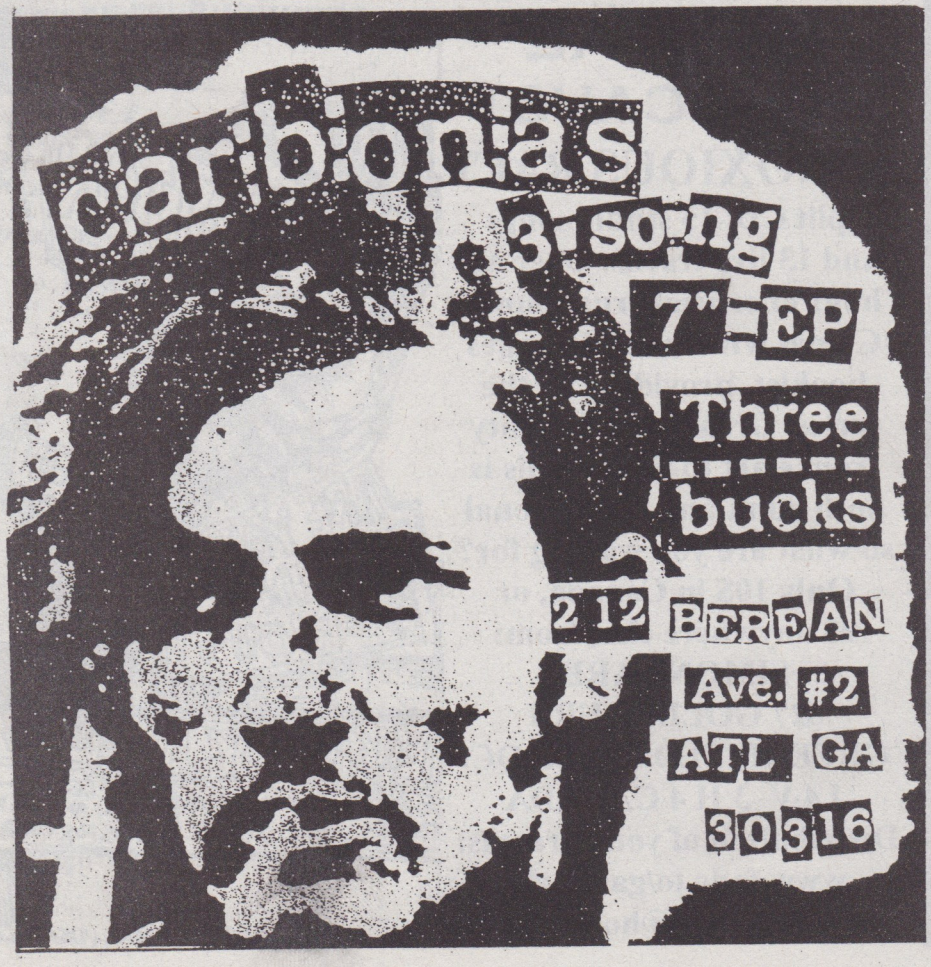
Also available .**The Parasites/7 Ft Monster – Retch Files Vol 3.CD**
Adolph & The Piss Artists- March of the Piss Artists CD
Blitzkrieg/Paradox UK – Retch Files Vol 2 (No Future heroes!)
The Varukers – Retch Files Volume 1 (classic 80s UK punk)
Sanity Assassins - Live in NY 7" EP **Juice** – Fundamental 12"
English Dogs – I've Got a Gun CD, **Airbomb** – Lookout CD
Cult Maniax – Live at Adam & Eves CD **Instigators** – Never Has Been CD
Blitzkrieg – The Future Must be Ours CD **Sensa Yuma** - Every Days CD-GBH!
English Dogs – This is Not a War CD
Revenge of the Killer Crash Helmets V/A CD
Paradox UK – Disenchanted Land 4 track 12" EP
Sanity Assassins/White Pigs Dead Mans Hand CD
For a Few Crash Helmets More Comp CD, Varukers and more ....

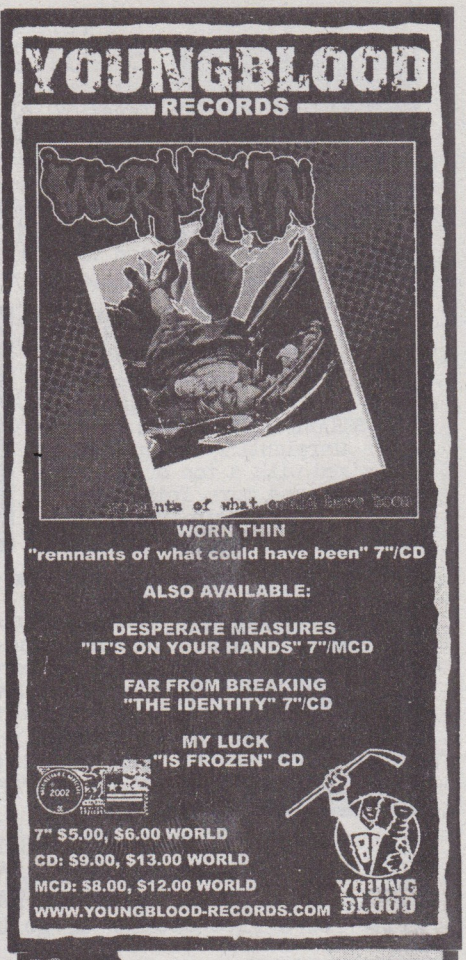
For RetchRecords rarities checko www.LocozRecords.Com

Post paid prices CD £6.50/$12, CD EP £3.50/$5, 12" £3.00/$5 Overseas Cash
UK cheaues Pavable to Retch Records. Euros now welcome *ie: CD = 14 E.*

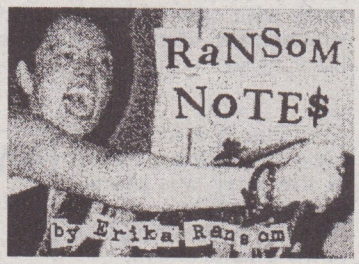
Retch Records, 49 Rose Crescent
Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside,
PR8 3RZ England. (distributed by)

CARGO RECORDS





COLUMNS



Road Stories

"I know there's something going on / I know it won't be long / Won't be long before you're gone." Frida comes through on the airways as I pass by olive trees, cruising down Interstate 5 going south towards San Francisco. I love the sound of a cheap car radio, static sound turned up loud, warm breeze rushing through open van windows. Tires hum as I look out on the world, feeling alive and free, traveling 75 miles an hour on a highway that stretches to the horizon. The cruise control is on and the sun feels good on my face.

Did you miss me? Last month I was gone, traveling around the country with my band the PROFITS. We left Boston during the last week of May and headed west. As I write this, I've been back a few days, and July is just starting to cook.

There are too many things to tell, too many days that ran together stretching from coast to coast and back again. There are dozens of people who made it possible, good bands I saw perform, and untold nights when I stayed up until dawn, enjoying company and sharing thoughts and conversations about everything from capitalist war to the perfect power chord. I'm forced to abbreviate, reduce my book into a column, and leave things out. I apologize in advance, and share here only a few thoughts from the road.

Bodily Injury

The day was clear and bright, and we sailed from Chicago through Wisconsin, arriving in Minneapolis early. For me, tour is as much about visiting far-flung friends as it is about playing shows, and Minneapolis is home to some amazingly cool people like Gary and Stephanie who are always so kind to put us up, get us drunk, and hang out until dawn. The city is also one of those places where I feel at home. There are lots of older punks covered with spikes and tattoos who drink with a passion, who give a shit about what's going on in the world, and make brutal, pissed-off music. It's beautiful.

SCORNED played wonderful crusty, heavy, melodic punk with strong female vocals. The PROFITS had a fun set, with our friends dancing, heckling, and singing along. Then, for our last song, I put down my guitar so I could sing and run around.

Before I knew it, someone grabbed my hand and pulled me off balance–I found myself flying off the enormous four-and-a-half-foot stage headfirst towards the floor. Instinctively, I rolled. I avoided smashing my head directly, but my shoulder and ribs took a hit. Somehow I managed to get back on stage and finish the song. Punk fucking rock and enormous ovaries.

After our set, I had the same dizzy feeling as my last concussion, and my back and shoulders felt really fucked. Argh. While trying to get my head on straight, I watched PHALANX from Seattle play loud as fuck and BORN/DEAD deliver a brutal wall of sound.

The next afternoon, after a night hanging out, talking about the world and nothing in particular, I woke up with intense pain, and my side cut into me for the next two weeks, all the way to Phoenix. Oh well, I left with a good loving kick in the ribs from Minneapolis!

Gerbil's Not Dead

At the Hurricane Café, a stone's throw away from the Space Needle, Pabst was a dollar, bands got free pitchers, and the only respectable thing to do was get stinking drunk. SKEEZIK were good classic pissed-off punk. THE ESCAPED (from Portland) were a blur of energy on stage, with two singers and catchy tough street punk songs. Zack, one of the singers, kept getting tagged in the head by flying beers, making me laugh as he smiled and tried to duck unsuccessfully. The best thing about the PROFITS set was a beer-soaked cover of UK SUBS's "Four Minute Warning" and almost passing out due to the heat.

On another note, I had fun at the show, but felt really bad that it was 21+. I would have much rather played an all-ages show of course, but being a Tuesday night, and not knowing many people in Seattle, it was the only show we could get. What to do? We decided, like many bands, that a 21+ show was better than no show at all. Tour isn't a free ride, after all, and we needed gas money. We had just crossed Montana, North Dakota, and the Rockies. Still, not being inclusive bothered me. While I was thinking about this, I saw a kid get thrown out by the bouncers during the ESCAPED's set, as he was caught trying to sneak in using the back door. Good for him! Bar shows in theory suck, but sometimes it's what a band has to do. Between bands I spent a lot of time playing *Simpson's* pinball, taking in a few moments being by myself.

The next night we met up with the ESCAPED again in Portland at the Paris Theatre. ONE DAY WAR were good–they had male and female vocals, and said intelligent things between songs. The ESCAPED and the crowd were bouncing off the walls during their set—during their last song I think about thirty people took over the stage and were singing along. Kick ass. When you've managed to piss off a large club's sound guy, you know you're doing something right. It was also cool to see some of the same kids who came to the PROFITS Portland show last year (you rock!) and to catch up with fellow Bostonian Gerbil. There had been an odd punk rumor going around the country that he had been shot in the face by a gun and killed. Go figure, the shit people make up. Well, it was just a fucked up rumor—Gerbil's fine, and says, "Hi, fuckers!"

Resistance and Intolerance

I woke up in a yard in Ashland, Oregon feeling hot, with the sun already severe by 8 am. I lifted my head up just in time to see the neighbors staring as they drove by. It had only been a couple of hours since I put my sleeping bag down, and after a night of hanging out with Kimbo and the rest of the crew I felt tired and baked by the heat. The night before we had played in a beautiful hippy café called Evos with GRUK (from Chico), LADY LIBERTY LEGS SPREAD (who we unfortunately missed), and BAREFOOT ARMY (from Redding). All of the bands were *amazing*, with strong women in all. You should definitely check these bands out! Buffy, who sings for BAREFOOT ARMY, really impressed me with her CRASS-like style of singing and talking, making "politics" personal, and I was really captured by her energy, thoughts, and creativity. GRUK was straightforward, and played with enthusiasm and as a solid group. Both bands are now on my top ten.

After we all woke up and got ourselves collected, and said goodbye to beautiful Kimbo and Evos, the PROFITS hit the road with BAREFOOT ARMY, and drove south through the hills, sun hot as hell. We passed Mt. Shasta, and I drove the van over the highest peak on Interstate 5, creeping along at 45 mph with the heat on to stop the van from overheating. My flip-flops began to melt and I turned the radio on, trying not to worry and to just drive steady.

A few hours later, we came out of the desert and arrived at Milleville Grange Hall, just outside the Redding city limits. From several stories different punks told me, Redding was full of people who hated anyone who wasn't *American*, and punks and queers didn't qualify by a long shot. One young punk about ten years old told me about a time she and her punk rock mom were waiting in line at a grocery store. A man behind them in line told them something like, "*Once we get out of here, I'm going to slit your fucking throats.*"

In Cambridge and Boston, people stop me in the street and say they like my dyed red hair. There are as many freaks as pigeons,

and nothing is really that shocking. As with New York, Minneapolis, and San Francisco, tattoos, piercings, punks, and queers are nothing new. Where I live, being punk is about as rebellious as eating baked beans.

It seems it would have been easy for the Redding punks that I met to have moved somewhere else. Or to give punk up, and just lay low and try to fit in. But instead, I found a large punk scene, creative activism, and people who were standing their ground to improve their community. I was inspired by Buffy, her roommates, and the other Redding punks and people I met, who worked for their beliefs and art when everyone seemed to go against them.

At the show, we played with BAREFOOT ARMY again, and I loved them even more. The NOGOODNIX (from Chico) rocked out with political punk, and kids danced despite the intense sweltering heat. At the end of our set, one young punk jumped up on stage and yelled, "This was the best show *ever*!" Rock on.

Another Song on the Wall

It was a *little* surreal to be sitting in the *MRR* house eating breakfast. Bandmates Rich and Adam were reading magazines, and Brian was outside smoking. I was awed by how the house resembled a punk rock compound, and how well organized and cared for everything was. Especially considering over a hundred people volunteer for the magazine and have keys to the place. Crazy. That amount of trust and responsibility within a group was inspiring, and a little hard for me to fathom. How many people would *you* give keys to your house?

I was also really glad to meet Arwen in person, and behold the largest DIY punk rock record collection in the United States. Gasp. I kept thinking of how each green-taped square in the many bookcases, that lined an entire side of the house, represented a punk band somewhere that made it to vinyl. The good and the bad, the famous and obscure, it was all there, a million punk songs up against the wall. And, of course, I visited the PROFITS two 7"s sitting with the P's.

Mission Rocks

Mission Records is closing at the end of the summer, I'm told, and a lot of punks are sad about letting it go. I can see why. Mission Records was one of the best shows I've ever played, just for the sheer energy of it all.

If you don't know it, Mission Records is a small hole-in-the-wall in the Mission district of San Francisco. Behind the actual DIY record store, through a large door covered in carpet, there is a small room with a low stage at one end. It's hot as hell and dark, with only one bare bulb lighting the place and a cement floor wet with beer and spit. However, once the bands began to play, the place seemed to swell to twice its size, taking in all the dancing people and music that filled the room.

I was thrilled to see ABANDON. Clara and Jake Filth both sang over intense music, creating a powerful combination.

As soon as we started our set, people started dancing and jumping on top of each other. From where I was standing, basically at the front of the pit, getting smashed in the face along with everyone else, it was beautiful mayhem. With all the energy around me, I played probably harder than I have in a long time—there was a feeling of immediate urgency, that this place, this stage, this time will soon be *gone*. Someone up front yelled at me, "Play until we all pass out!" and I knew what he meant. I screamed and held my guitar in the air and enjoyed a moment of feeling totally alive with everyone else in the room.

Here I am

Enough for this column, I've reached my word limit and the end of anyone's attention span. Tour stories are a little different from my usual rhetoric, but I suppose a summer break isn't all that bad. I'm also a little frazzled, it seems as usual, getting back to work and the daily routine. Tour did my soul well, however, and crossing the Appalachians, the plains of Montana, the desert of west Texas and the Rockies all lifted my spirit and helped clear my head. I've pledged to be less stressed, to get out of the city more, and not worry so much. Also, meeting amazing people on the road inspired me by their example, and I came home refreshed, and ready to write new songs and renew my activism in different ways.

Tomorrow is July 4th and I'm heading to New York for the weekend, hanging out with Zola the wonder dog and playing at the mighty ABC No Rio. Hell ya! Next month, I'll bring on, "Sweet Sick Smells" and "Cops do the Fascists' Dirty Works" as I continue with Part II of Road Stories.

Photos, notes, and random notes will be up at www.THEPROFITS.org. Old and new friends, please get in touch. An enormous extra thanks to Bev (Bitch Crew San Fran), Joe SHITLIST Rizzy in Seattle (who let me play his guitar and made me think deeply about TONE), Joe CREEPS of Columbus (honorary Bostonian), everyone at Gilman Street, Mike Thorn Tofu King, and everyone who said "hi," talked to me, and made me feel at home while I was on the road. Biggest thanks of all goes to my bandmates Adam, Rich, and Brian, three awesome guys. No fights, no whining—we just rode the miles together and rocked out night after night. What a lucky girl I am!

Keep a sharp eye out during this time of increasing fascism, work with others to make create a better place, have a great summer, and keep kicking this unjust system in the face.

Love, Erika

[Due to a fuck-up of my own making, part two of this story was printed before part one. Here's part one... the PREQUEL of the Chakra story.]

The return address says *TBS Network*. I open the envelope. *Awakening Chakra Energy—Introductory workshops in Erotic Spirituality for Men—Led by Starflame.* TBS is *Touching Body and Spirit.* Oy vey.

The one-page trifold brochure promises *Pleasure and more...In this workshop you will learn how to prepare your chakras to receive erotic energy. Learn how to circulate erotic energy through your whole body. Learn how to make every spot on your skin an "erogenous zone." Learn how to sustain erotic stimulation indefinitely.* The cost? Only $65. OK, but will it get me laid?

I don't know what a chakra is. I'm certainly not the type to pay 65 bucks to do anything led by someone named *Starflame.* His bio on the back of the brochure says he's *certified as an Advanced Energy Healer.* He also holds diplomas in *massage therapy, rebirthing, and sacred intimacy.*

And the workshop students? Can you imagine the sagging guys with hairy asses, crossing their legs on the floor experiencing the inner goddess? New Age homo hippies, Buddha bellies resting sagely on their inner thighs. They'll OMMMM to the great Hindu elephant nose, while erotic energy flows from their nipple-length beards to their sandal-calloused toes.

I continue reading. This workshop is *very therapeutic. A vehicle for openness and love.* It promises *a chance to get in touch with your own sexual energy and that of others...Through rituals of breath, movement and touch, we will create a safe space in which to explore erotic spirituality, in the nude, both alone and with others.* Ah hah! That means getting laid. I send in a check.

A few days later, more mail comes. The workshop will be held on Christopher Street, in a theater. It will run from 10 AM until 5 PM. I'm supposed to bring a towel and a light lunch. *WARNING: No one will be admitted after the workshop has started.*

Huh? A workshop for homos and you can't be late? That's like a workshop for punks and you can't have tattoos. Who do they think they're talking to?

With the acceptance letter come two articles. The first is by Bruce P. Grether. A picture of orchids illustrates the page. The title of the article is *Mindful Masturbation.* Among the techniques: the *art of anal breathing.*

The second article, by Starflame himself, is *A Brief Introduction to the Chakras.* The article invites you to undress and explore your own chakras in the nude. It warns *If you're reading this on the bus to work, you'll have to put off this practicum until a more opportune moment.*

The article tells us there are eight chakras. The one at the forehead is the third eye. The one at the bottom of the throat is the communication chakra. The next one, at the heart, is the love chakra. You'll find the next *where the top of the penis meets the rest of the body.* This is the sexual chakra. The lowest chakra is the root chakra. It's *in the space between the sex organs and the anus.*

The two missing chakras are the minor chakra at the top of your head and the crown chakra three inches above that, somewhere in space.

Deciding to wait for the workshop before playing with my chakras, I set aside a beach towel and a buttered bagel.

On chakra-day, my alarm clock, set for a workday, awakens me at 7 AM. I'm hungover. My bowels churn with the remains of last night's Olde English. Fearing bad chakra karma, I take two Imodium with my coffee.

Lockout is at 10 AM. I'll arrive at 9:45. If I come at 9:30, I'll seem too eager. If I come closer to 10, the others get to know each other without me.

Walking down Christopher Street, it strikes me how the neighborhood has changed. It doesn't look as homo as it used to. A few, mostly Negro, queens prance in front of some closed bars. But it's not the same. There are real everyday ugly people, yuppies, deliverymen, Korean grocers, secretaries walking their dogs. Normal folks walk down Christopher Street like it's 38th Street. Where am I?

I hear a commotion. A deliveryman, a hairy cretin with eyes much too close to one another, yells, "Jeezus, leave me alone, you faggot!"

Huh? Calling someone *faggot* in this neighborhood used to make as much sense as calling someone *lefty* in Berkeley. Things have changed.

ASIDE: What is it about ugly het guys? How come they fear homos so much? They complain about how they don't like locker rooms because too many homos stare at their balls. They gripe about being attacked, molested, harassed, as if in homotude you lose your aesthetics. Pul-eeze! Just 'cause someone likes guys doesn't mean he likes *you*! You're ugly, get it? END OF ASIDE.

When I get to the theater, I buzz and am buzzed in return. I'm alone in the freight elevator that moves slowly upwards. As I leave it, I see someone's back. Tall, well built, with dark hair. He could be Brazilian. Maybe this isn't gonna be a boatload of Allen Ginsbergs after all.

A man about sixty, with a grey beard and close-cropped white hair, greets me at the door. He wears an amber amulet. Starflame.

He checks my name on a list and asks me to take a seat in a circle. By the time they close the door, the circle is complete.

Next to Starflame is John, a squat man with a head shaped like a milk crate. His bad haircut says he may be Mexican. His beautiful cream-colored skin offsets the not-so beautiful rest of him. He has a vague Oriental look about him, but not the kind that drives men wild. Next to him is...

THE FAT MAN. He has dirty blond hair and eyes set so far back in his head that his eyebrows nearly touch his cheeks. A thick brown mustache covers his upper lip. And he's fat. Not normal fat. Not Buddha fat. Not even super fat like a Sumo wrestler. THE FAT MAN is fat like a pregnant woman. Like Alfred Hitchcock...but with a flat chest. From the side he looks like a **b**. He wears a bright green shirt and pants belted shut just below the enormous bulbosity.

Next come Kal and Jerry, who appear to be a couple. They talk to one another about the lawn and fertilizer. They share the same bottle of Snapple. Physically, Kal and Jerry are as alike as Tom and Jerry.

Kal is about six and a half feet tall, with wide shoulders and a chest that belongs at the WWF. Laughing grey eyes counter his hard square face. Short salt and pepper hair makes him look like an aging NFL commentator.

Jerry is a good foot shorter than Kal. His blond hair sweeps casually over his forehead. He's got bright blue eyes, a perky little nose, and no chin. It's as if his boyfriend, in a fit of rage, shoved his lower jaw into his communication chakra. As if to compensate for his recessive mandible, Jerry has humongous breasts. Not, muscular Arnold Schwarzeneggar breasts, but floppy Dolly Parton breasts...if Dolly Parton were 75 years old. They huddle wobbly under his Rugby shirt like two kittens under a blanket.

Next to Kal and Jerry is Ned. Ned is Richard Mulligan. You know, Burt Campbell from *Soap*, Dr. Harry Weston from *Empty Nest*. There's nothing else I can say about him. He looks exactly like the actor. Talks exactly like the actor. That's it.

Next to Ned is Alan. He's the one I saw from behind when I was leaving the elevator. He's one of two best in show. On the street, I might not notice this tall, vaguely Negro, vaguely Brazilian, guy. But among this crew, he's God. About 27, only a wisp of facial hair shows on his strong chin. Dressed simply in a pullover sweater, jeans, and black boots, I wouldn't say no to him. As it turns out, I won't say no to anyone.

Next to Alan is Gramps. His real name is Ed, but to me he's Gramps. He's the kind of guy people call *sweet*. A wrinkled man who pats your knee as he talks about the weather. He's the kind of guy you'd ask directions from, or sit next to in the park. He's not the kind of guy you'd think of tonguing around the root chakra. Gramps is an official at this workshop. He totters back and forth, checking off names on a clipboard, asking people where they're from. Right now, he's sitting next to me.

On the other side of me is Vinny, the other attractive one. He's skinny, with almost girl's hips. Not as tall as Alan, he gives an illusion of height through his lack of girth. About 30, Vinny has just the beginnings of a receding blond hairline, which, when clipped short, lend a sexiness to his smooth baby face.

There are two other guys in this group, both nebbishy salt-and-pepper haired men, in their early 40s. At 10:15, Gramps rises from his seat and ominously locks the door. Then he rejoins the circle.

Starflame pulls something mysterious from a beaded shoulder bag. It looks like a packet of green Tic Tacs. It *is* a packet of green Tic Tacs.

"Here," he says handing the pack to Vinny. "It's probably better if you take one of these, and pass them along."

"I didn't know we were going to get that close," says Vinny.

Gramps chuckles as if he knows something the rest of us don't.

While we pass the Tic Tacs around, Starflame pulls a carved stick, about the size of a toilet paper roller, out of his bag.

"I use this as a talking stick," he says. "I want everyone to tell me his name, then one good thing that's happened during the last week. Then tell me one bad thing and then, end with a good thing."

He rolls the stick toward Gramps.

"My name is Ed," says Gramps, straining to reach the stick on the floor, "and I think I got the stick intentionally."

"Come on Ed," says Starflame, "tell us something."

"Well," says Ed, "a good thing that happened was the weather was nice. It looked like spring was coming...A bad thing that happened was that it got cold again. It was even snowing, after spring. And then...I forgot what I was supposed to say."

"Tell us another good thing," says Starflame.

"Oh yeah," comes the reply. "The snow stopped and it got a little warmer."

He smiles and then passes the stick to Alan.

"A good thing," says Alan, his voice ringing deep, "is I met someone at a party a couple nights ago."

Then what are you doing here? I ask psychically. He doesn't answer.

"The bad thing is that I tried to see him last night," he continues, "but I couldn't get in touch...The final good thing is that I'm seeing him tonight."

The rest of us smile in wishful sympathy. Alan hands the stick to Ned.

"I live right on the beach," says Ned, "and you're all invited to my place. And my good thing was the great weather, so I could watch the people on the beach. Right from my window. So much to see...And the bad thing is that it started to rain so I couldn't enjoy the view."

Everyone else also talks about the weather. Good to bad and back to good. That's it. Maybe it's because this is so New Age, the weather is supposed to affect you more than getting laid, or getting herpes. No one mentions those things. Just the weather.

I'm the last to get the talking stick.

"My name is Mykel," I say. "A good thing that happened to me was after many months, I finally finished a CD in the studio."

No reaction.

"A bad thing was that the artist is a flake and she still hasn't finished the cover. A final good thing is that she says she'll be done Sunday."

I hand the stick back to Starflame, who continues holding it in his hand. There is a painful few seconds of silence. Then our gray-bearded leader puts his hands on his knees and boosts himself up.

"Take your towels," he says.

We grab hold of the towels we brought. Mine is a large bath-towel from Dog Beach in San Diego. It shows a cartoon of a dog lounging, balls hanging from between its legs.

BECAUSE HE CAN, is the caption.

Starflame and Gramps are on the stage. Together they have

lit what looks like half a dozen small paper bags. The bags start to smoke.

"We'll begin today," says Starflame, "with a ritual practiced by various North American Indian tribes. It's call smudging. Ed will show you how to receive it."

Starflame grabs one of the burning paper bags and waves it along Gramps' body. Gramps waves the smoke toward himself to make sure it covers him. Then he turns around. Starflame moves the smoking brown object over the old man's back, bottom and legs. Then Gramps walks to a standing position at stage right. Ned is next on the smudge line.

One by one, we rise from our chairs and walk to the stage for the smudging. Once smudged, we stand in a line toward the rear of the stage. I'm at the far end of the line.

"Now let's make a circle," says Starflame.

He takes my hand. I take the hand of the person to my right, one of the non-descripts.

"Now I want us to really experience each other," says Starflame. "Ed, come into the center of the circle."

Gramps stands with Starflame in the center of the circle.

"A famous philosopher," he names someone like Timothy Leary, "described this as a *freedom touch.* We want to make contact. Touch without stopping movement. Just a light touch. Like this."

He touches Gramps on the back and Gramps gently turns away from him. Gramps turns slowly this way and that, like an LSD dancer at the Fillmore. Starflame follows his movement with his hands, maintaining contact, but not interfering with the old man's dance.

"Now you try it," says Starflame.

Tentatively, I touch the back of the non-descript next to me. He turns toward me and starts running his hands over my chest. Behind him, Vinny, the attractive blond, grazes my back and quickly moves on to someone beefier.

We run our hands over each other, twisting and turning. At first I look for the most attractive two, sliding my hands up and down over their sleek bodies. They barely touch me back. Gradually, this quest stops and I meld.

The twelve of us are one organic mass. Our hands over each other, we turn this way and that—a sensual blob. I lose track of who I'm touching. My mind blanks. I'm part of a jellyfish mass. It's not sexy, but it is new and exciting, like a mild acid trip.

Starflame's voice comes out of the void.

"OK," he says, "now form two circles. An inner circle and an outer circle."

I find myself in the inner circle.

"Now, the inner circle should face the outer circle and hug," says Starflame.

I face Kal, the giant. I reach across to hug the guy, resting my head in the middle of his chest. He grabs my head and we both give each other a squeeze. It's not much fun. We try again. I stand on my toes. Kal does a little knee bend, wraps his huge arms around my waist and lifts me off the floor.

"Now let's try it in threes," says Starflame. "I want one person to stand between the other two. Here..." He points to me. "You start. Stand between Ed and me."

I move to the monkey-in-the-middle position, facing Gramps.

"Now, I want you to hug the man in front of you." I wrap my arms around him and give a squeeze. Behind me, Starflame reaches to Gramps and pulls him, squeezing me in a man-sandwich. I feel Starflame grinding his pubic symphysis against my sacrotuberous ligaments. There is no tension in the perineum—his or mine.

The three of us grind away for a few minutes. I steal a glance to the right and left to see what I'm missing.

I shouldn't have been so jealous. Starflame arranges the group so everyone has a chance to be in the middle with everyone else. It's not long before I find myself sandwiched between the demigod Alan and THE FAT MAN. I face Alan, looking up into his sculpted face. Behind me, I feel belly. Just belly. Does THE FAT MAN have enough arm length to encircle me, Alan, and his own rotundity? I press myself against the guy in front of me. That should help. Yeah!

After the group hug comes the first chakra opening.

"Now, I want you to sit on the floor, inner circle facing outer," says Starflame.

This time, my partner is John, the Mexican.

"The person in the outer circle should touch the *third eye* chakra of the person in front of him." Starflame taps a point on his forehead.

"If your partner isn't finding the point, adjust his finger."

John touches my forehead. I don't really feel a third eye, but I move his finger to an area between and slightly above my eyebrows. If I did have a third eye, that's where I'd want it.

"Now tap that area gently," says Starflame. "Tap tap tap, to open the chakra."

John taps my third eye. Not much happens. I certainly don't feel my third eye opening. Good thing too, because I'd be poked in it.

We switch roles and I tap tap tap him on the third eye. For some reason this causes him to shake his shoulder, moving like a stripper twirling her pasties. Tap, shoulder shake. Tap, shoulder shake. Weird.

Partner shift. Now it's the throat chakra.

What are they gonna do when they get to the good parts? Are we gonna tap tap tap the sex chakra? With my luck, I'll be facing THE FAT MAN for that one.

For the throat, I've got one of the forgettables. Starflame tells us.

"To open your throat chakra, you have to roll your head." He leans his head back, then to the right, then down, then to the left, then back again.

"Which chakra is this again?" asks Gramps.

"It's the throat one," says Starflame.

We all do the neck rolls. A dozen guys standing on an old theater stage, rolling their heads around. Then comes the exploration. We place our fingertips on our partners' throat chakra. We adjust their hand to the right spot. Then tap tap tap.

We take turns at this boring chakra. Again not much happens, except I develop a bruise from being tapped too hard. Enough of this upper chakra stuff, already. Let's get to the good parts.

After the throat chakra, we shift once more. I face Jerry, the blond guy with the tits. His breath stinks. Not an awful stink...that's covered by the Tic Tacs. But enough of a stink for me to turn away slightly, on the inhale.

"People in the inner circle," says Starflame, "turn and face away from your partners. Now, the people in the outer circle. Remove the shirt and undershirt from the person in the inner circle."

Jerry reaches around and unbuttons my shirt. He gently pulls it off and tosses it behind the curtain in back of the stage. To get my t-shirt, Jerry reaches in front of me. His flabby breasts press against my back through his upper body flannel. He lingers, holding the pressure of his body against mine before pulling the t-shirt over my head.

We go through the ritual. Find the spot. Adjust the finger. Tap the spot. Then I do him.

Removing his t-shirt, I see that everything about this guy—above the waist, at least—is soft. No bones, no hard edges. As I reach around in front, his tits drape against my hand. I feel for the right spot over the heart. He puts his hand on top of mine to adjust the location. His touch lingers.

I tap tap tap on his chest. Jerry presses back against me. Rubbing his naked back against my naked chest, his trapezius presses my pectoralis. My nipples harden from the pressure. Feeling this, Jerry presses his whole body into mine, rubbing this way and that, while I caress his middle chakra. I feel him breathe into me, tensing ever so slightly when I touch that spot over his heart.

When it comes time to part, Jerry turns to me and looks directly into my eyes. I try to focus on his face rather than his surreal breasts. He smiles a *let's keep in touch* smile. I smile back as best I can.

Then it's time for the SEX CHAKRA. We switch partners again.

My partner is Alan, the mulatto. YES!

Finally, a chakra I can relate to. Blood rushes to the just the right spot.

"Ed, come here and demonstrate this with me," says Starflame.

Gramps comes to the center of the circle.

"Stand with your back to me." Starflame says.

Gramps turns around.

"Now," continues the instructor, "the people in the inner circle should massage the heart chakra of the people in the outer circle. Gradually lower your hands from the heart to the navel to

the lower belly. Then remove your partner's pants... and underpants."

As he speaks he reaches around and lowers Gramps's slacks and then his white boxer shorts. Wow! Gramps is long in more than the tooth.

"Ask your partner if he wants to keep his socks on," says Starflame. "Now go ahead..."

I face away from Alan. He starts massaging my belly, then my navel, then lower. As he massages, he presses his body up against mine. I can feel his limpness against the small of my back. I press back. Blood flows to the good parts.

Then, the young man reaches around and lowers my Levi's. Next, my black Fruit of the Looms. I don't keep my socks on.

Whoops, ran out of space. Part two will be in NEXT month's column.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

-->Imagine if it were you dept: I got a letter from Greg Diehl in the clink in PA. He's looking for zines! Send him something. Name and address: Greg Diehl, No. FE6568, RD #10, Box 10, Greensburg, PA 15601.

-->Raise in Selery dept: My Ohio Boy Scout pals told me that Chris Boarts (NOT my sister!) wrote that I liked their band, Selery. Weird, they said, because I never heard the band. So they sent me the CD.

Chris was right. I like the band. The only thing I don't like is the tantalizing lack of lyrics on "Dotty Slur." The band says it's *our biggest songwriting mistake, the one we're most known for, yet is the most offensive and meaningless.* Wow! If it's that good, I wanna read the words! You can write to them at taskmage@hotmail.com.

-->Passing the research with the water dept. While doing research for this column, I stumbled on www.penisailments.com. It's a wealth of info. More than you'd ever want to know, I can tell you!

-->Where's OPERATION AMERICAN FREEDOM when you need it? dept.

Ted sent me a chilling article about the NY anti-invasion demonstrations. Here's an abridged version.

When a series of large antiwar protests began nearly eight weeks ago, the New York Police Department started questioning hundreds of people arrested at the demonstrations about their prior political activity and recording the information in a database.

But yesterday, after the practice came to light, the Police Department said it would destroy the database, [yeah, right —mb] *created with a debriefing form, and largely abandon the initiative, which civil libertarians and constitutional law experts said was deeply troubling.*

"After a review, the department has decided to eliminate the use of the Demonstration Debriefing Form," Michael O'Looney, the department's chief spokesman, said in a statement. "Arrestees will no longer be asked questions pertaining to prior demonstration history, or school name. All information gathered since the form's inception on Feb. 15 has been destroyed."

O'Looney said that the department would continue to ask arrested protesters what groups they were affiliated with and would retain the information in the form of a tally, but not with individuals' names. He said that knowing how many people had been arrested from particular groups would help the department assign the right number of officers to future protests by the same groups.

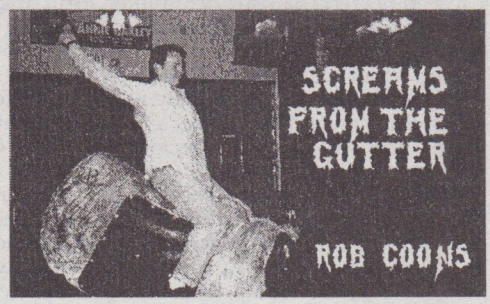
He also said that because the department viewed the questioning of the arrested demonstrators as "debriefings" rather than "interrogations," they were not entitled to a lawyer, a position with which Mr. Dunn and other civil liberties lawyers vehemently disagreed.

Now where are those freedom tanks? Rolling into the streets of New York, making the city safe for democracy? I'll be there, cheering them on!

-->new contest department: We've known for years that the word ***alternative*** should be a warning sign to stay away. Alternative music is wimpy college rock. Alternative butter gives you heart disease. Alternative radio is a commercial radio wannabe. But now things are getting ridiculous.

Yesterday I saw a poster at NYU offering a short course in *Alternative Menstruation*. Can you say HUH?

So the contest is to find the most stupid alternative reference. Email it to me at: god@mykelboard.com. The winner (one a month, as long as people enter. Once you win, that's it, though.) will get a copy of the new ARTLESS CD... if it ever comes out.



Damn, DSB recently rolled through town. They flew in from Japan and played a total of three shows during their stay here in the USA!! And two of them were in the San Francisco area. Not only that, but their three shows were all with ASSAULT and FROM ASHES RISE. Now I may be crazy, but that sounds like one hell of a lineup for a show. I had heard various rumors of how good DSB were from friends who had seen them in Japan, but I don't think anything could have prepared me for the intense slaying they unleashed on the audiences here on the West Coast. ASSAULT was nothing to be dismissed, because they totally killed it as well. But it was DSB that truly leveled the crowd on both nights here in SF.

On the first night I saw DSB, about three songs into their set I had one of those moments where I was so overwhelmed with aggression and energy that I felt like some drastic actions needed to be taken. So a quick jump to the stage and a somersaulting stagedive onto the crowd was just what I needed. I know you are thinking, what is the big deal? Everybody and their mother stagedives. But you see, I am one of those nerdy guys that stand in the front and just watch the band. I mean, I don't mind dancing around in the front, but I rarely go airborne (though I will occasionally don a cow suit and get assaulted with shaving cream and a variety of baked goods all in the name of punk rock). I ended up stunning many of my friends and myself by catching some air.

DSB were seriously one of the top two or three bands I have ever seen. They blasted through their set with almost no breaks. They were nothing but a ferocious ball of energy. And the guitar player! Wow, what can be said about him? He had enough slick rock 'n' roll moves on stage to make any guitar slinging headbanger jealous. Shit when they played Mission Records (which feels like a dark and dingy 120 degree sauna when it is crowded in there), they didn't even bother to take off their leather coats or their sunglasses. Shit I don't think I even saw them drink any water. They played their fucking asses off like their lives depended on it.

For those of you who are kicking yourself for not booking those flights out here while you had the chance. DSB told me a few times that they really wanted to come back to the USA. So let's hope they do. Otherwise, start looking online for a cheap fare to Japan.

And while I am thinking about it, I want to bring up good old Mission Records. Mission Records has been around for a while supporting all things punk here in San Francisco. They did an excellent job at taking over the gaping hole left by the demise of Epicenter Records. Simply put, Mission Records is a DIY space, record store, and show space for the punks, run by the punks. Unfortunately, Mission Records is coming to an end this month and I know that many people are going to be very sad at the loss of this place. Besides being a record and zine store, Mission Records is the only place in the city of San Francisco that consistently does all-ages punk shows, and they have been for a very long time. Their loss is going to have a big impact on many facets of the local punk scene.

I am concerned that bands will start skipping San Francisco because they can't get a show here. I mean, we have Gilman, but it is really hard to get a show there without some serious advance planning by the band because they are booked so far in advance. So without that additional all-ages venue, we may start to miss a lot of the smaller last-minute tours of bands that people want to see. I know that Los Angeles is totally hurting right now for a steady all-ages venue, and that bands are starting to skip that area because there is no place to play. Damn, I hope that we can recover from this loss soon!

RUNNING FOR COVER – demo tape – RUNNING FOR COVER is a new band that is from Buffalo, and this demo tape is

pretty damn raging. Everything on here is short, fast and raw. Musically, the sheer speed of their music sort of reminds me of CROSSED OUT. Ballistic drumming, gruff angry vocals...it truly sounds like they are barely holding it together, but they do. They occasionally break into those super short, slowed-down tempo changes that just makes those all-out speed assaults just that much more intense. In the early to mid-90s, the kids would have called this powerviolence. But let's just say that this is eye-watering hardcore that is worth checking out! (Mike Gifford, 105 Jewett Parkway, Buffalo, NY 14214)

SLEEP – "Dopesmoker" CD: Holy smokes! Or should I say Holy Mountain or Smoke Out? Shit, I don't know, but I do know this. This CD is totally crushing! Monstrous smoke-filled riffs drill in and out of your eardrums while dark doomy vocals command you to "Drop out of life with a bong in hand, follow the smoke toward the riff-filled land." I don't even smoke pot and I felt stoned after listening to this. The release is basically the original live studio recording of the epic track that was found on the SLEEP'S *Jerusalem* CD. Except this song is about 11 minutes longer (just over 63 minutes) and the recording is a bit rawer and heavier. At this point it should be common knowledge that SLEEP was post-ASBESTOS DEATH and pre-HIGH ON FIRE. Do you see a musical connection here? I thought you would. This is sweet molasses to my ears! (Tee Pee, PO Box 20307, New York, NY 10009-9991; teepeerecords.com)

WARSPITE – "Gallery of The Macabre..." CD: Make no mistake about it, this is straight-up death metal. WARSPITE, who are from Germany, have made their way through a variety of EPs to create their first full length CD. From the never-ending assault of riffs, to the low guttural vocals, this charges hard from the first note. There are a variety of tempos at work here, but of course my favorite are the ferocious blast beats. In all honesty when I first put this on, I though it was somewhat generic. But when I hit about the fourth track these songs really started to grow on me. Maybe it was the great production that hooked me, but I would imagine it was the musical pummeling I received as I sat through all 12 tracks. It should be noted that this CD includes three tracks from their split with GROINCHURN. (Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421, www.cahrecords.com)

HAMARTIA – "To Play The Past" CD: Two things that should be pointed out about HAMARTIA at the beginning of this review: they were from Connecticut, and they are no longer together as a band. With that said, let's move on to the music. This is over-the-top metalcore that embodies the Goodlife Recordings style. They create a total mishmash of styles, led with strong shredding screams and lots of powerful guitar riffage. They take this powerful sound and just run with it, with a lot of tempo and style changes. Build-ups, breakdowns, complex time changes, melodic parts—it is all here. It should be noted that members of this band went on to be in BURY YOUR DEAD, MISERY SIGNALS, and WITH HONOR. Not bad for a standard issue metalcore release! (Goodlife, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM, www.goodliferecordings.com)

DAY OF CONTEMPT – "See Through Their Lies" CD: This Australian band goes down the tried and true path of creating some generic mid-tempo hardcore. At first glance, I was going to dismiss as just some tough guy hardcore, but all those hooks and melodies started popping through. But even with some harmony thrown in, the music still didn't really go anywhere. The mid-tempo pace of the songs varies little from track to track, except for an occasional breakdown here and there. And the vocals are your standard harsh screams, except for when he sings is this higher pitched gravely tone. DAY OF CONTEMPT, unfortunately, failed to make their mark with me with this release. (Goodlife, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM, www.goodliferecordings.com)

VANSINNIG LIV – "Mad Life" demo tape: The first thing that caught my eye was the address located in Indiana. It may be hard to believe, but I don't see very many demo tapes from my home state. Granted, Hammond is south of Chicago and just outside of Gary...but still. Anyway, VANSINNIG LIV is a two-piece band that consists of drums and guitar with both people contributing on vocals. They play a mix straight up D-beat to some slightly faster thrashy stuff, and the vocals are charged and angry. The recording was super raw on this, but hey, it is a demo tape after all. Not bad...not bad at all. (Jason, 152 Gostlin, Hammond, IN 46327)

CONFEDERATE FAGG – "Rock And Roll Hall Of Flame" CD: Yes, you read that correctly, it says CONFEDERATE FAGG (not FLAG). You remember *MRR*'s bikini-wearing cover boy from a few months back? Well, cover boy Mr. Teabag Balzac is back in fine form as the frontman for this band. (It is actually Chris Bickel from GUYANA PUNCH LINE and various other bands...but shhhhhh, we don't want to let the secret out, right?) Musically this band has more in common with JUDAS PRIEST or MOTLEY CRUE than anything remotely punk, though they do toss in a blistering cover of the RUNAWAYS "Cherry Bomb." They crank out some fist-pumping metal that will have you letting your hair down and slipping your chaps on in no time. And with lyrics like "tonight I'll be a bitch cuz that's the way I feel / Got my lipstick and seven-inch leather heels / In my bubble-butt britches my ass is lookin' fine / I came here to rock and baby, it's about that time," you can only imagine the attitude this must possess. They must be ecstatic with the recent Supreme Court ruling in favor of sodomy. I know I am! (Stereonucleosis Records, www.confederatefagg.com)

BLACKEN THE SKIES – "Only One Solution" CD: The first time I saw this CD somebody mentioned that this band consisted of at least one person from CATHARSIS. I'm not sure if that is true, but in many ways I can see some influences in their dark, crestfallen ways. BLACKEN THE SKIES mix together some charging D-beat-influenced punk with a slightly metallic edge and long mellow instrumental interludes. The vocals are strained and growling, and the anarcho-punk lyrics grasp topics like animal rights, the environment, and industrialization. I actually thought this was pretty damn good, though I thought a few of the instrumental parts were a little drawn out. Still with seeking out and giving it a listen. (Crimethinc., PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402, www.crimethinc.com)

V/A – "Sub" CD: Wow, what a great compilation! This was originally released back in 1982. This compilation encompasses an excellent assortment of Brazilian punk bands including RATOS DE PORÃO, PSYKOZE, COLERA, and FOGO CRUZADO. The compilation starts of strong with RATOS DE PORÃO'S "Parasita" (this song is also found on ROIR's *World Class Punk* compilation) and doesn't let up from there. This is classic raw, edgy, angry South American punk rock complete with buzzsaw guitars and strong urgent vocals singing in their native tongue. While I thought that all four bands on this compilation were amazing, in the end RATOS DE PORÃO'S fast angry assault won me over the most. Do yourself a favor and track this CD down, it is well worth it! (www.devildiscos.com)

As always, thanks for reading! Please send review items for review to me at PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or email me at xgoatcorex@hotmail.com. Grind, metal, thrash, doom, hardcore, and good ole punk rock is kindly accepted in my PO box. And while you're at it, check out the new CUT THE SHIT record coming out on Gloom. It will kindly rip you a new asshole.

"They almost passed that bill today. To make the corporations pay. But that is a little much to ask. To rock the boat is not their task. There's no talk of revolution. So helping people is no solution. They think they're not in any danger. Slimy pigs frisk any stranger. They think they can piss on anyone. Maybe it's not so bad that we can still buy guns."

—CRUCIFUCKS, "Annual Report"

Sodomy is now the law of the land, but like other precious freedoms, it could be lost unless we citizens make the most of it. That's why I'm declaring an Era of National Sodomy (ENS). All patriotic Americans are hereby urged to track down a consenting adult of the same or opposite sex and shout out: "Hey! How about you and me hooking up for some newly legalized oral and/or anal intercourse?" It is your patriotic duty to drop by your local high school nurse's office, pick up some free condoms, and start sodomizing for America!

In a decision that nearly makes up for Bush v. Gore, the nation's highest court has stricken a Texas statute that banned back-door love between gay men and women. (In a little-used loophole, the practice would have been legal between gay men and gay women.) "[Gays'] right to liberty under the Due Process

Clause gives them the full right to engage in their conduct without intervention of the government," wrote Justice Anthony Kennedy for the 6-to-3 majority. "The Texas statute furthers no legitimate state interest which can justify its intrusion into the personal and private life of the individual."

Laws banning sodomy between gays in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri were also overturned by the decision. But the greatest beneficiaries of the Supremes' judgment are the millions of *heterosexual couples* who risked violating sodomy laws in Idaho, Utah, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. Until June 27, anyone caught engaging in sodomy—having oral or anal sex—in those states faced arrest, regardless of their sexual orientation.

What a tragic waste of sexual potential those laws represent! According to a 1995 *Playboy* survey, 66 percent of Americans felt that they weren't getting enough oral sex. How much workplace inefficiency was created by employee frustration? How many soldiers, distracted by a state of horniness, fell in battle? At the time of the decision, 82,996,177 people lived in the oppressive anti-sodomy belt; millions more traveled to and through those missionary-position-only regions of the country. These newly-liberated people–in the United States of America, for God's sake!—no longer face arrest when they make love to their spouses, boyfriends, or girlfriends in a manner previously proscribed by their state legislatures. And yes, it really did happen—more than 2,000 people were charged with sodomy law violations between 1988 and 1995 in Louisiana, where each faced a $2,000 fine plus a five-year prison term. Is it any wonder that two-thirds of the public was terrified of putting their naughty bits in legal jeopardy?

Not everyone is celebrating our newfound freedoms to lick and poke as we see fit. An agitated Antonin Scalia decried the court's turn to "the so-called homosexual agenda," despite the fact that most people affected by the overturned anti-sodomy laws are in fact straight. Scalia was joined by William Rehnquist—and by Clarence Thomas, whose confirmation hearings revealed his taste in pornography to be as vanilla as his politics. Scalia's dissent warned that the ruling "effectively decrees the end of all morals legislation" and would lead to the legalization of gay marriage. "If the hallmarks of the test are consent and privacy," said Ken Connor of the right-wing Family Research Council, "then that throws the door open to any sexual behavior."

Sounds fun! Anyone who frets about the sex acts of total strangers, much less calls for government regulation of private boning, needs to get a life.

Nevertheless, let's not dismiss the concerns of our uptight and anal-retentive minority as the rest of us roll around doing whatever we want with whomever we like in the privacy of our homes and by-the-hour motel rooms. These are dark days for the neo-Puritan set. Before the Supreme Court turned Communist on them, America was a place where the depressing thought that people were somewhere out there having a good time was balanced out by the satisfying knowledge that they faced prison time if the fuzz ever nailed them. Now they've lost that comfort—and their horny spouses and mistresses are demanding they make up for lost time in the oral and anal sex department.

Why not reach out to the right-wingers in your area, and invite them over for some nice, relaxing, oral and/or anal sex? I know what you're thinking, but remember—everyone looks liberal in the dark.

P.S. NEW BOOK: GAS WAR: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF AFGHANISTAN is out. It's my comprehensive, painstakingly researched look at the real reason Bush ordered the invasion of Afghanistan: to run a gas pipeline from the world's biggest oil reserves (in Kazakhstan) to the sea for transportation by tankers. GAS WAR relies on mainstream sources to piece together the biggest scandal of the century so far—how the world's richest nation bombed its poorest for the sake of corporate gain. GAS WAR is available through my website www.RALL.com or Amazon but not through most bookstores because none of my regular publishers dared touch this controversial topic. Alternatively, you can mail $15 (includes Priority Mail shipping within the U.S.) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

P.P.S. Free Generalissimo El Busho propaganda posters are now available on my website, www.rall.com. Check 'em out!
P.P.P.S. To contact me by e-mail: ted@rall.com. To contact me by mail: PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.
SUPER CRASS COMMERCIALISM: Generalissimo El Busho T-shirts, stickers, even coffee mugs. Get 'em through my website.

I think I've written about this before, but I'm going to cover this ground again. Shock value has lost most of its value. There are very few taboos left to be broken or buttons left to be pushed. Far from inciting controversy, stupid record cover art and offensive lyrical content aren't really shocking or controversial anymore at all. In fact, they are just dumb. And trying to be offensive is a weak method for masking your true political convictions.

Instead of trying to play off songs against gays, women, and immigrants as provocative, or just to piss off *MRR* and PC kids, why not just be honest and admit that your band is a bunch of bigots and take firm right wing stand out in the open? (Note: PC is also played, being anti-PC is so 1996 it's not even funny. Like let's try to offend a group of people who all graduated and left the hardcore scene five years ago. I have more respect for the bonehead bands that put on the boots and braces and armbands and shit and are right out front about it than trying to veil issues with false sarcasm and innuendo. I could list off a dozen or so records that have made me wince and cringe after looking at the art and lyrics in the past year or two. But after some reflection, I just feel sorry for the bands that made them. I mean, is that the best they can do? I've moved beyond shock and offense to pity.)

Here are some things I've observed about record distribution lately. First, stores don't order shit for hardcore anymore. It's not necessarily that they don't like hardcore/punk, it's more a combination of trends. Independent record stores aren't doing that great, period. They usually have a limited budget and a lot of bases to cover. I can look at a major metro area with one or two indie stores and think these guys can easily sell 20 of the new Nine Shocks Terror, but instead they order one. And when that sells, rather than order 9 more, they move on to next week's new releases. Back Catalog isn't a mover in retail, unless you are talking proven classics like Black Flag, Minor Threat, Bad Brains. I recognize this disparity because I am often touring with bands and see how many records I sell at gigs. There is no doubt in my mind that the best way to distribute records is directly from the label to the fan, out of a box at shows. Most of you reading this have seen/met me on one of four continents and I was probably selling records out of a box at a show. Only a tiny fraction of kids actually mail order (god bless those who do!) and these are the most fanatical collector types who need new releases and color vinyl pronto and prefer to deal direct with labels. These people are godsends to small labels because they pump a ton of cash flow into each new release right when it comes out. I've never gone for pre-ordering, but a lot of labels do this with their limited editions and it's another funnel to raise cash early to finance a new release. However, I wouldn't recommend this unless you are already running a label and know what you are doing. There have been some recent scandals with disorganized kids running speculative labels taking pre-orders and then failing to actually produce a record. I, for one, never order a record until it's actually out, and I never take orders for my releases until they are in hand. There is too much friction and chaos in DIY punk and many, many delays can mount and ruin your rep with mail order kids.

The bottom line is, to move records these days, you gotta put them in people's hands, and you can't count on stores or mail order to cover but a small percentage of that. This means people have to get off their ass and take small milk crate distros to shows and go on tour with bands and hawk stuff on folding tables.

Another thing related to the above issue with stores is the flight to the front, or how new is now issue. That is to say, in the information-saturated internet age, new releases only stay new for a very limited amount of time. Like for the period of time they are on a distro/mail order's new arrivals page. Every new record I put out has an initial rush of orders from stores and distros. At one point I counted on these records to then be re ordered, ordered again, and if the music stood the test of time, stay in print and available for a long time. I always hated it when labels let great records go out of print right away when tons of people still

wanted them and then moved on to the new release. It was always my thought that steady sales of back catalog would help fund new releases. However, in today's market I feel like I bet on the wrong horse. My basement is piled high with boxes of Civil Disobedience and Masskontroll 7"s that I thought would sell consistently if I kept them in stock. Instead the sales of back catalog, and especially sales of not-so-new releases have really dropped off the last few years. I still get my shit out there, but a lot of back catalog is headed for deletion or discography CD as it sells out. This is nothing new—most labels have been doing this for years, but it's emblematic of the infatuation with the new and hyped in today's culture that a mediocre release from yesterday can trump a rager from last month. I think if people slowed down and smelled the proverbial roses and evaluated records a little more on their merits, a lot of stuff that didn't hit in its initial pressing would quickly move out of boxes onto turntables.

Nothing seems to garner hype like limiting a record's availability. A textbook example from my files is the recent Wolfbrigade 10" on Farewell. I love Wolfbrigade and I think their *Progression/Regression* LP is the best of the Wolfpack/Wolfbrigade output. I arranged a distribution deal with Farwell Records of Germany and the band where I put out the CD and distributed the vinyl for this release in the USA. I had done very well with Skitsystem and figured the two bands would have the same basic fan base. However, the *Progression/Regression* LP/CD hasn't sold very well in the USA at all. But, when Farewell pressed up a limited tour-only 10" of some older Wolfbrigade CD bonus tracks, I arranged to get 300 copies for US distribution. I sold these easily in a matter of weeks. Sometimes I wonder if I should press 3000 records and then advertise it as limited to 300 and see how long I can keep it up. I've heard some similar complaints from labels like Bridge 9 that people were only interested in the limited color vinyl and the regular vinyl took so long to sell that they have moved more towards only doing limited vinyl editions.

Here is a scenario. A band puts out a record and then tours a few months later to support the record. By the time the band tours (assuming they are doing the right thing by giving the record time to sell) its already old news and stores sold their one or two copies and never re-ordered it. The band has to go out and prove themselves all over again, but winds up selling a lot of records at the gigs because no has seen it yet.

A lot of people are just insanely lazy and tasteless about their music these days. I'm astounded at how few people actually take time to seek out bands they would like rather than just buying the dust-collecting CDs from labels that are popular/well distributed. If I gotta see one more kid wearing an Andrew WK shirt while the Asbest 7" collects dust in my distro box, I'm going to start swinging. I mean, do people really actually like the new Metallica and Slayer CDs, or just buy them out of some warped sense of duty?

Dope shit: the new Fourteen or Fight 7", No Time Left 10", Disclose 7" and tape, V/A *Dark Thoughts* comp 7", Artimus Pyle/Diallo split 7", From Ashes Rise and Assault live, Born/Dead LP and live, In the Wake of the Plague demo. Rad new bands I saw lately: Hostage Situation, Get it Away, Nonfiction Noise, To No End, No Slogan, I Attack, Cardiac Arrest. None of these bands have records yet, but if you want a picture of hardcore in the Midwest in six months, check out these bands' demos—there is some fucking wicked rad hardcore brewing in the Midwest right now.

Havoc Records, www.havocrex.com, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408 USA, phone and fax (612) 728-3817

No.

St. Augustine, Florida. A day on tour in June, 2003.

10:45 AM

A shitty motel room across the street from the beach. The air conditioner is releasing a particularly repulsive scent, stale and tainted with the recycled breath of a thousand retirees. Everyone else in the room is napping peacefully, small wheezing snores breaking the silence once in awhile. My decision to turn the TV on is made. This will be the first concentrated dose of American television that I have received in a long time. I find the clicker and turn the box on. The volume is moderate but my absorbtion into the medium is immediate, as is befitting its design and function. A familiar hum fills the room and my mouth is half-open.

11:45 AM

You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. Despite slightly different formats, Fox News and CNN have been feeding a steady stream of lies, xenophobia, and baseless fear to me for a solid hour now in my attempt to find some morsel of genuine news. You must give up. You must give up. There are no longer any lines to read between, they have erased them and replaced them with Bill O' Reilly's fat proto-fascist ass. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. Apparently, we are getting ready to "liberate" someplace else, Liberia I believe. Bush still looks like a chimp. A chimp wasted on coke and Jesus and unfettered power, flailing around like that 6' 5", 250-pound asshole at your favorite band's show who you just wish would stop windmill kicking you in the head. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up.

12:45 PM

You must give up. The Crocodile Hunter is somehow entertaining me on a sub-moronic level with his wild boar-wrestling antics. I am overwhelmed by the desire to see him gored. The ad breaks are incredibly long and filled with show previews of numbingly cute baby animal antics for the beanie baby set, mixed in with vaguely psychedelic ads for prescription drugs. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. Slowly re-acclimating to a television viewers' mindset, I joyfully anticipate *the Simpsons* rerun that is set to start in a few minutes.

1:15 PM

The Simpsons' good intentions have failed miserably in balancing out the non-stop ads I am simultaneously barraged with for SUVs, Intel Inside, Verizon Wireless, Burger King, Chevron, Merrill-Lynch, and Domino's, leaving me feeling deeply conflicted. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. Now I am uncontrollably craving Domino's. As half the other people are awake now as well, we decide to order a couple of medium pizzas with mushrooms and olives. The food is not all that cheap, and we wait 45 minutes for the delivery person. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up.

2:00 PM

The pizza tastes like greasy cardboard. You must give up. The channel surfing has gravitated to MTV, where we watch a very expensive, CGI-laden video by a band called Evanescence, who are a Christian nu-metal band with a singer who sounds like Celene Dion. She spreads multi-tracked, overwrought, high-pitched vocal wails over the supercompressed digital soundscape. It is possibly the most inorganic music I have ever heard. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. They play this video three times during the hour that we watch MTV. Supposedly Snoop Dogg is having some sort of special in the next hour but it never materializes. All we get is some extremely honky-sounding commentator on the ad for it saying things like, "It's ghetto, dog" and "Fo'Shizzle my nizzle" followed by Snoop's gold-encrusted face in a Warner Brothers style logo winking at me. You must give up. It gives me a headache, and the pizza is not settling well. You must give up.

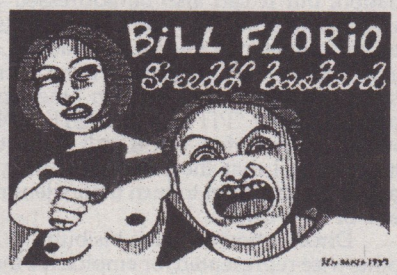
3:15 PM

You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. You must give up. There is a show on that is analyzing this season's reality TV specials in depth. You must give up.

4:00 PM

I cannot take it anymore. I leave the room to go to the beach across the street. The 95 degree weather and humidity hit me like

a wet blanket, yet they are vastly preferable to stinky canned cold air and television. The storm clouds loom like Norse gods. I am armed with nothing but my snorkel, face mask, and green boxer briefs with "Pee" scrawled on the front. I see the beach, the water will be warm and the waves will beat the living shit out of my scrawny bod and I will love every minute of it. As I cross the street, some clean-cut dude in a white Chevy Suburban screams "Snorkel Faggot!" at me. I laugh hysterically and jump right into that churning ocean, the storm immediately hurling tons of rain and scary bolts of electricity over the vast green expanse of waves and foam as people flee in droves, leaving me and five hardy surfers to get smashed into bits on the wet sand. I think about tattooing "Snorkel Faggots Local 13" onto my chest in Old English lettering. The water is perfect and there's nobody in sight.
Never give up.
Johnny Snorkel Faggot, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609
johngeek@hotmail.com



Nazis!?! Come on now.

OK, well kiss Morton Downey's fake beat-up face. Nazis in 2003! Not only Nazis, but nerdy computer Nazis looking for dates!

Those internet-addicted like myself have recently been sucked into a really silly site called Friendster in recent weeks. The premise is that you set up a profile about yourself and invite your friends to set up their own profile. It's sort of a six-degrees-of-separation sort of thing, where everyone's a friend of someone else. I don't really believe this, because if someone with no friends signs up they'll never be connected to anyone else anyway. Arwen just told me someone else also wrote about Friendster this month, and yes, Mike Thorn is using it to get chicks. There have been various reports of messages such as, "Hey, I have 5000 records in my house, wanna come over and make some tapes?"

Anyhow I was looking at the page one day and I saw a photo of a swastika. Then I did a search for Skrewdriver and a couple of hundred profiles came up. I think I've seen real life Nazi Skinheads twice in my life (both times in Pennsylvania!) When you live in NYC, you sorta grow up with built-in racial tolerance that you usually don't have in White suburbia. Well, there are actually a few Nazis living within the city limits (not even Staten Island!) but like I said, I have yet to see them on the street. Anyhow I found it pretty interesting that these folks will openly display the subculture they are part of. It really reminds me of super-hippie types, in how they will ignore the people factor and just start yapping and looking stupid. I took communication 101, freshman year of college, and the first assignment we had was, "Do a three minute speech about yourself." This chubby girl with trendy clothes (some sort of large-brimmed hat was involved) gets up and does a speech about animal rights. When she was done, her cheeks turned bright red as the professor told her she would get a zero for the assignment since she said nothing about herself. It's so funny how someone can get caught up in something and not even thinks about what really matters. The best part is this jock guy gets up right after her and goes on and on about what sort of activities he likes: "I like camping, canoeing, I like to hunt—Ohhh I'm sorry!" Anyhow, reading these people's profiles made me think of that.

Here are some of my favorite Friendster Nazis!

There's Laughing Scrotum (it's nice to see some of them are at least smart enough to not put their real names) Her hobbies include genocide, snorting comet, running over nigger kids, playing nigger croquet (coon conking), beating immigrants, laughing at holohoax "survivors," using jew's beanies as an oven mitt to push them in the oven. Her "About Me" section states, "...even if I were to be on my worst day, making the weirdest face i can, and then to dip my face in a five gallon flaming sheep shit frappachino, i would still be 10 times better looking than the 'best looking' nigger that ever has lived." Well, she can't spell Yarmulke, but she has her heart in the white place.

There's a skinhead guy named CT who's from Connecticut. He has a photo of himself seig heiling with a cigarette in his hand.

There's Jonathan from San Francisco, who says, "I lost the ability to reproduce in the Gulf War, so you don't have to ask me to wrap it."

I found inspiring words from 21-year-old Bridget: "I could be your best friend or your worst FUCKING nightmare I Love my race and my family. I take Pride in my work and I'm hoping to start college to be a mortgage broker. My 5 year old Daughter is my Life I love to party on the weekends of course! I live by the 14 words, and I do my best to preserve OUR Precious WHITE RACE Tomorrow Belongs to US!" What the hell are the 14 words? Is it Two all beef patties special sauce lettuce cheese pickles onions on a sesame-seed bun? It better be cuz this moron is gonna work at Burger King. Some people really ought to abort their fetus in the bathroom at the prom if ya know what I mean.

Then there's Scot from Montgomeryville, PA. Scot has a little "Pitch-In" symbol where his photo should be put—the stick figure is throwing away a Star of David. Scot decided to ignore the Friendster community aspect and his "About Me" section just has a really long analysis of a book he read about how Jews are taking over the world and how his political worldview was changed after reading it. He then lists his favorite movies as *The Matrix, They Live, Gummo, Troma films, Redneck Zombies.*

There's Tammy, also from Montgomeryville, who has a photo of her domestically disturbed face sitting in front of a large Nazi flag in her bedroom. She's a stay-at-home mom (I guess she didn't ask him to "wrap it" either). And her "Who I'd like to Meet" section says, "Looking for other racialist who are not in it for the glammer of it but in it for life! 88 brothers and sisters stand strong and stand true for our fight has only begun." We'll from looking at your two black eyes, I'd say you're losing it!

But not all the Friendster skins are the typical "Go back to Africa" types. There's a realistic Nazi like Will from Clearwater, FL who says, "I believe the demographic projection, which predicts Whites will be outnumbered in the U.S. by the year 2050, will bring the U.S. into catastrophic ethnic civil warfare. Unless the media stronghold is broken and the tides are miraculously turned, I'm afraid we must say goodbye to the America we once knew and loved. I'm moving to Europe."

All of these people are connected to me through two Asian girls on my Friendster list and one is linked through *MRR* shitworker Chloe! I guess the Axis Powers live on! I also noticed almost all of them watch *The Simpsons*—maybe they think Homer is a skin. They also have very limited taste in music, books, and movies. Really, a Nazi skinhead being closed-minded—what is this world coming to???

I've learned so much racist slang reading up on these people, I've been out of the loop since I was in 6th grade or so reading *Totally Tasteless Jokes 2.* People in this world actually say things like Jew-Tube, 88 bro, Racially Aware, Racialist (this means you're a racist who can talk about almost nothing but being a racist, like it's some sort of skill you've acquired, I guess).

The good thing is, I'm not the only one who spotted the Friendster Nazis, and some have made up fake Nazi profiles—one has two skinhead boys making out and gives a nice plea for strapping young skinhead dudes to cuddle with, another lists his music favorites as Great White, White Zombie, The White Stripes, etc., etc.

Oh, I can't remember if I mentioned this in another column, but I was talking to my friend and sometime *MRR* guest columnist Jen Hate about obscure racial slurs, and we were trying to think of a Greek racial slur. The only one I could find reference to was Homo-crat.

Anyhow, I'll see you all on Friendster. My email address is bill@candids.com

DIRECT ACTION—WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT'S GOOD FOR

Crimethinc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

This month we'll take time out from our regularly scheduled program of direct action recipes to discuss direct action itself a bit, in case any MRR readers were having a hard time figuring out why it might be worthwhile to throw pie in the face of Bill Gates, or turn a punk show into a street parade (which we just did successfully again a couple nights ago, on July 4th).

In this society, we're encouraged to think of voting as our primary means of exercising power and participating socially. But whether one votes with a ballot for a politician's representation, with dollars for a corporate product, or with image for a youth culture, voting is an act of deferral, in which the voter picks another person or system or concept to represent her interests. "Direct Action" simply means acting directly to meet needs, rather than looking for a representative or choosing from prescribed options. Today the term is commonly applied to efforts to put pressure on governments and corporations with illegal protest tactics (which isn't all that different from voting, or making campaign contributions, as it is intended to achieve the same ends), but it most properly describes actions that cut out the "middle man" entirely and solve problems directly.

Need some concrete examples? You can give a money to a charity organization, or you can start your own chapter of Food Not Bombs and feed yourself and other hungry people at once. You can write an angry letter to the editor of a magazine that doesn't provide good coverage of the subjects you consider important, or you can start your own magazine. You can vote for a mayor who promises to start a new program to help the homeless, or you can squat unused buildings and open them up as free housing for anyone in need. You can write your Congressman asking him to vote against the law allowing corporations to cut down old-growth forests—but if they still pass that law, you can also go to the forests and stop the cutting by sitting in the trees, monkey-wrenching machinery, and so on.

Voting is a lottery—if a candidate doesn't get elected, then all the energy his constituency put into supporting him is wasted, as the power they were hoping he would exercise for them goes to someone else; with direct action, one can be certain that one's work will offer some kind of results.

Voting consolidates the power of a whole society in the hands of a few individuals; through force of sheer habit, not to speak of other methods of enforcement, everyone else is kept in a position of dependence. Through direct action, people utilize their own resources and capabilities, thus discovering what these are and how much they can accomplish; and the powers they develop in the process cannot ever be taken away.

Voting forces everyone in a movement to try to agree on one platform; coalitions fight over what compromises to make, each faction insists that they know the best way and the others are messing everything up by not going along with their program. A lot of energy gets wasted in these disputes and recriminations. In direct action, on the other hand, no vast consensus is necessary: different groups can apply different approaches according to what they believe in and feel comfortable doing, which can still interact to form a mutually beneficial whole. People involved in different direct actions have no need to squabble, unless they really are seeking conflicting goals (or years of voting have taught them to fight with anyone who doesn't think exactly as they do). Conflicts over voting often distract from the real issues at hand, as people get caught up in the drama of one party against another, one candidate against another. With direct action, on the other hand, the issues themselves are raised, addressed specifically, and often resolved.

Voting is only possible when election time comes around. Direct action can be applied whenever one sees fit. Voting is glorified as "freedom" in action. It's not freedom—freedom is getting to decide what the choices are in the first place, not picking between Pepsi and Coca-Cola. Direct action is the real thing. You make the plan, you create the options, the sky's the limit.

Ultimately, there's no reason the strategies of voting and direct action can't both be applied together. One does not cancel the other out. The problem is that so many people think of voting as their primary way of exerting political and social power that a disproportionate amount of everyone's time and energy is spent deliberating and debating how they should vote while other opportunities to make change go to waste. For months and months preceding every election, everyone argues about the voting issue, who to vote for or whether to vote at all, when voting itself takes less than an hour. Vote or don't, but get on with it! Remember how many other ways you can make your voice heard.

Those raised in Democracy Monoculture on the assumption that voting is the alpha and omega of social participation often take for granted that the only possible purpose of any political activity is to convert others to a given position in order to build a constituency, and thus fail to recognize the broad diversity of useful goals direct action can achieve. These are the people who are always quick to pontificate about how graffiti hurts the public image of "the" movement, or how individual artistic projects are irrelevant to the needs of "the" people. But helping to convert the masses is only one of many roles a given direct action can play. Let's go over some of the others.

Direct action may simply solve an individual problem: a household needs to eat, so food is grown, dumpstered, or stolen; an advertisement is offensive, so it is torn down; a circle of friends wants to learn more about Latin American literature, so they establish a reading group. Direct action can be a means for a small group to contribute to their community: people need to know that a rapist has been active in the neighborhood, so posters are made and posted; police are out of hand, so a cop-watching program is initiated. Direct action can be a means for small groups to get used to working together in larger networks: the slumlord won't fix anyone's apartment, so a tenants' union forms to organize a rent strike.

Direct action can be applied to sway the opinion of a whole nation, but it can also be addressed to a small, specific group which can more easily be influenced: street graffiti might not be taken seriously by middle class adults, but some of their children experience it as a revelation. Direct action can be directed at isolated individuals, rather than "the" mainstream: a wheatpasted poster reading "PITY CONCRETE DOESN'T BURN" may not be widely appreciated, but it will help others who share this sentiment to feel that they are not entirely alone and insane, and it might inspire them to turn their silent rancor into expressive projects of their own.

Direct action can give visibility to a group or perspective not otherwise represented, or emphasize the possibility of a viewpoint those in power would deny: a newspaper wrap spreads the news the corporate media won't share, just as broken corporate windows prove that whatever the magazines say, not everyone is happy with capitalist society. Direct action can demonstrate that social facts and physical conditions that seem inevitable are actually subject to change: an unpermitted street party which transforms a shopping district into a free, festive space shows that the application of any space is up for grabs. Direct action can make life less predictable, more magical and exciting or at least humorous, for chance spectators as well as participants. When business as usual is oppressive and depressing, simply interrupting it is a service to all living people and things.

Popular or not, direct action can keep issues in the news and in private conversations: sabotage at the site of an environmentally destructive dam will bring up its ecological effects, whether or not most people approve of the sabotage itself. Direct action can give a group political and social leverage: in the 1980's, Dutch squatters facing threat of eviction demonstrated their power with a directed campaign of harassment and vandalism that lost Amsterdam its bid to host the Olympic Games, and thus gained an advantage when bargaining with the city for their homes. Direct action can provide a deterrent: after the demonstrations during the meeting of the World Trade Organization in Seattle, no nation but Qatar would host the next WTO summit. People who would not otherwise oppose their government going to war may do so if they know war will trigger massive demonstrations that will cripple business and interfere with daily life.

Direct action can interfere with corporate wrongdoing by inflicting financial losses: animal rights activists have driven several corporations in the fur industry out of business by means of vandalism, animal liberation raids, and picketing. Direct action can discredit or disable nefarious organizations by connecting them in the public mind to violence and trouble: if every time a racist/nationalist party tries to meet, it ends in street riots provoked by the local antifascist organization, no city is likely to permit them to meet openly, and few converts are likely to join their party.

Direct action can set an atmosphere for an event or an environment: if banners have been dropping and pirate radio stations broadcasting all week, everyone will expect the weekend's corporate trade conference and anarchist counter-demonstration to be historic—and that expectation will help itself come true. Direct action can polarize opponents: where one cannot persuade or at least coexist with adversaries, a campaign of provocation and interference can drive them to an extreme position that will alienate them from everyone else. Direct action can demonstrate tactics which other individuals can appropriate and use themselves; for years, these tactics may only be relevant to a small minority, until in a time of crisis they are suddenly indispensable to everyone.

When this takes place, it will be to the advantage of all that some have already been practicing and perfecting them, and everyone else has at least heard a little about them.

Direct action can be the best form of therapy, helping the one acting to cure feelings of boredom, hopelessness, impotence. When one is doing nothing, everything seems impossible; once one has begun doing something, it is easier to imagine what else is possible and recognize opportunities as they arise. Direct action offers the chance to cash one's convictions and desires in as the life experiences they rightfully should be. Don't just think about it, don't just talk about it, for heaven's sake don't just bicker about it—do it! Direct action is a means for getting in the healthy habit of acting rather than looking on: for every impulse that is allowed to flow into action is a spell cast for more of the same. In this passive, paralyzed society, we desperately need to nourish in ourselves that habit of engagement and participation. As they say, direct action gets the goods.

Sometimes direct action means breaking the law. Indeed, direct action is a way of renegotiating laws, both written and unwritten. When people act according to conscience rather than convention, when they transgress deliberately and en masse, reality itself can be redefined. This is not to say that you can simply cease to believe in laws, and get away with breaking them; but if everyone breaks them with you, the dynamics change.

The agents of law enforcement are at the mercy of many factors at once. Their job, of course, is to enforce the laws on the books, to protect power and property and keep human and financial resources flowing to the judicial industry and the prison-industrial complex. At the same time, to some extent they are at the mercy of public opinion: the public (i.e. the middle class) has to believe that they are "doing their job," but not overdoing it. They are also constrained by the limits of the possible: if fifty people run out of a supermarket at once without paying, a single police officer can only hope to arrest one or two at best. On top of all this, they are only human (and that's flattering them)—they have fragile egos to keep appeased, they can be slow in the uptake, their infrastructures are often badly organized and inefficient. It is possible to distract them, to surprise them, even to demoralize them.

Whenever you consider breaking the law, take into account all the factors that will influence the police response. Legal and illegal are not the immutable aspects of the cosmos—they are as fluid as context itself: it's not against the law if you don't get caught, as every schoolchild knows. An unpermitted march that would result in twenty arrests if attempted by twenty people can take place unobstructed if undertaken by two hundred; at the same time, twenty people with a plan and the certainty that it can be realized can accomplish with ease objectives that two hundred, less prepared, never could. Ultimately, when it comes to direct action, the laws are immaterial: if what you are doing really is subversive, the authorities will attempt to stop you whether it is legal or not—if they can. Your numbers, your courage, your preparation and foresight, your commitment to supporting one another, above all your conviction that what you are doing is possible: these are your permits, your guarantees, and you need no other.

One day, when the conflict between people and power approaches its climax, everything we do will be illegal; then, perhaps, courage and cooperation will win out over fear and tyranny, and we will break the law once and for all. In the meantime, every isolated instance of individual direct action, humble as it may be, is a microcosm of that decisive moment, and a potential seed from which it may grow.

Send new recipes of your own, requests for free literature or direct action equipment, and copies of old GISM records to CrimethInc. Agents Provocateurs, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402, USA (www.crimethinc.com).

"There is a wisdom that is woe, but there is a woe that is madness."
—Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Punk Rock Existentialism 101

I am right this minute trying to find a reason to be alive, so bear with me. I just finished reading Sartre's *The Age of Reason,* and I've managed to convince myself that I'm there. At the age of reason, that is. That point in a man's life where he has to make a choice, where he cannot pretend that he is still young. That age seems to be somehow upon me at twenty-six, although the age Sartre's talking about is between 30 and 40 years old. I guess that means that my desperation is premature, or that being raised a woman has made me more in touch with my emotions and this has forced me to fall apart and examine my life ten years early.

So this book, along with another, has sent me over the edge, forced me to desire change in my personal life. Art really does have the ability to alter our perspective of our experiences, that's one of the reasons we make it; artists should feel alienated by the imperfections of the world around them, and hope for improving the world is usually inherent to inspiration. That can manifest itself as a critique of the ugliness of the world around you, and a resulting desire to create something beautiful; it can be an exhibit of ugliness and grief, with the motivation being to expose the ugliness within us all; or it can be a more straightforward political critique, as with Picasso's painting, *Guernica,* which is about the bombing of the Basque capital during the Spanish Civil War. So I guess it is a hopeful thing that after being driven to a point of questioning by my present circumstances, I was able to remember that books—and art in general—can save me. I woke up last Thursday at 4:00 am, after three hours worth of sleep, and my stomach and arms were acid with anxiety. I was staring at the wall, trying to get back to somewhere near sleep, remembering all that I'd read about insomnia the day before: Waking up in the middle of the night counts as insomnia, not just the inability to fall asleep. But instead of watching the clock for five hours, I got up, went into the kitchen, and read 150 pages of Sartre. The novel chronicles the experiences of a philosophy professor in his mid-30s who has just found out his girlfriend of seven years is pregnant. We follow him as he tries to get together the means to pay for an illegal abortion that she is unable to say she doesn't want. He exposes the hideousness of humanity, the duplicity with which we communicate with each other. Sartre is a misogynist, but because he turns his cynicism on his male characters also, I got through it.

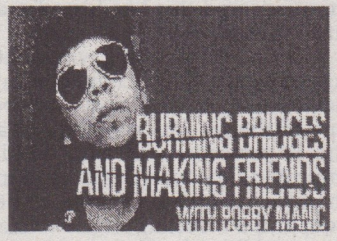
And what else is ruining my life: last week I finished rereading Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*. It is a novel set in 1930s Russia that satirizes the inflexible public opinion of the period. It is with an irony I can't always access that he analyzes the need for order that the human brain embraces. In the first scene, an bureaucratic editor advises a writer that the poem he's written about Jesus is wrong, not because it makes Jesus look good, but because it paints him as evil and thus implies that he existed. Satan, who is also in the Patriarch's Ponds Park, sits down and joins their conversation, "I knew Jesus, I was there when his was killed." The writer and editor refuse to admit whom they are talking to, so the writer ends up in an asylum and a streetcar beheads the editor. The book continues like that: people try to rationalize their experiences with the philosophical norms of 30s Russian society, even when there is proof in front of them that these norms are fallible. The book is really great, but the main thing that sticks with me is the repetition of the phrase *cowardice is the greatest sin*. I have had that on a tape loop in the back of my brain for a few weeks now, and it hasn't made me feel great about my life.

Cowardice: ignoble timidity...fainthearted lack of courage...lack of resolution in the face of hostile sentiments of others.

My boyfriend has forced me to have conversations about my drinking. We were having sex one day and the alarm clock radio came on to a NPR special about depression and substance abuse. The gist was: people with "chemical imbalances" often use alcohol to get rid of the pain, to "self-medicate." This fucks up our brain chemistry more, so we feel worse, and the cycle compounds the original problem, which is: my emotions control me. It was a weird experience. It isn't pleasant to feel understood by talk radio. I spent the day heavy with the sort of sadness that comes from recognition.

A few days later, my father and I talked on the phone, and he told me that he'd been looking at pictures from the past and some of them were of me when I was a kid. "But I didn't see my favorite," he said. "Which one is that?" I asked him, already knowing the answer. "The one of you on my fortieth birthday, drinking out of a Coors can, sitting on my lap while I was fish-

ing." My parents said they always meant to send that picture to the Coors Brewing Company, maybe they'd wanna use it for an ad. I always liked that story, but yesterday I just wasn't up for it. Sometimes the patterns are too overwhelming, and it has been the sort of week where I'd have to lie to myself to ignore the obvious symbolism in recent experiences.



"Hey, how did your column come out?" Melinda asked while I continued packing up my crap for the move.

"I haven't started it yet—I've got like a week to do it..." I explained to her as I thumbed through some old wrestling magazines for the thousandth time.

"I thought you're column was due on the 6th of each month."

"It is..." Then it hit me. "Crap in a hat."

So anyway, here we go...

Pop Ball Records from Osaka City, Japan just sent me a nifty little gift package with four great singles from their slew of amazing bands. The SPAZZYS from Australia are quite the heartbreakers and hit makers—their debut four-song EP, *The Sunshine Drive*, has been winning them fans all over the place. They have a sound that's heavy on the pop ala NIKKI & THE CORVETTES: Bubblegum music with a pretty smile. The DAZES and their *Wanna Date?* single are more of the same, but with a cute Japanese accent. They bring to mind the BANANA ERECTORS in the vocal department and that's not a bad thing. Girl pop is always going to rule. Cute girls with guitars singing about boys—you can't really go wrong, can you? Next up is BEAT CARAVAN, who have released what is quite possibly my favorite Japanese record of all time (yes, of all time). Flawless jangly power pop with co-ed vocals and enough hooks to leave me in awe for hours. "She's My Girl" will stay in your head all day if you let it, and why not? Just go with the flow.

Last but not least, it's the CHARLIE AND THE HOT WHEELS and DON FLAMES' split 7". Charlie and his boys offer two hot rod beach pop gems ala the BEACH BOYS, complete with high-pitched harmonies, and Don gives us a faithful rendition of CHEAP TRICK's "He's A Whore" and a fast-paced original. All great stuff, but answer me this, what's with the Japanese's obsession with high school? As much as their society forces scholastic achievement down their throats, why do they make high school the focus of so many of their songs? You'd think they wouldn't wanna think about any more school... just food for thought, my friends... For more great records, contact Hirocky at Pop Ball Records, 2-5-35-405 Momodani, Ikunoku, Osaka City, Japan or surf over to www.d9dion.ne.jp/~hirocky.

Jim over at Rapid Pulse has been consistently putting out great records, and the SLEAZIES are no exceptions. Comparisons to the STITCHES aren't too far off, but these guys are way catchier. Their tunes are totally brain-dead but it works for them. These are the kind of guys that actually do sniff glue and both of their last two remaining brain cells are on vacation. Get this from the Underground Medicine mail order site www.undergroundmedicine.com

Pop punk icon and MR. T EXPERIENCE frontman Dr. Frank has just released an eight-song CD-R that he recorded entirely in his apartment by himself. This was originally intended to only be sold during his recent solo acoustic US tour, but there has been such a demand that he has made it available through his website, www.dokotorfrank.com. Be aware that this website's content isn't about MTX, his music, or really even *music*, but you will be treated to some insightful political ramblings and reflections on society. Who says pop punkers aren't deep? The CD-R, entitled, ironically enough, *Eight Little Songs*, ranges from Frank's usual "songs about girls" routine, to politics and his take on the war, to a song about a monkey (I can't even begin to explain the story behind it). Most of the songs are built around an acoustic guitar and add to the personal nature of the recording, but there is a little electric guitar and bass here and there too keep the MTX die-hard interested. And for those of you who are wondering what's up with MTX, well they're still around, with yet another new line-up and an album out later this year on an unconfirmed label. Keep your eyes peeled.

Rip Off Records have struck pay dirt with the MARKED MEN. 3/4 of the REDS have turned down the feedback and broken out the Ric's. Think the RAYDIOS, the TWEEZERS, and FIRESTARTER (y'know, those post-TEENGENERATE power pop bands). Their Rip Off LP is solid gold and their 45 on Mortville smokes. I think they maybe my favorite band of 2003. Check out www.ripoffrecords.org for more info.

The MINDS are hard at work in the studio right now, and their debut 7" and LP will be out in September on Alien Snatch Records. I, for one, cannot wait to hear those bad boys. www.theminds.net, www.aliensnatch.de for the latest updates.

West Virginia's RADIO BEATS are making friends fast enough to make my head spin. Big Neck Records will be releasing their first single later this year, everyone from Andy G to Rev. Norb are giving them the thumbs up—heck, even ol' Steve Baise wants to record them! Steve Beat was nice enough to send me a six-song CD-R that blew me away. Six songs under ten minutes. They wear their influences on their sleeves: DEVIL DOGS, TEENGENERATE, SPACESHITS, and the ZODIAC KILLERS, and god bless 'em for it. These guys are well worth talking about, so keep an eye out for them. www.rocknrollreaction.com/theradiobeats

Fred at Vinyl Warning sent me a shitload of his releases, a homemade POINTED STICKS CD-R, and a six-song sampler from the DISKORDS upcoming LP! The Diskords are the most rocking preteens I know. Schooled on JOHNNY THUNDERS, RAMONES, DEAD BOYS, and the rest of the classics, these kids are proof you don't have to be old and jaded to pull off the retro '77 sound. They have the snot and snarl that only high school kids can muster up. Thanks a ton, Fred! www.vinylwarning.com

The mighty PHENOMENAUTS have just released the fallow-up to their debut CD, *Rockets and Robots*. Picking up where the CD left off, the "Rocket Roll" 45 is more of their brand of sci-fi-themed pop punk rockabilly. Recorded live at the Bottom of the Hill in SF earlier this year, this is a lot more raw and kinetic than the album. My only complaint is you miss their choreography and live gimmicks. Oh well—guess that just means they'll have to make a DVD or an enhanced CD soon.

Broadway Jungle just released a reissue of MILK'N'COOKIES. Who are they? I dunno either, but apparently they were a great girl-fronted glam pop band, ala the SWEET and GARRY GLITTER, from '75. What more do you need to know? Get this. www.broadwayjungle.com

The Bottom Line:

- That's it for this month. I'm still in the process of moving. My air conditioner is fucked up and my landlady can't rent us the apartment until it's finished, so it looks like I won't be moving in until later this month. Sucks to be me.
- Thanks again to Fred at Vinyl Warning for the Pointed Sticks CDR. People really do read my column.
- Keep the feedback and free promos coming. I love hearing from you guys as much as I like getting free stuff.
- Who else has been listening to the UNDERTONES' "Here Comes Summer" in their underwear non-stop?
- Someone needs to send me free copies of the Power Pearls comps and KIDDA BAND and KICKS 45's. C'mon, y'know you wanna.
- revmanic@cs.com

The best part about this time of year is that tons of bands go on tour. In the case of San Francisco, tons of good touring bands blew (or will blow) through town and tons of bad locals left to make the rest of the country miserable. Everybody (and by "everybody," I mean "me") wins. Thus far, I've been able to catch CLONE DEFECTS, CRIMSON SWEET, the HOSPITALS, SWEET J.A.P. and JOHN WILKES BOOZE. Not too shabby, I'd say. OK, there's an unbelievable amount of shit to cover this month...maybe too much! On with it!

As I mentioned above, I got to see the HOSPITALS (again)

recently. They've gotta be the most unpredictable, raw two-piece combo going right now. Forget what you think you know about blues-influenced duos or garage-rockers playing spoons and washboards. Any preconceived notions you have regarding the sound commonly associated with two-pieces will be completely beaten away by this band. This is some seriously noisy, brutal shit they're churning out. On top of that, they don't have the same amount of tools at their disposal as other "damaged" punk bands. In spite of this fact, they somehow manage come off just as jarring and immediate as any other glass-chewer out there (if not more so)! If you're reading this now, you probably remember my rave of their *Again + Again* 7"EP. While you should still attempt to acquire one of those, their new S/T LP on In The Red is proof-positive that this band is fucking *tops*. It's a legitimate motherfucker of album. Ignoring this record or this band should be a crime.

Staying in bash mode, the COACHWHIPS (whose guitarist, John, is now half of the Hospitals) are featured on a split 7"EP with A TENSION, which has just been released on Kimosciotic Records. If you are a fan of the Coachwhips' previous outings, this will only strengthen your opinion of them. Hearing them on a single totally got me going (perhaps the whole "better in small doses" argument?). A Tension, who belt out a slightly similar sound (maybe with a more wave feel, though still lo-fi), are a fitting companion band and worthy of investigation by all the sweaty, pretty people...you know who you are.

All avid MICK COLLINS followers will surely shit their drawers over what I'm about to say: the VOLTAIRE BROTHERS' *I Sing The Booty Electric* is finally fucking out! This release has been rumored for years (the website alone has been around seemingly forever), but Mick's no-holds-barred funk project has finally been unleashed. And make no mistake...this is some funky ass motherfucking funk! It's like the evil, outer space cousin of *Ultraglide In Black*! Mick's tapped some of the folks from SPEEDBALL BABY and current or former DIRTBOMBS members to round out the intergalactic groove-a-thon. Why didn't he try to get Bootsy? "Collins & Collins"...it's almost too perfect! Is there anything he *can't* do?

Ok...is M.O.T.O. for real? At the suggestion of many folks wiser than myself, I picked Criminal IQ's CD re-release of 2002's *Kill M.O.T.O.* album, not knowing a damn thing about the band. What I got was a 17-song album that seems to have impossibly married HÜSKER DÜ with the SPITS. Throw some good old power-pop in there too. It's hilarious, moronic, and actually pretty fucking good! Like all bands/records with a somewhat humorous slant to them, there are a few moments of blah here. However, I'd say that roughly 81% of this album rocks, with tunes that are more than capable of being taken seriously (with the aid of various pills and alcohol, of course). With songs like "Choking On Your Insides" and "Dance Dance Dance Dance Dance To The Radio," I'll probably be screaming this out of my car window all summer!

"Enough! Where's all the fucking punk, asshole?!?!?!?" Right here. Nice & Neat Records has released yet another great split 7"EP, this time featuring (as always) SWEET J.A.P. and THE KILL-A-WATTS! Hopefully you scored the recent domestic release of Sweet J.A.P.'s killer *Virgin Vibe* album on Big Neck. If not, do so...immediately. As good as that record is, I gotta say that their tunes on this split totally blow away anything on that album. Wow! As for Wisconsin's rudest, these are their last recordings with Ms. Jennifurball, who has apparently decided to do NEON HUNK full time. Let's hope they keep putting out tons of singles with their new line-up (now maybe a three-piece?). Fuck, I feel like I've mentioned The Kill-A-Watts in every column I written for *MRR* thus far!

I got yet another great debut release from NYC band this month: the TIE REDS! The band's first DIY effort, a CD entitled *Holy Crap! It's The Tie Reds*, is a near-perfect garage-punk record that would fit nicely between your SEXAREENOS and STATICS records. It's really hard to play this kind of shit and stand out nowadays, but the Tie Reds bring a great, *loud* energy to their tunes that totally sets them apart (not to mention creating one hell of a punk dance party). I can't get "Gimme Conversation" out of my head!

I've been hearing a lot of good things about a newish UK band called the REAL LOSERS. Sounds like something right up my alley: Euro trash punk with an early Rip Off feel. I'd tell you that their recently released *Time To Lose* LP on Pop Threat was good...if only I could find the fucking record! *Send me one!* Try www.thereallosers.mainpage.net for more info. They sure look the part, I'll give 'em that...

After months of "it's coming, I swear" promises, the final installment of the superb and absurd LEG HOUNDS trilogy has finally been released on Rev. Norb's Bulge Records. For those who don't know, The Leg Hounds recorded their first three albums all during the same studio session, which is either the most ambitious or stupid move attempted by a rock & roll band in recent memory. The funny thing is I think it worked...market saturation at it's finest! Anyway, *Ready To Go!* is, uh, ready to go! It's CD-only right now, but the Euro import vinyl is soon to follow. Of the three, I happen to enjoy this one the most (which apparently puts me in the minority, or so I've heard). I even did a fucking double take during their cover of "Radio Beat"...holy shit!

San Francisco's TEENAGE HARLOTS have been spilling other people's beer and tying people up in microphone cables for quite some time in SF area. I've always thought that they were good...and sweaty. They also lit their drum set on fire at Gilman on *the day immediately following* that whole GREAT WHITE thing. Nice. Anyway, after months of "planning," they had a record release show for their first single...without their fucking record being done! Apparently, they took lessons from the ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS. Anyway, it turns out that it's pretty hard to fit 13 songs on a 7" without having a single full of skips, pops, and general fuck-ups. Who knew? Last time I checked, it was back to the drawing board as far as pressing the beast. Maybe they could put grooves where the labels should go? Whatever, *if* this thing ever comes out, it'll be really good. Until then, I'll be trying to avoid spilling beer all over the place when they play.

Well, we might as well start our trip back in time. I'm not comfortable placing the following release in the "Old Shit" section, so we'll call this "Middle Shit" or something. The release in question has to have one of the highest garage loser toxicity levels in recent memory. I'm referring to *THE FUZZ CLUB COMPILATION* 7"EP, which has been a somewhat fabled "upcoming" release for years in certain Bay Area garage circles. A little background (which was dictated to me by Mr. Michael Lucas): The Fuzz Club was Tom Guido's show-throwing forum (at a couple of different spots) prior to the much-fabled Purple Onion days (which, as any follower of this shit would know, was home to many of the SF area's finest garage bands in the early 90s). The sonic selections found on this single were recorded live at The Fuzz Club in 1989 by Tom, and the bands include PUSSY HOUNDS, MUMMIES (!!!!), CARNABY STREET LAMP POST, VANILLA WHORES, and a few more. Of course, it's something any fan of this stuff should search high and low for. This monster comes in weirdo "sleeve" (which is basically two pieces of photocopied paper folded in a fashion that's, uh, rather difficult to negotiate), is pressed on colored vinyl and features extensive, hilarious and just plain weird liners by Mr. Guido. Released on Guido's own Prim label, with other volumes apparently forthcoming (loose translation: "don't hold your breath"). You're gonna need this one. Badly.

OK, "Old Shit" proper. There's a whole bunch of noteworthy LP reissues and boots this month. First off, I'd like to say if, for some unfathomable reason, you have not purchased X-RAY SPEX's *Germfree Adolescents* in any of it's nine billion different original, bootleg, and reissue formats, please do so now. Earmark is the latest culprit, and their 180-gram vinyl pressing should be more than enough reason for you to buy this. Honestly, I love this record...but how many boots and reissues of the same record do you need? *Stop already!* There's also a decent RUNAWAYS *Live In Japan* LP boot floating around. As with X-Ray Spex, Earmark did their 180-gram reissue for a couple Runaways LPs too. Lastly, Reflex Records has reissued POISON IDEA's *Kings Of Punk* on vinyl, which you are probably in line buying right now...

To go along with the LPs, there's a couple of boot and reissue singles coming at you. Perhaps most notable for the *Killed By Death* assholes out there is the (famously offensively-named) NY NIGGERS 45 reissued (apparently with a pic sleeve?). On the UK front, Last Year's Youth scores another winner with a reissue of *The Kids Just Wanna Dance* by FAST CARS. Go ahead and buy the originals, I dare you!

I've been a big supporter of Damaged Goods' resurrection of the old Raw Records catalog. Over the years, they've done great reissues of singles by SOME CHICKEN, the KILLJOYS, the

MALEFACTION

WHERE THERE IS POWER, THERE IS ALWAYS RESISTANCE

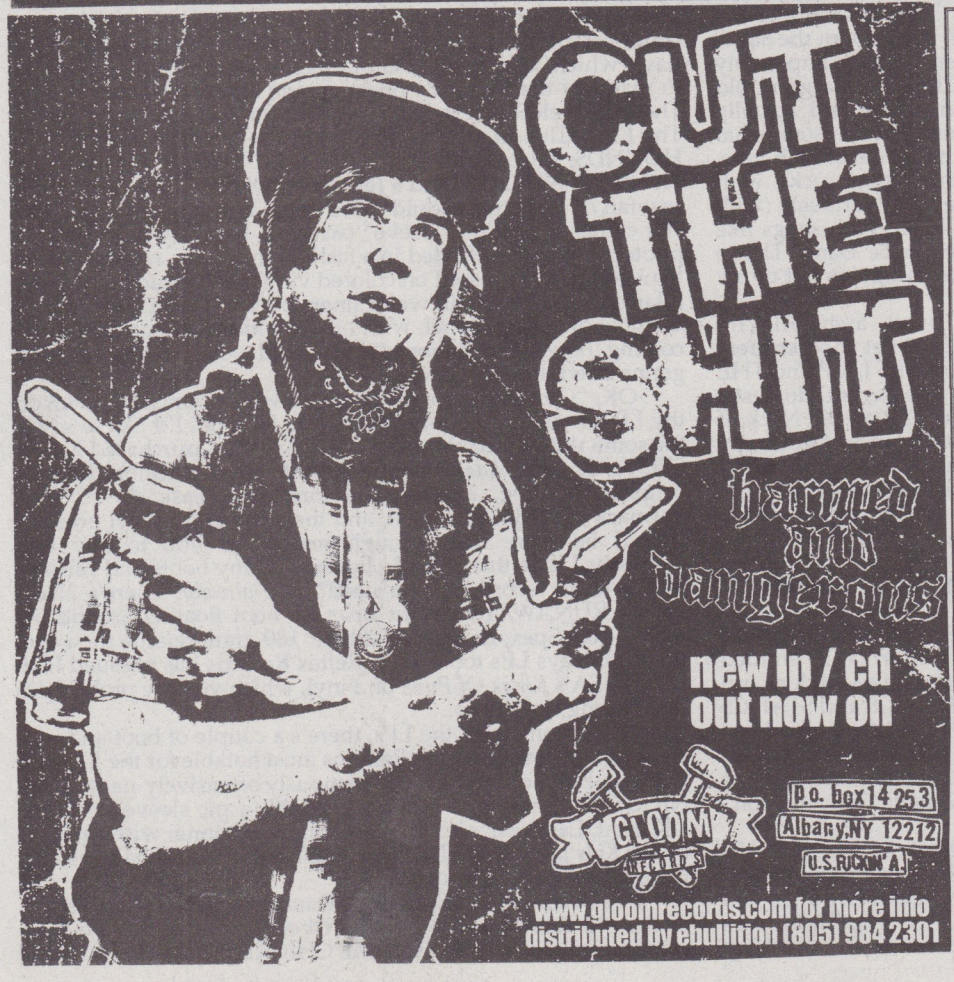
*" the most brutal mix of grindcore, crust and hardcore **ever** to come out of canada" (punk planet)*
*"easily a contender for **grind album of the year**" (exclaim)*
*"...a **colossal** wall of punishing grindcore" (kerrang)*
*"until **Nasum** put out something new, this'll do quite nicely indeed" (terrorizer)*

Brutal. Sick. Stench. Total sleaze. That, my friend, is but a sampling of the euphemisms conjured up and disgorged to describe this, Malefaction's most complete and utter sonic abomination to date. Where there is Power... is their second volley of grape-shot on G7 Records and is another over-the-top cyclone of grinding, blasting, politically-disobedient disgust that will have all you little pink-bellied bangers running for the nearest thing that even remotely resembles your mommy.

The time has come for this abomination to spill forth its utter filth, so grab the polysporin and apply generously to the affected area because with these 14 recordings Malefaction have successfully defended their title as Winnipeg's reigning super-heavyweight champions. I hope you have some Depends™ left over from their last record. You're going to need them, you stinking shit-panted jack-ass. Just kidding, you don't stink.

OUT JULY 25TH 2003

G7 Welcoming Committee Records | Box 27006 | 360 Main St. Concourse | Winnipeg, Mb | R3C 4T3 | Canada | **Malefaction tour dates at www.g7welcomingcommittee.com**



WRENCH ★ RECORDS

ON THE WRENCH RECORDS LABEL:

TITLE:	PRICE:
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE Patmos Or Bust 7"	£2.25
LIL BUNNIES Bunnie Hole 7"	£2.00
LOUDMOUTHS / HOT ROD HONEYS Split 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Gastro Boy 7" *(last few)*	£2.75
RANCID HELL SPAWN Teenage Lard 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Scalpel Party CD	£6.95
SAVAGE MALIGNANT Lucky 7 7" *(last few!!)*	£2.75
SEXUAL ABOMINATIONS R'n'r Meat Hook 7"	£2.00
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. Indicted 7"	£2.25
TRONICS What's The Hubub Bub CD	£6.95

ON OTHER LABELS:

440's Gas, Grass or Ass 7"	£2.50
ANAL THUNDER / No Redeeming Social Value 7"	£2.75
BARSE Council Estate 7"	£2.75
BUZZCOCKS Modern CD	£7.95
CERAMIC HOBS Shaolin Master 7"	£2.50
EASTFIELD Roverbrain CD	£5.95
FOKKEWOLF Porno Rocker 7"	£2.75
HAMMER COCKS / NERDS Split 7"	£2.50
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE Teenage Pretty Boy 7"	£2.75
HIVES / PRICKS Split 7"	£2.50
HOT POCKETS Rock'n'Roll City 7" Pic Disc	£2.75
J CHURCH / ANNALISE Split 7"	£2.50
KAMIKAZES Christiane 7"	£2.95
MISTREATERS Hard On The Eyes 7"	£2.50
NIKKI CORVETTE Love Me 7"	£2.95
SONNY VINCENT Lucky Seven Inch 7"	£2.50
SPITFIRES / HELL CAMINOS Split 7"	£2.75
TOKYO KNIVES Smell My Ass 7"	£2.75
TRONICS/ZARJAZ/FREAKAPUSS CD-EP (5 tracks)	£3.20
US BOMBS Great Lakes Of Beer 7"	£2.95

***POSTAGE RATES FOR 7" EPs:** UK: First copy 65p, 25p each extra. Europe: £1.40 first copy, 30p each extra. USA and rest of world: £1.80 first copy, 70p each extra.*
***POSTAGE RATES FOR CDs:** UK: First copy 80p, 30p each extra. Europe: £1.60 first copy, 30p each extra. USA and rest of world: £2.60 first copy, £1.40 each extra.*
UK Customers- pay by UK Cheque/P.O. payable to Wrench Records. Credit Card orders accepted by post, fax (+44 20 7607 9580) or over the internet on www.wrench.org – state your card no & expiry date.

WRENCH RECORDS, BCM BOX 4049, LONDON WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND
Email: mail@wrench.org Web site & online catalog: www.wrench.org

[available in record stores everywhere]

this cd contains the original
"Dealing With It" LP
Plus a ton of bonus tracks
and interactive multimedia

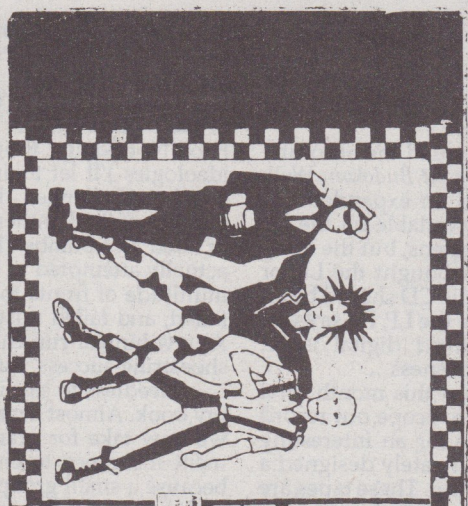
LOOK FOR MORE DRI RE-ISSUES COMING SOON.

$14 PPD IN THE USA (FIRST CLASS MAIL)

$20 PPD ANYWHERE ELSE (PRICE INCLUDES AIRMAIL)

BEER CITY RECORDS
MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

POB 26035 MILWAUKEE, WI 53226-0035 414-257-1511
www.beercity.com



TWO TONE

PUNK, MOD, SKIN, SKA, REGGAE
Clothes • Shoes • Boots • T-Shirts
Accessories • Records • Videos • Fanzines

251 MAIN AVENUE
PASSAIC, N.J. 07055
Hours:
MON-SAT: 11-7
973 / 778-7470
Send $1 For Our Mail Order Catalog

RAPID PULSE RECORDS Presents:

NIKKI CORVETTE

New 7" Out Now!

Brilliant Powerpop just like the old days! 2 new songs written and produced by Travis Ramin-the man behind Candygirl and Tina & the Total Babes. Nice full color sleeve with insert. Cool pics from the old days! It's 1980 again!

$5 ppd in the U.S.
Overseas get in touch

Underground Medicine
P.O. Box 5075
Milford, CT 06460-1475
USA

rapidpulserecords.com

THE SAVIORS, BARSE
THE INVERSIONS...

TOXIC NARCOTIC

Brutal Hardcore Punk from Boston's longest standing DIY band !

89-99 DISCOGRAPHY CD / LP
RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS

WE'RE ALL DOOMED CD / LP
GO KART RECORDS

HAD IT COMING 7"
RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS

WE HAVE A BUNCH OF RELEASES ON OUR OWN LABEL AND OUR NEW FULL LENGTH IS AVAILABLE FROM GO-KART! CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE OR WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE !

www.toxicnarcotic.com
www.rodentpopsicle.com
www.gokartrecords.com

RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS
PO BOX 1143
ALLSTON, MA 02134 - USA

RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS

USERS, and a few more. It only seemed like a matter of time before they gave the *Raw Deal* compilation LP the same treatment. The comp is still readily available in boot form, but the quality of the Damaged Goods reissues is high enough that you should consider going legit with this purchase.

A couple of years ago, Hate Records reissued the absolutely jaw-dropping TREND album, *Batman Live At Budokon*. Well, as is so often the case, they've just released an expanded CD reissue, with a whole slew of material not available on the LP reissue. Yeah, I hate it when shit like that happens, but the quality mark is high with this CD. If you never bought the LP, or (gasp!) have never even heard "Band Aid," this CD should be on your list of mandatory purchases. If you have the LP, I'd say you could survive without the impersonal, putrid digital issue. Thank you for staying on the path of righteousness...

Once again, I'm cutting it relatively short this month. In a matter of hours, I'll heading up to Portland to scope out record stores and actual nice people. Should make for an interesting change of pace! In case you are curious, I intricately designed a set of mix tapes to keep me awake while driving. These tapes are so profound, horrible, incredible *and* disgusting, they simply should not have been made! With contributions from CRIME, OTIS REDDING, NINE BELOW ZERO and a hearty chunk of NEIL YOUNG's *Trans* album, I'm convinced that this self-imposed mind-fuck will be what finally drives me insane! *Finally!* I've been trying for years! Oh yeah...that new CUTS album will get some heavy play too...am I already crazy??? *It rocks!* In closing...did Mike Thorn really punch that CEX techno rapper guy????

Mitch Cardwell, letsgethurt@yahoo.com.

Did I get shit!

Why give to some loser charity when you can give to a real revolutionary organization like Food Not Bombs writes Ethan in his email to me. And Marty opines *Hey fuckwad, Food Not Bombs guarantees that 100% of every contribution goes to feed the homeless.* But my favorite comes from Geoff who tells me *Get off your Marxist high horse. Your precious working class has bought into mass industrial consumer society and is part of the problem.*

Five emails responding to my response to Amanda's accusations that I'm insensitive to the plight of the homeless; a record for me. Guess I hit a nerve.

Food Not Bombs may make many claims, but they can't guarantee anything. They're a voluntary, anarchistic organization comprised of autonomous local chapters. There's no accounting let alone any real bookkeeping, simply someone's word that money put into a Food Not Bombs contribution can all goes to feed the homeless. Now, I'm sure members of Food Not Bombs are completely honest and sincere, and that nobody in the organization would knowingly use money given them on anything but feeding people. That's an act of faith however, not a guarantee.

I give to the Food Bank instead of Food Not Bombs because I don't like to foster the delusion that feeding homeless people is somehow a revolutionary act. It's good work, it's charity work, but in and of itself it is not revolutionary work. Given my limited space, I'm not going to dissect the "revolutionary nonviolence" groups like Food Not Bombs profess. But even granted that such folks have a revolutionary anarchist analysis, their day-to-day practice remains feeding people.

Feeding people certainly can be a part of revolutionary strategy. The Black Panther Party fed school kids with their breakfast programs, and the San Francisco Diggers gave away free food in the Golden Gate Park Panhandle during the 1960's. The gun-toting Panthers and their 10-Point Program have witnessed a revival of interest of late, with reunions, conferences and the publication of a number of books, and with debate ranging from folks like David Horowitz and Larry Livermore who insist the Panthers were nothing more than criminal thugs to a number of ex-Panthers who tend to elevate their fallen comrades to sainthood. The Diggers and their Free City program are more obscure. An excellent website, http://www.diggers.org, provides the best set of resources anywhere. Two books by former Diggers—Peter Coyote's *Sleeping Where I Fall* and Emmett Grogan's *Ringolevio*—are still in print.

I personally don't subscribe to the "revolutionary analysis" of the Black Panthers or the Diggers any more than I do that of Food Not Bombs, though for the sake of going beyond debating ideologies I'll let their respective claims to being revolutionary stand unchallenged. Instead, I'll point out that the day-to-day practice of the Panthers and Diggers differed markedly from that of Food Not Bombs. Ill-advised or not, the Panthers and Diggers actually attempted to foment a revolution, with action taken on a multitude of fronts to instigate social transformation. That they failed, and failed miserably goes without saying. But they tried. As a volunteer-run charity, Food Not Bombs is actually a modest shoestring success. But all they do is feed people.

Needless to say, if it ain't revolution it ain't worth a fuck in my book. Almost every single worthwhile, reformist change that we now take for granted—from social security and unemployment insurance to civil rights and desegregation—came about because a small group of people pushed a much more ambitious and radical, often openly revolutionary agenda. Their visionary goals were never realized even while some incremental social reforms were achieved. The strategy is to ask for everything just to get crumbs, because on that most rare of historical occasions you actually get everything in the form of a successful social revolution.

In this context, let me conclude my series on the need for a revolutionary labor movement in this time of Junior Bush's world war on international terrorism and quagmire occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan. And that means acknowledging there's a strong element of truth to Geoff's criticism above that the working class has bought into mass industrial consumer society. I'd contend that, in part, folks are mass consumers of services and commodities because they're trying to buy back the time they've wasted working to produce those commodities and deliver those services for another's profit. The seeds of a general revolt against work lie in this resentment of having to work eight hours a day, forty hours a week just to enjoy life.

A labor movement springing from a visceral revolt against work will not require a working class vanguard, either in the form of an advanced sector of the class itself as in Marx's industrial proletariat, or in the form of a Leninist party of professional revolutionaries to lead the industrial working class as the vanguard's vanguard. Nor will labor unions of any stripe lead the way in such a movement. Unionized workers are now less than 13.5% of the workforce and contingent, part-time and temporary workers far outnumber traditional industrial and manufacturing workers in an economy being rapidly de-industrialized and reoriented to service and information technology work by the capitalist ruling class. Labor has got to come up against this ruling class from a variety of angles, hence my suggestion for a three-pronged strategy for a broad based revolt against work.

Now, I've never been a fan of unions and that despite holding some kind of union card for a third of my working life. To me, a union is a labor pimp, whoring out its members for the highest price while disciplining them, holding them in line to keep the employer happy. This "traditional, stable, unionized working class, whose position was protected by collective agreements" as Andre Gorz pointed out more often than not acts as a "minority of privileged reactionaries, a vestige of the industrial economy" that glorifies work and holds back genuine labor radicalism. Nevertheless unions, their supporters, beneficiaries and fellow travelers shouldn't be entirely dismissed, if for no other reason than they are well organized and funded, with perhaps 25% of the workforce as well as certain liberal segments of the ruling class behind them.

Union folks are likely to roll their eyes and shake their heads at the seemingly ludicrous notion of abolishing work. Yet it is becoming increasingly clear that the capitalist ruling class is in the process of abolishing their work through robotic and cybernetic automation when it isn't shipping their jobs overseas. Work is already being abolished on terms dictated by the *bourgeoisie*, so why not insist on abolishing work on proletarian terms? What this means is mounting at least two lawfully organized, mainstream campaigns to mobilize this segment of labor around reducing the workweek while retaining current wage levels (say, "a twenty hour work week for forty hours pay") and guaranteeing everybody a social wage ("guaranteed annual income for all"). Unions and their supporters have the resources to research,

finance and lobby for such campaigns, giving them a stamp of legitimacy while making them household phrases like "look for the union label."

For the rest of us un-unionized workers, and I include myself in this category because my current union card with the National Writers Union doesn't cover my day job, it's a matter of cultivating a bad attitude at the very least to engaging in out-and-out guerrilla warfare against the bosses and owners. I'd like nothing better than to have American workers gain a reputation for surliness, tardiness, disobedience and absenteeism—in other words a bad attitude—that reduces economic productivity despite all the technology and cost-saving implemented by the *bourgeoisie*. Like a cold virus spread at the workplace, the idea is to infect more and more workers with a bad attitude until the capitalist ruling class cannot rely on American workers for a decent day's work. All the better if the *bourgeoisie* actually feels threatened by its wage slaves and fears economic collapse and social chaos.

It's a very small step for individual workers to go from a bad attitude to personal acts of protest, resistance, direct action and sabotage. It's another small step to get together a group of friends at the workplace to engage in protest, resistance, direct action and sabotage together. Such an inchoate, grassroots revolt against work can achieve a rudimentary level of focus and awareness through zines and other publications (*Processed World* in the 1980's, *Disgruntled Worker* and *Temp Slave* in the '90's). Who knows, perhaps the underground milieu created by such efforts can give rise to clandestine anti-work organizations on a par with the Earth Liberation Front, capable of reeking havoc on the economic infrastructure and putting the fear of Marx into the *bourgeoisie*.

The sum of legitimate and underground components in this anti-work strategy has a dual goal; to push capitalism's productive capacity to its limits in order to reveal the potential for communist abundance and to expose the *bourgeoisie*'s role in restricting that potential, and to make society ungovernable from the base. Each component however has its own tendency—the legitimate toward reformism and the underground toward fucking shit up for its own sake—that are mutually contradictory when combined, and that cannot help but produce mutual recriminations and denunciations. This brings us to the third component of this strategy, a revolutionary organization able to reconcile such contradictions and diffuse such recriminations and denunciations on an ongoing basis in order to further the revolt against work.

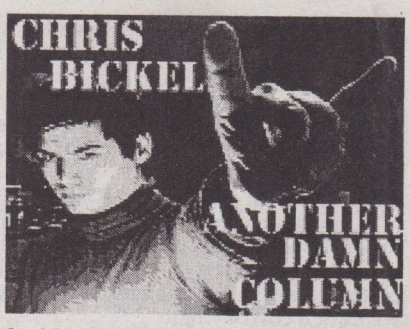
This will be the most difficult aspect of my strategy to get moving, principally because of the bloated corpses of Leninism and social democracy haunting the Left as the zombified undead. Learning from the failures of these two bankrupt orthodoxies as well as from the successes of more mundane socialism (communalism, cooperativist movements, self-management, etc.) will be far easier however than forging a synthesis from those revolutionary socialist elements not tarred by the brush of either Leninism or social democracy. The various tendencies that could contribute to such a synthesis—to include left communism, syndicalism, left anarchism, autonomism, etc.—need to overcome long histories of sectarianism in order to discuss their differences, let alone go beyond a lowest-common-denominator unity to achieve a revolutionary synthesis sufficient to help guide a broad based revolt against work to success.

Perhaps my belief in the need for a revolutionary organization betrays my Marxist predilections, yet I see this third component in an anti-work strategy as the one that makes the other two components more than a mere sum of parts, converting the revolt against work into a revolutionary working class movement. That's where I'm starting anyway. First, it's a study group around Andre Gorz's *Farewell to the Working Class* sometime in October or November of this year, then a publication promoting the abolition of work by May of next year.

Yeah, yeah, promises, promises.

I'll be lucky if I have a working web page by the time you read these words. That's the problem with work. It gets in the way of all the things I have to do.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



PART ONE: BACK IN BLACK

I feel like the star of a 70s tampon ad. It's a liberating, effervescent feeling to be writing a column for *MRR* again. A true delight to be back in black, and by "back in black," I mean the black ink all over your fingers as you sit there on the crapper reading this copy of Le MaxiRocker. Word War None got the better of me and left me sheltered and silenced for a number of months. As I learned from the Zen masters at the First Church of Uniform Choice: "the sound of no sound is the most deafening of all", so here I am with a ringing in my ear trying to remember the proper methods for carrying on even a one-sided conversation. You get out of practice when you shut yourself out of social interaction. At least I do. You'd think someone who went months without saying anything would have plenty to talk about. I find the opposite is true. It's kind of like the all-day tired feeling you have when you slept two hours too long.

Lots of stuff going on for me personally, much of which I won't go into here. Three projects I've been involved with have been released on CD (one on LP as well) and there's also a 7-inch in there too. More future clutter for record store cheapie bins. Everyone needs a hobby.

Speaking of hobbies, the punk band I'm in toured the Northeast, Midwest and Southeast. It was an all-out smash. You Smashists out there know what I'm talking about. I owe a whole slew of people special thanks for the rollicking good times, and if any of those people access the messageboard at our band's website they'll more than likely find their name mentioned next to a whole bunch of x's and o's. We played with a lot of surprisingly good bands on our outing: TEAR IT UP, BOOKS LIE, CRUCIAL UNIT, CRESTFALLEN, THE DREAM IS DEAD, KAMIKAZE, THE RUNNAMUCKS, ASSCHAPEL, and THIS AIN'T A GOD-DAMN FIELD TRIP PEOPLE IT'S A FUCKING WAR are the ones that initially come to mind, but I know there's a ton of other great bands that I'm blanking on (sorry folks). Maybe the glut of shitty bands we've seen in the past few years finally reached critical mass and we're finally seeing the chaff fall by the wayside... or maybe we just got lucky and ended up playing with only good bands on our tour. I dunno. Whatever the reasons, it's refreshing to finally see some inspiring bands again and get a renewed feeling that hardcore truly has something worthwhile to offer.

PART TWO: THE BIG NEWS

The big news in my hometown is that someone finally planted a stake right through the heart of the Vampire LeStrom and laid that ancient fucka to rest. Strom Thurmond is fucking dead. I felt a great disturbance in the farce as hundreds of Dixiecrats screamed out in horror and were suddenly silenced. He was something like 1,006 years old at the time of his death. Cremation was unnecessary as his remains turned to dust instantly. Ann Coulter will be preparing a new book in his honor: *Strom Thurmond, the Greatest Statesman of the 20th Century.* Similarly, the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan will be preparing a pamphlet in his honor entitled: "What Have You Done For Me Lately?"

The big news in the US is that Dubya is still alive and he still sucks. A partial list of his accomplishments would include the fact that he's cut unemployment benefits for more out of work Americans than any president in US history; he's opened federal land to oil, gas, and logging companies; he's dissolved more international treaties than any president in US history; he's the first president to have the UN remove the US from its human rights commission; shit, he's basically made the UN irrelevant by ignoring their stances and policies; he's caused the US to be in violation of the Geneva Conventions; and last, but not least, he's removed more freedoms and civil liberties than any president in US history. A list of his failures would include his failure to "smoke Osama bin Laden out of his cave," his failure to catch the "anthrax killer," his failure to capture Saddam Hussein or find valid evidence of "weapons of mass destruction," and his failure to give a public statement without looking like an on-the-spot frat boy who forgot to study for his oral exam because he was up till the wee hours of the night before funneling Blatz. To top all this

off, he slashed healthcare benefits for war veterans to fund his tax cut. Fuck, even the Mafia has the good sense to properly pay its hired goons. David Cross is right: George W. Bush will go down in history as the worst president we've ever had. Would a Democrat in the Whitehouse really be much better? Fuck, who knows. All I know is I'd vote for Ronald Reagan just to get this numbnuts out of office.

PART THREE: A FEW RANDOM THOUGHTS

The anticapitalist sentiments of the punk band are directly proportional to the amount of merch they cart into the venue.

You can wear a cowboy hat to make fun of people who wear cowboy hats, but at the end of the day you're just another dude wearing a cowboy hat.

Life is like a box of chocolates: a thoughtless gift that no one ever asks for.

Western consumerism: They say you can attract more flies with honey, but nothing attracts a fly's attention more than a giant turd.

An effective thought should embarrass someone, somewhere in the cosmos.

Reality is elitist.

PART FOUR: CONTACT

I can be contacted at: Chris Bickel / PO BOX 50454 / COLUMBIA, SC 29250 / USA or email at: smashismo@aol.com or website: www.guyanapunchline.com

chris(tine)

The better life gets, the faster it goes. The more manic I become, the more fun I have. Summer is rolling along at a rapid pace. Already it seems it's almost over, before it even really got started. The humidity is settling in, the bands are passing through town, the travel plans are being made. And somewhere in the midst of it all I've read a few great books that I am completely obsessed with and want to tell you about.

Sascha called me up, all excited about this book a friend of his wrote, because there was a whole section of it that was taken directly from a column he wrote for *Slug & Lettuce*. Being a book freak and a fan of my friends, their writing, and their lives, I picked up *All Over Creation* by Ruth Ozeki, and I think it's the best book I've ever read. I read a lot of books, so I feel like that is saying a lot. What makes it so good is that it combines all of the various things that I like in a novel, and so many of my various interests in life, and rolls them into one. It's a story about a family of potato farmers in Idaho, about their struggle to survive, about the continual struggles of big business, about family drama and rural living. This is a fiction story, but it's loaded full of facts and relevant info, lightened up by wacky characters and small town family drama. Just when you think this could have all the makings of a sappy Oprah story, enter the Seeds of Resistance, a rollicking band of activists who are traveling around in their stolen fast food french fry oil-fueled Winnebago doing actions and spreading the word about bio-engineered foods and the corporate monopoly of big business trying to eliminate the family farmer. And this is where the story gets really good. I could picture the assortment of punks, eco-hippies, and activists. I think I probably know these people. The activists end up in Idaho, find the old man, who has become more radical late in life, and his wife, who has her own seed-saving business. While coming from totally different worlds, and totally different perspectives, they find common ground in the desire to sustain a simple way of life that promotes safe food, keeps big business out of their lives, and works towards creating a sustainable living. As the different forces clash, and the actions get more heated, and things really get rolling, I could feel my friends oozing off the pages. I felt like the whole story oozed Sascha, which is not a surprise considering he was one of Ozeki's sources for material. I can't give away the story, but I thoroughly enjoyed seeing our recent past and present history woven into a story, and a radical story that is being put out there in the world in a story format should be read by a lot of people, cause I think it's one of the best stories I've ever read. And as one of the kids went off to the WTO protests, and the book came to an end, I was initially filled with this sad emptiness that comes at the end of a really good book. But then I realized that this story isn't over, because my friends are out there living this life, and the next chapter is already being written. And that is when I got really excited and proud, once again, of our subcultural world and my friends and the amazing things that we're doing and the amazing difference that is being made day by day. So I've been telling everyone I know to read this book, because it's that good!

I enjoyed *All Over Creation* so much, that I went and picked up Ozeki's first novel, *My Year of Meats*. This is a story of a Japanese American women who gets hired to produce this TV show called *My American Wife* for Japan. It's sponsored by the American Beef Industry in an attempt to get more Japanese families to eat American Beef. Her job is to find families that support the goals of the show, but she's a bit of a rebel and is constantly challenging her bosses, always trying to make a better documentary story. Through her research, she starts to find out about all these horrible aspects of the meat industry. She learns about the hormones and chemicals that the animals are given and the harmful effects this has on the humans—in particular, DES. She sees first hand the horrid conditions the animals in factory farms are subjected to and the health effects the workers have as a result of being around all this toxicity. In the end she makes an exposé on the meat industry. This too is a fiction story, but it's one that is strong and powerful because it's fact-based. It reads easy, and you get attached to the characters, and you will never be able to look at meat again in the same way. I highly recommend both of Ozeki's books—they're phenomenal. And if you're interested in books about the meat industry and think this one sounds good, check out Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. That one will change your life for sure.

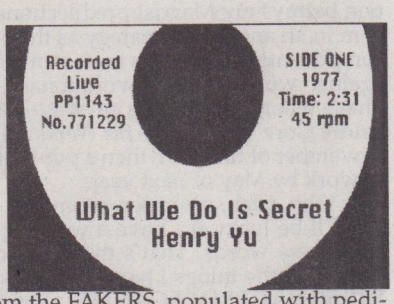
A few more bits to mention. Softskull Press outta NYC has been putting out some great stuff from writers, activists, and artists from the punk-zine-art world that I want to mention. Seth Tobocman has a new book out called *Portraits of Israelis & Palestinians*. It's a personal vision of his experiences visiting these places that we hear so much confusing information about. Seth's an amazing artist and storyteller, and he does an excellent slide show presentation that goes along with this book. If you ever have the chance to see him, don't miss out. Nate Powell, comic artist extraordinaire, has a new book out called *Tiny Giants*. You might know his zine, *Walkie Talkie*, or his band Soophie Nun Squad. He's a great artist and it's really exciting to see his beautiful book.

And as I write this, Fly's long-awaited book *Peops* has just come out. Fly's been drawing portraits of all her peeps, her friends, peers, and all those amazing artists, activists, musicians, and intense people who inspire her. With each drawing, she writes the story the person tells her, and tells her own story. I haven't even seen the finished book yet, just the various sketch books of this work, but Fly is amazing and her peops are amazing and this is a work of art not to be missed. And just in case you've been hiding out for the past year, don't forget that the Cometbus anthology, *Despite Everything*, is also available and you know you can't live without that.

Happy reading! If you've read something good you want to recommend—write to me.

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce • PO Box 26632 • Richmond, VA 23261-6632

Take Me Home And Make Me Like It



Summer months have me slummin' with no stories of note, just a few reviews to pass on to youse. For those of you who swear that you buy this rag just for my column, I apologize. Damn...

Fake You Motherfaker is the new five-song CDEP from the FAKERS, populated with pedigreed ex-members of FUCK EMOS and SAMIAM. They hail from Brooklyn (bother them at (718) 782-0702) and purvey tunefully powerful slices of wanna-hit. No word on when this promo will be released, but it will probably be on their Notreally Record label. Really.

Fuck The Pigs hits fever pitch as the ABSENTEES lurch for-

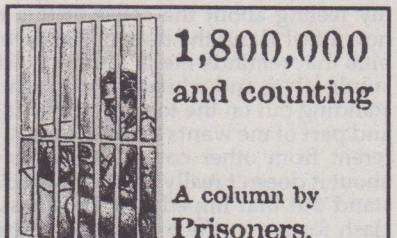
ward with their Secret Weapons full length CD. With no information other than a track listing on the CD, this successor to the Illegal Listening Device: 1979-2000 CD (released on Hopeless Artifix Records last year) has miles and miles of style.

Known best for their I Kill Hippies 45 (which actually charted on Spin Magazine's Top 100 Punk Singles Of All Time), JACK TRAGIC AND THE UNFORTUNATES gets its long-awaited due with a digital long play released on the Bacchus Archives label. While the title is hardly catchy, Coming Down Like A Hammer—Jack Tragic Rules The Whole Goddamn World! is chock fulla metallic punkers from their early '80s to late '80s career. Naturally, "I Kill Hippies" starts things off, with its excruciating anti-melodic rant and GERMS overtones, but there are plenty of great songs with hooks and raunchy way loud guitars, my fave being "Shell Shock Joe." By the way, we have Keith Grave (née Donaldson) to thank for dredging this stuff up and getting it released. His commitment to documenting the early Connecticut punk scene has led to several great releases over the past couple of years.

In fact, another of Keith's labors of love was to have the DENNIS MOST AND THE INSTIGATORS career retrospective released on the Bacchus Archives label, a 15-song tour de force called Wire My Jaw. DENNIS MOST began as early as punk gets, beginning with the '76 recordings of Dennis' pre-INSTIGATORS band, AUDIO LOVE. Their "Penetrate" has a monster riff, with Dennis' trademark desperate vocals making it a winner. Tracks from their late '70s 45s appear in alternate forms here. The listener is treated to a very early version of "Excuse My Spunk" circa '76, while a new 2002 version of "Tough Break" proves Dennis' vocals have only gotten stronger over time. Songs from various sessions through the 80s round out the rest of the set. Pure unadulterated punk passion.

Hey won't these guys leave me alone? Another issue of *POOR AND FORGOTTEN*, this one not pandering for dough, but still the ridiculous waste of...waitaminute. This is actually pretty amusing shit. It's made it to issue #12 after all, fits in your pocket when you're on the subway, and the paper it's printed on is soft enough to wipe your ass. Matt Johnson is a felon after all. He's the editor, so contact him at PO Box 59, Linwood, MA 01525 if you're curious about the whole thing. Poetry, short stories, punk rock ethics, and the usual boho hoo haw.

As always, email to terasearch@yahoo.com or frisbee fodder to Henry, 4309 23rd St., San Francisco, CA 94114. If anyone saw WIRE on their recent tour, lemme know how it went.



Reflection & Resourcefulness

Another fuckin' day. I drag my eyelids apart, the light in the concrete above my top bunk triggers alive, and fluorescent ugly cold light washes over me. Unshaven, chilly, I come from my sheets, my skin decorated with ink art fatalism, now prickled with goosebumps. I feel so dense—the mornings are rough. My insides feel murky. I climb down to the concrete floor, a body bundled on the low bunk groans. I guess Ricky isn't going to eat again. The small slab of mirror above the surgical steel sink spits back a horrid translation of what I think I look like. Wash, brush, the vitamins and pills, try to clear the bad dreams as I pull on my blue issue clothes and hunt my ID card (can't eat without it). It's still dark outside.

Two hundred dudes stepping out of half as many steel mechanical doors makes a jarring noise; the day's game is afoot. My stomach is empty and I let my hunger pull me into the current of bodies, down the industrial-sized stairs, to the open door of bars, into the port. The black morning is freezing, men in green and seven-point stars direct the stampede. The chow hall is bright, loud and smells of just-add-water food. I follow the line to the slot, my tray slips into my thin hands, generic coffee fills my cup, and I sit, one in a grid of hundreds. Once I'm done, sipping the coffee, I finally feel adjusted. Someone's talking about the looming possibility of war. I feel pretty far from it, but the thought still hurts.

Back in the cell the plastic reporter on the TV is bordered with a flashing "Showdown With Saddam." I pull on headphones to enjoy an hour of crust until my door pops for work call. The sun is just up as I trudge across the frosty yard.

It had been a few years since I had complied with a job assignment. I had been a kitchen grunt, slaving over massive amounts of food, sweating to my bones and pushed to my limits by totalitarian slave drivers in cop jumpsuits. I read the "no work" chapter in the CrimethInc. Manual, and in the spirit of old school MDC Dave, I quit, sick of being a faceless dog in their lurching machine. Their "punishment" was forced cell-time, which allowed me more time to write, study, and jam hardcore.

Sometime later I got sick, a clinging illness that shut down all motivation in me to even leave my cell, let alone utilize a pen. The quacks in the health dept. gave me the news. I had chronic Hepatitis C virus, a liver disease contracted through drug needles, somewhere in my dark past.

The depression hit hard. I started to fray. But I wasn't about to give in. Unlike a large majority around me I wasn't doing 25 to life, I have a parole date. This society will find a day, years from now, where my number spits out of their hardware and I get dropped at a bus station with a box of shit that holds fourteen years of my adult life under its lid. I want to be as healthy as possible when that celebration kicks off.

The medical department had nothing for me but a hard time. I found out about herbal remedies I had limited access to, started reading up on my condition, and realized I had to force myself to interact with each day. I had to activate my lethargy into some form of productive action. All I wanted to do was lay in my cell, look at the photo album of the gurl I had tattooed on my chest, read my boyfriend's zine, listen to Krigshot, and sleep. Not a terrible plan of action if you wanna be stuck in an emo rut, but I had to *do* something. I loved being outdoors, but the yard had grown ill itself. I hated how dudes would conversate with me like we were tight, then talk behind my back about what a freak homo weirdo I was. If I just stuck to myself all I could think about is how much more fulfilling it would be if I were air-drumming to Spazz in my cell. It got old. All the people made my brain spasm with their fakeness.

A dude I'm decent with needed a favor. He was a clerk in one of the education classes and needed someone with a little brains and no job to fill a teacher's aid spot. I thought, fuck it.

The teacher, a 40-ish Latina woman with a PhD from Berkeley, seemed kinda lefty and progressive. Not something you come across much in prison employees. She made me the tutor. It was on me to help guys grasp what their textbooks were telling them, and then to log their progress. Actually a fuckin' task. One minute I'd be helping spell average words, urging a guy to sound out a sentence, trying to explain converting a fraction to a decimal, breaking down an algebra equation to x, and the next grading a fourth-grade level grammar test for a dude two times my age. I was all over the place. But the days suddenly began to slip by; dudes began to *learn* while I helped them, and small friendships with convicts I probably never would have met on the yard began to form. And I noticed, while I sat at that desk, I didn't dwell on the bad cells in my body, or how it had been almost six years since I had touched my daughter, or how far away my gurl Spooky was from me and how bad I missed her, or even how depressed I am. I was feeling enjoyment even. I wasn't just some cog in a grinding dollar-sign machine, I was helping future parolees, or motivated lifers, learn about the simple things they never got to in their poor crowded schools, or their crime-ridden streets. I was aiding their attempts to embrace knowledge. Or something like that.

Then one morning during my daily trash ritual, where I blast some punk or grind in my headphones awaiting work call, I had a fantastic idea. It may have been Hellnation in my ears, but I was smiling. When my door buzzed open I shagged a stack of full manila envelopes and hid 'em in my jacket.

Crossed the frostbitten yard, through the door in the yard wall, passed the huddle of laughing cops, through the metal detector and strip-out area. Down the long shiny hallway where all day Dino was mopping as I pass, we flip the goat horns (the devil fingers for the "uninitiated") to each other in hello. I slip into the prison classroom, my priceless gems safe. The TV is out and the guys are watching Colin Powell rant live about the violations of Iraq and the need for war. Great.

At my desk I display my smuggled goods, photocopied anarcho-pamphlets, PeaceWorks newsletters, and an assortment of political zines, from non-violent to direct action. For the rest

of class, when anyone came to me for help on a problem, I'd try to get them to check out some of my subversive lit, which might offer another view of war.

Some could care less, their prison misery too far from Saddam's oil fields or chem-labs. One guy told me the war was unavoidable: "it's going to fulfill God's prophecy," he promised. Baby X, the black self-professed "ghetto-child" from Sac-Town, who chilled at my desk all day bustin' out impressive self-expressive raps about everything from gurls who love weed to washing your boxers in a prison cell sink, told me he didn't care about the war. "Why should I? White men will always wage war on the blacks and browns of the world. They already beat me," he says, bangin' out a hip-hop beat on my desktop. This guy with a wickid dead face gave his zen opinion: "we all die when it's meant." Like some money addict power hungry war guru President's plot to rule the "free world" is in divine accordance with the forces unseen.

But I wasn't discouraged; many hands snatched up a few zines at a time, and the five began. A young Latino with tats on his face was thumbing through *Profane Existence*, a couple of black dudes were conversating over a zine by Jen Angel, and even X was nosing in a "DIY How To Guide." I was then tutor of the curious human with a peeled-back mind, wondering about a new world of anarchy, activism, and autonomy. My teaching the "three R's" had boomed into the basics of human equality, liberty, and the death-plan of the ever-corrupted "system." I felt strangely sardonic, using a state-funded education class, in a prison, to teach other prisoners not just layman's knowledge, but the politics and passions of a saboteur...and all because I had a chronic disease.

I don't know if it's a big deal to you, attempting to politicize the common criminal or street gang member...but to *me*, it makes my fuckin' day to teach new thoughts to recently blown-open minds. And maybe I'm trying to boldly paint a picture of conviction & idealism from one of depression and inner drama. Whatever...gotta do something.

Neil Edgar #K61832, A3-246, PO Box 409000, Ione, CA 95640

ENDNOTES:

1) The love of Spooky & Richard keeps me focused.
2) Write to my boy for issues of my zine *Weiner Society*, 109 Arnold Ave., Cranston, RI 02905.
3) Janice Flux made me love The Phantom Limbs.
4) Listen to Ninja Death Squad, homo-grindcore!
5) Do as Exclaim says & always "keep on pushin'!"
6) Thanx to Mike and Arwen.

So last week the *New York Times* ran an article called "Summer of Screamo." It was a poorly researched article that was mostly about bands that have had some mild level of mainstream success such as The Used and Thursday. I could give a shit about these bands, and hopefully you don't either, but how they are being marketed is of some interest. Punk rock culture being commodified is nothing new, but the rate at which the record industry is able to capitalize on trends and buzzwords in the "underground" seems to be increasing and quicker than in prior years. In many ways I'm not that concerned, because like I said before this is nothing new, and most of us who would bother reading a magazine like this can smell bullshit from a mile away. I feel secure in the fact that punk rock DIY hardcore et al will weather the storm, just as it has when certain genres have yielded 15 minutes of mainstream fame in the past.

Still, this community usually comments on, reacts to, and redefines itself to some extent when one of its many sub-genres becomes the flavor of the week for mainstream radio and TV. I used to think that the big dividing line between punk rock and regular radio airplay would always be bands that screamed or had really unintelligible vocals, but I had to throw that theory out the door when Nu-Metal bands more or less kicked that door down a few years ago.

After that, I thought it would be the structure of songs and the general noisiness and sloppiness of certain bands that would never be acceptable to a mass audience. Semi-regular play of a single on alternative stations from the Yeah Yeah Yeah's major label debut has caught my attention and rendered that theory null as well. If you haven't heard this song, it's essentially just two parts, the first sounding not unlike some of Le Tigre's more rock oriented material, and the second, which I guess might be called the chorus, is just a big racket of smashing drums and guitars with screamed vocals, repeated ad nauseam. Now, there is nothing shocking about such sounds to those of us who have familiarized ourselves with the more extreme sounds a rock band can make. In the context of mainstream radio, though, I think such sounds are a big surprise, and at least a surprise in that someone out there thinks that they can make a lot of money by getting them on the radio.

The fact that other people are seriously banking on the rowdy sounds of bands like The Locust and the Blood Brothers is surprising as well. I wouldn't say these bands are bad and some of them I even like, but whether I think they can sell a couple hundred thousand records is another story. So while certain bands on modern rock radio make me think music has sunk to new lows in creativity never seen before, other bands that are being marketed as screamo, emo, new wave, hardcore—good or bad—catch my interest. I think it's an interesting time for music and an interesting time for punk rock when aggressive music, abrasive arty racket, and words like "Screamo" are considered marketable.

Regardless of whether the above-noted bands make millions of dollars, the speed at which information travels these days means that it's that much easier for the record industry to jump on underground trends. So I'm curious, how we are going to stay ahead of the game? It's my inclination that it's going to be an increasing challenge to create art and aesthetics that aren't capitalized on almost as quickly as they are created. The fact that we make loud, noisy, in-your-face music is no longer what separates us from being marketable to a mass audience (arguably it never did?). I think were going to have to push ourselves harder than before to be unique, sincere, and really turn up the content from top to bottom. We should always be pushing ourselves towards such things, but it seems to be increasingly pertinent in a time when a kid can get in and out of punk in as much time as it takes to download all the right songs.

HOT CROSS - "Cryonics" CD: This is a tough one for me. I feel conflicted about this record on many fronts. I like this band's last record and have enjoyed them live, so I was pretty curious about what their full length would yield. In some ways, my feeling about the cover of this record is good analogy for how I feel about the music. The cover is largely a shade of aqua blue that reminds me of Miami Beach. This is set beneath some subtle silver and whites, but more noticeable, clashing red lines standing out on the top. The cover is interesting in a lot of ways and part of me wants to like it if only in that it's significantly different from other covers, but deep down, I know something about it doesn't really fit. There is a clash and there are parts that stand out that impede the goodness of the greater whole. The clash for me in the music isn't in the songwriting or what any one member is bringing to the mix. Hot Cross seems to have a solid base to work from. The first three songs on the record are actually pretty rocking and I enjoy them quite a bit, but the seven songs after that have a slip in intensity for me, and intensity was a very positive quality of the first Hot Cross EP. This is a minor complaint in relation to the real clash, which I feel is the back-up vocals. Hot Cross decided to step into new territory on this record, and the most immediately obvious element is the inclusion of a lot more singing. By no means do the guitarists adding these vocals have bad voices—what these voices add to the overall composition of the song and how they were placed in the mix is what I'm struggling with. I find that in almost every instance, what I would consider back-up vocals are louder in the mix than the lead vocals, and thus take a more prominent role. Possibly I shouldn't be thinking of them as back-up vocals; instead that Hot Cross is looking at sharing vocal duties across three voices instead having just a primary one. Even so, I don't really feel like I'm hearing three voices working together. The addition of the more traditional sung vocals just doesn't always seem to be appropriate for that moment in the song. Sometimes they even feel like an afterthought and one that stands out with distracting qualities. I like where they are going by diversifying and adding depth to their vocal field, but the execution feels off

for me on this record. A lot of times the vocals just don't seem to fit. My other critical issue with this record is the recording. The recording is by no means a bad one. You can hear all the instruments quite well and for the most part they all share complementary tones. I find the whole thing to be a little flat, though, and there is a lack of dynamics throughout. I think the mix adds to the flatness as well. I don't think it's overproduced, but there is something a little too perfect about the mix. Every instrument is so properly in its place that it ends up a little dull and lacking in energy and character. I guess I could have used something a little more unique in the sound of this record and a something more aggressive about the mix. I really don't want to write this record off as harshly as it may seem I am doing though. I think this is a pretty good record, but I also think that a few distasteful elements hold a good record back from being a great record. Even with these complaints, I'm going to keep listening to the record and enjoying the majority of it. I dig the fact that Hot Cross tried to push themselves into new territory instead of resting on their laurels—it will pay off for them in the long run. This feels like it might be a transition, though, and it's my hope that on their next record they will have mastered all the new elements that they introduced with this one. At the very least they forced me to write quite a lengthy review, which says to me that good or bad, this record is worth lending your ears to for a few listens.

SINALOA - "Fathers and Sons" LP: Sinaloa have a familiar quality about them that I really enjoy, but at the same time I have trouble pinning them down. In general, they play early 90s emo hardcore, and I think that Sinaloa might have fit right in on the *All the President's Men* compilation on Old Glory, wedged right in between bands like Policy of Three, Maximillian Colby, and Ordination of Aaron. They don't sound like any of these bands, but the sound and feel of their record makes me nostalgic for this era. It's a refreshing kind of nostalgia, too, that doesn't lend itself to being stuck in the past but more having an appreciation for it, while still moving forward. At times, Sinaloa have some more indie rock tendencies that give way to some really catchy melody. The songs "Hello to Goodnight" and "Night Noise" succeed in this and are highlights of the record. Most of the record is filled with a mid-paced discordant guitar duel, amid talk-shouted vocals and uniquely solid drumming that is as compelling as the juicy hooks. An impressive job with putting together a good-looking record and good-looking booklet filled with lyrics, explanations, and pictures, that remains aesthetically consistent. A compelling record, filled with refreshing simplicity and honesty. Highly recommended. (Word Salad Recordings, 17 Chilton St. #2, Cambridge, MA 02138, www.chernobylmedia.com)

TRANSISTOR TRANSISTOR/MANNEQUIN split 7": both bands offer up two songs on this 7", which is eye-catching in both name and design. Transistor Transistor's tracks are a little darker and slower than some previously released material. I'm a big fan of them when they are upbeat and full of rocking catchiness, but this has a really good driving vibe as well. As always, they do a great job writing songs based on something simple that they build into a really strong whole. I want to say these songs have a little bit of an Unwound feel to them, but not because of any particular tangible quality. They are one of my favorite bands at the moment. Mannequin's tracks are some straight-up dirty distorted punk rock. Possibly even some grunge elements, but I'm talking pre-Nirvana grunge. They manage to sneak in some vocal melody in between all the dense noise coming out of those loud amps. Pretty fun stuff. A solid split 7", which is worth getting even if you aren't already familiar with either band. (Red Scroll Records, 5 Arbor Lane, Wallingford, CT 06492, www.roboticempire.com)

OK, so this is the second time this column has run, and if you didn't catch the first one or you can't tell from this one, the idea is that it's a review-based column for all things emo hardcore and related arty sub-genres. So far, I've mostly reviewed records that I bought myself or were giving to my by bands I'm friends with and see play fairly often. I live on the East Coast of the United States, though, and ideally I won't always be reviewing bands that I'm already familiar with, so I'm really looking for bands and labels from all over the world to send me stuff for review if they feel it fits the parameters of the column. Make sure you send regular review copies to *MRR* as well. Feel free to get in touch if you have any questions or doubts about weather your release fits the column. brw97@hampshire.edu

Brad Wallace, 11 Royal St. #1, Allston, MA 02134

Last month I reviewed the second night of the Chicago Blackout Festival 2003, and this is a continuation of that review. May 10th was the final night of the event and we got to hear and see a truly great band, the TYRADES, playing in their home city of Chicago. There was something magnetic about this band. By that, I mean that they drew me in and held me in fascination the whole time they were on stage. The look of intensity on the guitarist's face as he played was mesmerizing. He played as if he were grinding his teeth in fury throughout the whole set. I was also fascinated at the bass player's ability to climb, way, way, up into little alcoves and corners of the stage. He was able to just stay up there with his head touching the ceiling and never missing a note. That is something I've truly never seen before in years of observing gigs. It was like watching a punk rock Spiderman. Meanwhile, the talented drummer was beating the living shit out of his drum kit and providing lots of drive and structure to the band's interesting and somewhat unusual songs. The singer and her take-charge attitude captivated me. Who wouldn't be inspired by the sight and sound of such a powerful punk expressing herself? The whole band was exhilarating! Unfortunately, on the last song, the bass player fell from his perch from all the way up there on the ceiling and he smashed his nose. Poor guy. I was told that he had to be rushed to the hospital! I hope he was OK.

The next band, the FM KNIVES, have a very good album, and I was familiar with their music beforehand. Unfortunately, they had next to no personality on stage. If you read my review of the HUNCHES last month, you'll recall that I couldn't get into them and that I suspected the reason for it was because I was unfamiliar with their music. In a way, the FM KNIVES were kind of the anti-HUNCHES for me. My knowing the FM KNIVES' music beforehand made their set even more boring! The band did not live up to my imagination of what they would be like. They all kinda just stood there, not really doing much. The singer had a sour expression on his face throughout the set. It was as if being there was so impossibly dull for him, that he might as well be mopping the kitchen floor. The band played well, even though it was *too* slavish to the Buzzcocks. So a lack of originality was one problem, but the real weakness was the lack of stage presence. They also committed the cardinal sin of playing another band's song as their final number (in this case, a Buzzcocked version of "Two Swords," from the first English Beat album.) When selecting a song to finish a set, a wise band should always impress the audience with something terrific of their *own* to remember them by. The only thing accomplished by performing a cover version as a big finale is that you leave the audience with the recollection of some other group's song as you exit the stage. That's why I think a smart band should always play one of its best original songs to close out the set. (An exception to this rule would be if the band doesn't play any original numbers.)

The A-FRAMES...ahh, what to say about them? This is the sort of band that you are either going to detest or find really, really interesting. Some people would say they are "art-damaged." If so, it's in the best possible way. I would describe their sound as a little TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS meets SERVOTRON (minus the keyboards). It's cold, bleak, futuristic, and harsh. There's nothing "easy-listening" about this trio. The drummer is another one of those guys who pulverizes the kit. The pounding is still reverberating in my head right now. He goes "WHOMP-WHOMP WHOMP" while the other two go "RRRT RRRRT RRRR-RRR." Ya know what I mean? So their songs alternate between a partially whacked out rave-up, abruptly juxtaposed against an abrasive "staccato," (to use a highfalutin' musical term that you'll surely have to look up in a dictionary). Let's just say that I "enjoyed" the A-FRAMES. They play desolate music from a dead planet... for a sole surviving individual to hear... in a barren desert while asteroids impact...at one with the hatred of the void of the eternity of his own nothingness. It's music for the anti-matter being in us all.

OK, next were the CLONE DEFECTS, who I've seen three times now, and I still don't "get it." They've got a musician in the band who looks like Eno, and a singer who looks like Clint Howard as "Eaglebauer," and their songs are mostly pretty slow. I can get into the faster ones a little better, but most of the time I find myself wishing that they would put a little energy into it, you know? Pick up the pace. Slow moving music can work for me if it's got some kind of groove, like FLIPPER, or something. This band doesn't have it. They merely have a vague proto-punk, pre-Ramones, dirty 1970s-ish feel. It's kind of grimy but not exciting, to me. It's hard to explain, but they are a band that I find myself "wanting" to like, but can't.

Finally the SPITS. They rule! They just freaking rule OK? What a fun band! Their image is all hard and nasty, but with a goofy side. And what endurance! They just played and played. They messed up my favorite, "Rat Face," but who cared? They did a version of "Band Aid" by THE TREND! Woah! The SPITS are just a totally fun band whose live show surpassed all expectations. If you like their records, you'll be glad to know that live they are a billion times better! Chicago is a great town. Let's hope there's another big show like this next year. And if you like hot dogs and you're ever in Chicago, go to Wiener Circle on Clark Street. It's the best hot dogs I've ever had in my life. Unfortunately, on this trip I discovered that my favorite fried shrimp place, Joe's Fishery, which had been there since the 1930s (at least) went outta business. (I know, I know, I'm a vegetarian again, but when it comes to Joe's Fishery, and Wiener Circle, vegetarianism goes out the window.)

It's been a while since I've indulged into the self-centered entertainings of my own now three-and-a-half year-old punkass bombshell. Quite a bit has changed since the pre-potty trained days of leaking cloth diapers and on-demand breastfeeding. These days, she's a full-blown 3' 4", 37-pound, fully conversational, fierce and sensitive (Dr. Jekyl/Mr. Hyde) type preschooler with a Pee Wee Herman-esque sense of humor.

No, she doesn't tell jokes about who is the most famous person to be "shot" in the back in the head at a XXX theater. But she does go up to her teachers and classmates' mothers and politely ask, "Excuse me, guess what?" They answer earnestly, "What?" She blurts, "Chicken butt!" as she cracks herself up and runs to the next unsuspecting grown-up, asking, "Hey, Who ordered the poo poo platter?"

Sure, the other grown-ups look at me with a questioning eye, but I just shrug as if I have no idea where she learned it. They tell me she is very mature for her age, but I know better. She's really still my innocent baby who remains sweetly oblivious to silly social expectations.

So begin her mornings.

A typical day for us, since moving six months ago, finds us biking home from preschool towards home to commence her ritual snail hunt. We didn't have the snails in these mass quantities where we moved from and she's quite taken by them. It's taken a while for her to make the connection that if she squishes them they die and what that means, even though I've been pleading with her to treat them gently. She's a natural brute, but now that she's developed emotional attachments to certain individual snails, she's learning how to limit her natural strength. She says they are her pets as she actually kisses them and talks to them, "I love you, snailey."

It's hot here in the tropics at high noon, so we seek refuge inside where the window unit A/C is. It's my girl's idea to dress us up "for the ball." She hunts for the only mom-sized poofy thrift store dress in her closet, finds it, and I'm required to wear it. She selects her own thrifted dress-ups & within minutes we're in another world, twirling around the living room to her current favorites—The Strokes, Joan Jett (either with the Blackhearts or the Runaways), Molotonic, or Devo. Her dad says she's the most natural mosh-pitter ever and I think he's right. I have more bruises after dancing around with her than I've gotten over the last three years at shows.

We wind up in a tumbled heap of crinoline and slightly tattered rayon on our bed. She grabs some dolls and makes them dance at the ball too. Suddenly, she rips an unexpected fart. Quite amused by these easily audible explosions, she jumps ass-first onto her dolls' heads and squeals with delight, "Smell my stinky butt!" I vacate the premises.

In a few minutes, she finds me drawing in the living room. She grabs a marker, too. Preferring to draw on skin instead of paper, she gives herself tattoos with markers, then ballpoint pen, then watercolors. She doesn't just prefer to draw on skin, she demands it, and not just her own. Soon I'm covered. When I suggest it's time to clean up, she impishly, feigning actual cooperation, insists on drinking the murky watercolor water.

I have to remind myself that kids her age don't understand sarcasm, so I decide not to tell her that was a smart way to clean up the watercolors. Instead, I remind her that drinking dirty water could make her sick, but of course, that's why she drank it in the first place. She's heard it before and mustn't heed my advice. My more experienced mom-friends' comments ring in my ears: "She's only 3? Just wait until she's 12! You're really in for it with this one." It's the same incessant "testing" she does with matters of mining and eating boogies and Tourettes-style blurting out, "God damn it, damn it, damn it!" in the grocery store checkout line. To get around my requests to not do either, she's taken both to the secrecy of hiding under a blanket.

After fixing our lunch, I decide I need a break. Instead of sitting with her and reading a book aloud while she eats, I turn on her *Annie* video from the library. Aahhh, that usually buys me a little time, but not even videos can hold her attention totally. She wants me by her side teaching her the words to the songs and to act out not just Annie's part, but all the characters. I attempt negotiation so that I can just sit and relax with a zine for a few moments, but it disintegrates into bribery with a lollipop. Partially defeated, I delve into the world of self-reflexivity while reading *Miranda* zine, wherein the author Kate confesses to putting her kid in front of the TV with his lunch so she can read.

I feel better knowing I'm not alone, but would feel a whole lot better if there was an easier way to get together a true parenting cooperative. Reading zines lately, like *Miranda, The Future Generation, Mama Sez No War, Olympia Mamazine, Placenta,* and *Edgy Catin' Mama,* all of them mom-written and parenting related, has become my version of the full-time mom's favorite soap opera. Reading them while currently living in relative isolation to community has brought me a sense of camaraderie and fills me with wild ideas and fantasies to get us all parenting our kids together, building a real alternative and challenge to the mainstream, traditional, isolated nuclear family model.

Video lunchtime is just about all the time I am rationed for organizing a parenting revolution in my brain before I'm called back to the front lines of daily mom and kid duty. Lunch dishes corralled to the kitchen sink to be cleaned up much, much later, video off, we're set to tackle the afternoon with a trip to the library or a playgroup. These days, any attempt at napping for this growing girl of mine usually is just an event that I wind up expending more energy on than is worth the potential benefits. So, I have to think up something to keep us busy before she does, because I really don't want to play dolls or paint nails for the gazillionth time.

What usually winds up keeping us busy are things that need to get done, like composting, tending to our vegetable garden, laundry, grocery-getting, preparing the next meal, etc. Not the things that I want to be doing every day at all! And then doing them together with a 3-year-old takes a hell of a lot longer. Well-practiced patience is required here, but the older my girl gets, I'm getting pleasantly surprised. Used to be she couldn't be away from my side for anything. Now if she doesn't want to do (or "help" with) what I'm needing to do, she's more apt to go off and do something on her own.

The most pleasant of these surprises have been her "reading" books to herself on the couch, doing her own toddler/preschool CD-ROMS on her computer, getting out the hammer and some nails and banging away on her "practice" wood scraps outside, and strumming my guitar that dwarfs her lap, singing songs she makes up herself. I really blew it with this last one the other day, though. Instead of just getting done what I need to, like I complain about not ever getting the chance to do, I broke out the tape recorder. I should have known that she'd stop but I couldn't help myself. I'm her proud, geeky mom and her songs are the most heartfilling I've ever heard and I want to remember all of them.

I was also willing to put aside what I was doing one recent afternoon when she came to me asking for me to dye her hair pink. When it came down to doing it, she just wanted a streak of color, chose purple over pink, and is planning on red next time. Again, her preschool teachers and grandparents gave me sideways glances, but I assured them that it was all her idea; I really had no influential persuasion going on, in spite of her dad's and my current dye job repertoire.

Ah, the simple, fun things to take away the end-of-day toddler routine blues. It's not always dull, of course, but like I said earlier, being the sole operator of just getting the basics covered day in and day out can be a tiring drag...dinner, shower, brush teeth, potty time, bedtime reading, then the fight for sleep. And because she's an ever-changing, learning, inquisitive creature, caring for a child is not just getting the basics covered. There are constant negotiations, conversations and questions getting fielded along the way.

After her shower one not-too-long-ago night, she bounded into my bedroom to tell me that when she grows up, she can touch her Daddy's penis. Quick on her heels, her Daddy responds, "No, you can never touch my penis." Defeated, she sighs, "That's OK. I'll have my own to touch when I growed up." Sometimes there just isn't anything I can think of fast enough to continue the conversation that will help her understand the way things are. This time, it was all I could do to keep from cracking up in front of her.

Keeping momentum with the goal of getting her off to sleep (and it's such a goal because after she goes to sleep is usually the only time in the day I truly get to myself), we read a story of her choosing. One night last week, instead of her latest library pick, she wanted me to read the zine that came in the mail that day. It was done by the son of one of my zine mom friends and is called *Aubrey's Lego Club*. She really liked seeing the drawings and photos and hearing the kid-voice narrative. She wanted me to read it again and again and this geeky mom had to indulge her out of sheer giddiness that she just might be well on her way to loving zines they way I do.

Eventually, sleep took her over and I was free to do whatever it is I do during the whopping two or four hours before my own sleep takes over. But the mom thing is hard to just turn off and get on with my own reading, writing, or other want-to-dos—just like it was hard not to break out the tape recorder that interrupted both her and me. Instead of doing what I had been planning on doing, I started digging through my recently delivered last boxes of stuff that were left behind at my parents' house all these years and eventually found exactly what I was looking for—the first fanzine I ever did when I was 8 years old.

I went to sleep that night not frustrated that there just aren't enough hours in the day for being mom and being myself, too. It felt good not to feel like I had wasted time doing something that I could have done while she was awake. So often I feel like the mom thing and the me thing are diametrically opposed and it's a struggle to satisfactorily mesh them together—that the real me is on hold until she's asleep, or worse, until she's an adult! Finding that fanzine was not only exciting because she had been so into the Lego zine we had read that night and now I could share mine with her, but also because it represented a creative way of blending self & motherhood.

punkparents, get in touch.
yardwideyarns@hotmail.com OR PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604

By the time you've read this, I will have already long since returned from Positive Numbers Festival 2003. So be on the look out for a column or a series of columns on highlights of this annual testosterone-filled event. But seriously, I hope to see a lot of you kids from the West Coast out there this year. Otherwise you'll be missing out on a ton of great bands that will probably break up before they get a chance to play anywhere this side of the Rockies (cough-the SNOBS-cough). Of course one person's hardcore festival is another man's shirtless bro-mosh extravaganza. You might be reading this and saying, "Most of the bands playing at that festival suck balls." And in looking at a few of the bands on the bill, you might be right. In that case, might I suggest Pointless Fest, happening a little later on in the summer? In celebration of Tony Pointless's birthday, great bands such as WORLD BURNS TO DEATH, RAMBO, TRAGEDY, and Swedish powerhouse TOTALITÄR are coming to Philly during August 14th-17th. This should keep the bearded black-vested dudes and DOOM patch-covered ladies content for a while. I am bummed that I am going to miss RAMBO in their hometown, but unfortunately I can only afford to make it out to Pennsylvania once a year. It was a tough choice. Ha! Who am I kidding? X's always win! Happy Birthday Tony!

Demos for Review

There's a lot to cover this month as far as reviews go, so lets get underway. Phil, the guitarist of the band CROSS THE LINE, just gave me their new demo. With their name and their style of music, on the surface this Bay Area hardcore band has a pretty fast, positive hardcore feel. But after reading the lyrics, it's obvious that the singer is covering topics that deal more with heartbreak and feeling lonely and empty. Personally, I am not one to mix the two, but then again their music doesn't really come off at all dark or depressing like other bands that take this therapy-core route. OUR TURN would fit perfectly on a bill with these guys. With all the good upcoming Bay Area hardcore bands like ALLEGIANCE, LIGHTS OUT, and CROSS THE LINE, I wouldn't be surprised if someone put out a Bay Area hardcore 7" comp soon. Anyway, my favorite tracks on this demo are "Comes With Time" and "Step Back." The sample of the girl calling about the bassist position just makes this demo all the sweeter. "I'm not just like, a booby chick." Hilarious. You can get a demo from CROSS THE LINE by emailing them at crossthelinego@yahoo.com.

Next up we have SHELL SHOCK. Not to be confused with the early 80s New Orleans-based hardcore band with the same name and mysteriously similar cover art, this Portchester, New York band also plays solid early 80s hardcore not unlike the NECROS or early AGNOSTIC FRONT. Actually, SHELL SHOCK maybe aren't as fast as the two aforementioned, and the vocals are more yelled than screamed, so I guess I would put them more along the lines of Connecticut's THE PIST. Their lyrics cover your typical hardcore topics such as friendships, relying on yourself, etc. I liked this demo a lot. This CD demo is available for $2 at Shell Shock, c/o Scott Horton, 11 Covert St., Montrose, NY, 10548. The last demo to be reviewed this month is NEVER ENOUGH out of Maryland. Good, fast, and hardcore. This band has a very modern Bridge 9 sound to them, with almost every song ending in a pretty solid breakdown that brings the mosh. "Passed On" and "Last Fall" were the stand out tracks for me (especially the urgency in the vocals and the speed on "Passed On"). Not a fan of the really slow breakdowns where the drums are played in half time, but that's just my personal taste. Overall, this is a solid demo that should easily warrant a follow up 7". Pick up this 6-song CD demo by emailing them at neverenough dudes@rock.com. That email address fucking rules.

Records for Review

We will start off with the BAD BUSINESS 7" I just got from Alex from Grave Mistake Records. To be honest, this Rochester, NY straight edge band is really hard to pin down. Musically, it has a weird (but good) blend of old youth crew, modern hardcore, and a small but noticeable early Gravity Records influence. Some of the breakdowns are pretty heavy, but I can't imagine people killing themselves to this band (which is a good thing). The vocals aren't really tough, but rather raspy like the singer for HEROIN. I think it's awesome when I am unable to pigeonhole a band, and this band is a shining example. Good songwriting and a minimal but great layout make this 6-song seven-inch worth picking up. Contact Grave Mistake Records c/o Alex DiMattesa, at 899 Kings Retreat Drive, Davidsonville, Maryland 21035. Next up we have the KNIFE FIGHT 7" on My War Records. I don't really need to say much more about this band (check out my review in this issue). All I can say is, ignore Flava-Flav just this once, and believe the hype. This records smokes yo.

The Only Zine that Matters...

Well, for this column anyway. *Fuck You Fanzine* just released another two stellar one-pagers. Issue #3 kicks off with Ronny's rants on who would make the hardcore hall of fame today, biting record reviews, and by far the best CHAIN OF STRENGTH interview I have ever read next to the one where a groupie is sitting on the singer's lap during the entire interview. This interview was conducted with the vocalist way back in the summer of 1991. This interview sets a lot of things straight with questions from Ronny

like "How did you get the nickname Chain of Drunks?" and "I hear you're training to become a police officer." This is all put onto *one* page. Whether you hate or love this seminal SoCal straight edge band, you have to read this. In issue #4 you pretty much get the same thing, except this time Ronny interviews Porcell of YOUTH OF TODAY and JUDGE fame. Once again, the questions are essential. He asks Porcell if he really did do the bootleg of the first SSD album. Porcell answers, and says that Dave Smalley tried to fight him over it back in the day. There is also a great little story about members of YOUTH OF TODAY supposedly stealing records from the *MRR* office. What really happened? Pick it up and find out. I can't wait for the next issue. You can pick each issue up by sending 50¢ ppd. to Ronny Little, 1732 Price Street, Alexandria, VA 22301. Get issues #1 and #2 while you're at it.

This Month's Top Ten

ZERO BOYS – *Vicious Circle* LP
FIRST STEP (RIP) – everything
NEON CHRIST – bootleg 7" on Regan Era
KNIFE FIGHT – s/t 7" on My War
LIGHTS OUT – demo cassette
Fuck You Fanzine issue #3, 4
POSI-FEST 2003
SHELL SHOCK – demo CD
FAR FROM BREAKING – *Identity* 7" on Youngblood
TERROR – s/t 12" EP (I can't help it, this is really growing on me)

You can send the real version of the NEON CHRIST 7" to Neck, 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115 or email me at ih8thekids@hotmail.com.

Believing In You,
Believing In Me

It's Deadline Day plus one. I'm at my parents' house in my wet underwear and a TRACHTENBURG FAMILY SLIDESHOW PLAYERS tee shirt. The best shit I can come up with for my column is some ripped-off joke about how Friendster.com is like Pokemon for punk and hardcore scenesters. Great. This is going to be sweet!

Mike Thorn is on that shit though. His profile pictures include a live shot of DISCHARGE. Joe from DEAD MILKMEN lists AMERICAN STEEL as one of his favorite bands and is friends with a picture of Jake from CASUALTIES. It's a weird fucking place. Artie from the SHEMPS, MILHOUSE, and INDECISION is on there too. He's got a picture of his Anti-Semitic cat, Jacques. Weird. Fuck. Friendster. So this is what I'm doing instead of writing my column.

As I'm looking at all this shit, e-mail comes over. It's Arwen. "Turn off that KPF and send me a column! Fuckin' a!" Great. Now I'm getting heat from the higher ups. Meanwhile, Mike Thorn accepts my electronic request for friendship about 30 seconds after I send it. Apparently, he's dicking around on Friendster like me, while Arwen is working on the magazine. That's nice.

All right, fuck this. I'm not going to fucking bore you with any half-assed shit I'm trying to make up because my column is late. I got a bunch of cool mail this month and a nagging feeling that Ben Weasel may hand me my ass in a verbal lashing for last month's column. So, we'll go with that shit. It's the best I got. Sorry.

Ben Weasel: He Don't Like It

Dude, do you think Ben Weasel is going to respond to that shit about SCREECHING WEASEL last month? Part of me wants him to. Both because I'm super-curious about what he'd say and also because I'd feel like I was a cool guy for 45 seconds before going back to hating myself. But I also don't want to hear shit about it from him. He's a smart dude. Have you ever read his old columns? He's pretty fierce. I bet he could cut my ass down to size pretty quickly. I don't know, man. Whatever.

But, yo, I did hear some stuff from my buddy Mark Enoch who runs a pretty good label called Knock Knock Records here on Long Island. He said he recently purchased a new copy the *Wiggle* album on CD. The blurb about all that shit was still on there. So, the verdict is back about that at least. I don't know. Up the punx, I guess.

I Think It's a Mailbag.
How Can You Tell?
It's Got a Dick On Top Of It.

Seriously, go back and read last issue. Carl Cordova's column header makes this totally great play on words about mail. I was fucking pissed I didn't think of it myself. So, I'm just going to steal it and change it a little bit. Fuckin' a, right?

After my totally self-indulgent column about mixtapes a few months back I got some great mail. One letter was from Chris who runs Fans Of Bad Productions up in Kingston, ON in Canada. This guy is a fucking dude, and I was really pretty honored to hear from him. Way back in the ol' 90s he put out a series of CD compilations of all Canadian bands.

Each CD was like almost 74 minutes long. They were just crammed with sick shit. Most all of it was unreleased, and you could find like five or six gems on each one that were just destined to be among your favorite songs for the rest of your life. When a new one came out, my friends and I would mailorder it and just fucking wait. I still remember the day that *Go!* came out. My pal Brian and I just sat on his couch and started the thing from track one and just busted through the whole thing. Fuckin' a. We were huge M-BLANKET fans, and his comps always had songs from ex-M-BLANKET side projects and shit. GOATBOY, NOTHING TO LOSE, holy shit, I could go on forever about that shit.

Anyway. So, Chris got in touch to let me know about his radio show and some unreleased and live M-BLANKET and GOATBOY stuff he could dub me. That's some nice fucking shit to take the time to offer. His radio show looks mint too, and dudes with labels should most definitely send stuff his way. You can hit him up with promos at FOBP, 3-225 Bagot St, Kingston, ON, K7L-363, Canada. Thanks Chris, you made my month!

I also got some burned CD-R's of some country shit from my pal Mike Frame over in Seattle. Like me, he likes UNCLE TUPELO and SON VOLT, and he sent me some more shit I hadn't heard of yet. Thanks dude. He also runs a zine called *Get Up and Go*. Copies of that shit are coming in his next package so I'll have more word on that shit next month.

I also got a really rad mix tape from a dude. Unfortunately for me, I lost the letter that went with it. That means not only can I not write him back and thank him, I also don't know what the fuck songs I'm listening to. I recognize PHOBIA, HEWHOCORRUPTS, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, BLIND GUARDIAN, and a few others, but most of the time through his 90 minutes, I'm fucking lost. He did throw some crazy ass French power metal on there too. Thanks brother in metal, whoever you are.

I Think It's Wells's Column.
How Can You Tell?
It Sucks And It's Got A Picture Of A Dick On Top Of It.

Alright, I give up. I'm sorry. Shit's just not working out. If you feel that I've wasted your time, please send me and invoice for however much you feel I owe you. I never thought I'd be one of those columnists in a zine that's all like, "I don't know what to write, but here's a thousand words anyway." Fuck them, right? Spare me, OK? Well fuck me, I guess. Jesus Christ.

My Name Is Lubrano is done! It's a collection of the first 15 columns I did for *MaximumRockNRoll*. It's like 75 pages long and has all the columns plus shitty punk layouts and pictures of stuff like MANOWAR, Lubrano, Fran Drescher, Beaker, pills, MINUTEMEN, traffic, record pressing machinery, prosthetic forearms, and much more. It's available on a sliding scale price of $3-$6ppd. directly from me at the address below.

Hopefully better at this next time: Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at manowells@hotmail.com.

The Finale

Yep, that's right. A multi-month hiatus can only be properly followed up in one way: my final column.

It was six long years ago when I first started writing for *MRR*. There've been plenty of changes in that time, for both the magazine and myself. I was brought on board by Tim in his last year. Since then, there's been about a half dozen changes in the Coordinator Dept., the classified sec-

tion has shrunk by about 6000%, and only a few choice columnists that were writing when I started are still dilligently putting out their columns today.

However, the magazine hasn't changed nearly as much as I have. Six years ago, I was just your everyday 21-year-old, small town punk, with a healthy interest in fighting all the negative aspects of globalization and corporate rule. Between then and now, I was elected to a two-year term as a politician, helped start and run a collective infoshop/show space, played/screamed for the short-lived (soon to be revived?) Yes Master, started writing for another magazine (rhymes with "glamour"), went on tour with the legendary Defacto Oppression, moved from my hometown to Madison, started being the zine link for our local radical bookstore, did a chef's internship at a renowned sustainable agriculture institute, and worked at a collectively-run vegetarian restaurant. Also in that span of time, I've worked eight different jobs, been involved in two serious relationships (and a small handful of not-so-serious ones), gone through four cars and two bicycles, had four close friends get married, and lived in six different apartments. And, over the course of doing all these things, I've worked 70-plus hours a week pretty much the whole time. Whew

My column has covered about as wide of a spectrum in that time. My first column was a five-page rant against Philip Morris—they've even changed their name since then I continued from there, ripping apart a pretty large percentage of the Fortune 500, contemporary economic thought, racism, sexism, homophobia, consumerism, and hell, even Valentine's Day I've even had three different column headers.

Yes, all of this nostalgia is great you say, but why is this the end? If you can't extrapolate this from the above, I'm a pretty frickin' busy dude. You may not automatically assume this, but putting out this column takes a pretty serious effort. I'm sure plenty of people can sit down and write their monthly rant in a couple of hours, but my subject matter usually requires a fair amount of research, in addition to the average four hours that it takes me to write it. So, about a month ago, when I was working my average 70 hours a week, bringing a good chunk of work home with me, volunteering at the bookstore, and trying to do get some research done to put out another column whose deadline was in 24 hours, I began thinking about all of the other projects that I've been putting on the back burner—all of the different directions that I'd like to go in life, but can't because I get too caught up accomplishing the things that need to get done today to worry about what I'd like to be doing by next year—and I had a nice, healthy mental breakdown.

With all the scatterbrain things I've done in my past, I've finally found a solid focus for my life—food—and I wish to free up as much of my time as possible to keep focused on it. Yes, it's a bit grandiose to say, but I hope to change the way people look at food, and thereby change the way they eat. Cooking, eating, and writing about food are all things that I'm good at and that I enjoy doing, so I feel that it's only fitting to make them a larger part of what I do.

Not that this is the only reason for my decision to quit, just the most major one. There are plenty of others. To begin with, I'm a major pain in the ass for the *MRR* coordinators and always have been. I've been consistently late with my columns since day one and sometimes (i.e. the past two months) I don't send in a column at all. And just as they surely don't enjoy my being a pain in ass, I don't enjoy being a pain in the ass. Another major factor is that my subject matter has gotten rather stale. Back when I started writing this column, there were many less outlets for people to learn about the evils of multinationals and globalization. That's all changed. There are now hundreds of places to find information like the kind I spewed in my columns—all of which do a much better job at it than myself. Yes, as any of you who've read this column throughout the years already know, the lack of time I have to put into this bugger has resulted in drastic decline in quality. And again, I have no interest in putting out a low-quality column.

In many ways, the problems that I've documented in these pages over the years have only gotten worse. Corporations with nothing but bottom line on the mind have grown and spread like mad in the past decade. But there has also been a strong anti-corporate renewal and it brings much reason for hope. People are finding ever more creative ways of fighting back against at the system that's holding them down and there are signs that a glossy façade of modern global capitalism is beginning to crack. (McDonald's just posted their first quarterly loss ever—that's a good start.)

So, at this point, I'd like to thank everyone that's ever helped me with this column, from those who've written to me suggesting topics to those who've pointed me in the right direction for research. I'd also like to send my heartfelt thanks out to everyone whose ever taken the time to write me, especially the large majority of you who never received a response.

And, of course, I'd very much like to thank *MRR* for giving me the chance to run this column and for just putting up with me in general. I hopefully won't disappear entirely from these pages, as there are still lots of contributions that I hope to make from time to time in the future. And who knows, maybe someday *MRR* will want to run a regular column about food, in which case, I'll be lining up.

And just because I won't be putting out columns about the matter every month doesn't mean that I (or anyone else) is giving up the fight against the businesses and systems that mean to hold us down—quite the opposite in fact. By focusing my efforts where I stand to have the most effect, I hope to fight even harder. And I hope that all of you will do the same.

* * *

One last chance Send your thoughts or your kick-ass zine to me and I just might respond (maybe). Here's the address: Nathan Berg, c/o Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison WI 53703. Take care.

Cruelty Knows No Bounds

Oi! Strike Records, in collaboration with SOA Records, has a first-rate skinhead CD ready for you this month! The band is the DEVILSKINS and the CD is called *Radio Zombie Rock*. This fine Italian Oi! and skinhead band has serenaded you with quality DEVILSKINS singles and a split seven-inch with the TEMPLARS. Now the DEVILSKINS have a twelve-song CD for your listening pleasure! The DEVILSKINS slash through: "Lo Stile Della Strada," "Periferia," "Non Sogno Mai," "No Fun," "Alkool Parte 2," "Condannato A Vivere," "Ricordi Di Uno Skinhead," "Negro Bianco," "Muro Di Mattoni," "Bibo Ska," "Fase VIII," and "R n' R Sotto Le Bombe." Read about the bitter resignation to life's struggle that the DEVILSKINS write about in the song, "Condemned to Life": "Condemned to live in this dirty society / Condemned to live with no mercy / Condemned to live without much satisfaction / Condemned to live among pains in the ass / But I don't feel guilty of anything / And I walk among people with my head up high / People for whom I feel no pity / Ready to stick a knife in my back / If you are rich and powerful you're immediately listened to / Any bullshit you say is valued as gold / While each of my words is swept away by the wind / But drunkenness is better than a senseless speech / But I don't feel guilty of anything / And I walk among people with my head up high / People for whom I feel no pity / Ready to stick a knife in my back / Condemned to live in a minefield / If I move too soon I'll be done / Condemned to live in a minefield / If I move too soon I'll be done / Condemned to live, It's not a drama for me / I don't fucking care / But I don't feel guilty of anything / And I walk among people with my head up high / People for whom I feel no pity / Ready to stick a knife in my back."

These skins play melodic Oi! with strong choruses, some horns, and a little bit of ska influence on some tunes. The Italian language works well for the DEVILSKINS, not unlike BASTA or one of the famous Italian bands of yore. There are English translations for some of the lyrics. Contact the band: Ivano Bergamo, Casella Postale 72, 22070 Casnate con Bernate (CO), Italy. Email: rnrsottolebombe@hotmail.com.

SOA Records also has released the *Lust and Hate* record from Australia's infamous RUPTURE. This brutal, raw hardcore LP was recorded at Death Rooster studio in Western Australia on September 7th and 8th, 1994. The RUPTURE of this era included the much loved Gus Chamber on vocals. This is screamed hectic hardcore played at a furious clip! RUPTURE rip

through "Mother Earth's Vagina," "The Centurion Blitz," I (Bringer of Destruction); "The Sadiac," "Lust N' Hate," "Deflower Child," "Crash Me," a cover of SOCIAL DISTORTION's "Anti-Fashion," "Unleash the Spawn," "The Noose of Deliverance," "Astral Demons," "Cruelty Knows No Bounds," "Take Back the Control," and more! The songs have brilliant lyrics! This is rough and fast hardcore recommended for you punks that have nerves of steel and an exceptionally strong constitution. Contact Oi! Strike/SOA Records, c/o Paolo Petralia, Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67/69; 00146 Roma, Italy; www.soarecords.it.

You fucks want unbridled punk fury? Then you want PUNCH IN THE FACE and their *Dumb Hardcore* EP. These brutal motherfuckers from Chicago are in your fucking face from the get go! PUNCH IN THE FACE tear through "Not Here to Make Friends," "My Answer," "Keep Your Head Up" (for all the disenfranchised kids who don't fit in); "Don't Let It Go To Your Head," "Dizzying Highs, Terrifying Lows," and "Dumb Hardcore." Fucking excellent! This is one of the most intelligent bands in hardcore presently! Check out several snippets of lyrics. From "Not Here to Make Friends": "I've had enough of all the stupid trends / You kids can't stand on your own / You're nothing without your friends / You'll never go against the hardcore status quo / And you'll only be here until there is something new to follow / Don't care what you think / Don't care what you say / If you think I don't fit in / I never did anyway." From "Don't Let It Go To Your Head": "You think what you're doing is new? / That no one came before you? / for someone that bites other people's shit / You sure are a cocky son of a bitch / It's been done before and it's been done better." From "Dumb Hardcore": "Here we go again, another pointed finger / You wanna write me off because of the words I speak / You can't handle a difference of opinion / Because it forces you to actually think about why you hold your beliefs." Excellent!

Write to PUNCH IN THE FACE, at Highly Questionable Records, PO Box 10715, Chicago, IL 60610, USA.

My War Records from Malvern, Pennsylvania has a hot shit hardcore treat for you punks! The band is KNIFE FIGHT, and they come out thrashing with twelve songs of tough, insane hardcore! You old school punks weaned on Boston and New York style hardcore will like this!

KNIFE FIGHT slices and dices your ear-bone with "What Have You Done?" "Forced Fed," "Knife Fight," "Fashion Parade," "Hypocrite," "Who Are You," "Progress," "Get Me Out" and "Fed Up." This is fucking rough hewn hardcore for you brawlers! This Los Angeles outfit will put hair on your fucking chest! Read the words to "Hypocrite," "Everything you do and everything you say / Your bullshit double-standards make me hate you everyday / It should either apply to everyone or nobody at all / It's just a matter of time before your empire falls / You're just a hypocrite / Everybody knows that / You're full of shit / You're just a hypocrite / Making enemies out of everyone."

Fucking great! Write for your copy of KNIFE FIGHT immediately! My War Records, 36 Kings Cir., Malvern, PA 19355-2002; www.mywarrecords.com.

Luke and Bloody Knuckles Records has a hardcore treat for you this month. The COLD SHOULDER EP is called *Business As Usual*. This fucker punishes you with eight songs of relentless hardcore. You get: "Living This Life," "Over the Line," "Think Again," "What is the Cost," "Change," "The Wrong Path": "Live It with Pride," and "My Family." Check these lyrics to "My Family": "It's more than just music or the shirt on your back, your records, your zines / It's worth more than that / It's the friendships you've gained along the way / We're considered the outcast / We like it that fucking way / I don't expect you to understand / This is my family, these are my friends / We are the outcast / We just don't fit in / It will stay in our hearts until the fucking end / This is my family and these are my fucking friends / We are the outcast until the fucking end."

This hardcore has shouted vocals, strong guitars and powerhouse drums. COLD SHOULDER is from Southern California, but the sound is reminiscent of 80s hardcore from Boston, New York, and DC. This is very good! Write to Luke Huff, c/o Bloody Knuckles Records, 1315 June St., #209, Hollywood, CA 90028; www.bloodyknuckles.com.

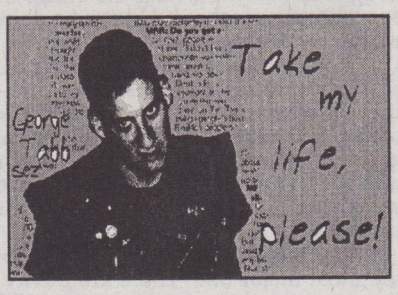
FOURTEEN OR FIGHT, from Illinois, have a kick-ass new EP out on Martin's Lengua Armada label. This punk is fast, urgent, shouted with terrific momentum! The band plows through "Fourteen or Fight," which leads to "Big Shoulders Slumping," about urban decay. Read this: "Big shoulders slumping / Can the phoenix city rise again / From the ashes of its own creation? / Once a conqueror through muscle and blood / Now staggering underneath the weight / This generation is the first to have it / Worse than our folks / Crippled by "free market" / Unfettered globalization / The factory whistle that once / Set the hour is now silent / The city that works replaced / By an information marketplace / White shining city / Hog butcher to the world / Abandoned plants now silent / Their foundries gone cold / The only thing we manufacture / Is the smile on our face / When service jobs are the only option / In the city on the make / Roll up your sleeves! / We don't even know the rug has been pulled from beneath us."

Fucking bleak shit! These words are all too real for the workers that live in the rust-belt, watching the city as it dies slowly. FOURTEEN OR FIGHT crank out six more tunes with lyrics about discrimination against punks ("Amarillo"), domestic violence ("Fort Bragg"), and the misdirected priorities of Chicago city officials: "schools are crumbling—neighborhoods are neglected." This is smart hardcore sung with conviction! Write to Martin at Lengua Armada Records, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Anna, CA 92701.

HAMMERLOCK continues to win new fans and entertain the old fans. Recently HAMMERLOCK played a brilliant set at the B P Psychos Compound with the great psychobilly band the SLANDERIN'. The addition of Mike on drums has solidified the amazing HAMMERLOCK sound. The BULEMICS from Texas were in town and together with HAMMERLOCK rocked the fucking walls at Kimos Bar. The BULEMICS, Steelcage Records lablemates with HAMMERLOCK then proceeded to drag HAMMERLOCK down to the Garage Bar in Hollywood for still more rock and roll mischief. For rock & roll Trouble with a capital T, be sure to go to the CONFEDERACY OF SCUM SUPERSHOW October 3rd and 4th in Las Vegas, Nevada. This year you will get to see ANTiSEEN, LIMECELL, HAMMERLOCK, COCKNOOSE, TUNNEL RATS, RANCID VAT, JEFF DAHL, and more! See you there!!

Until next month-
See you around
See you at the bar!

PART ONE



So there we are, me, Seth Death, and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him, on our first stakeout. I was on the first shift, so I was only allowed to drink three beers an hour, while Seth and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him could drink more. We had set up camp on a stoop across the street from my parent's apartment on West Fourth Street, and were waiting patiently for the perp to appear. Off in the distance we heard the Jefferson Market Library clock chime 3:00 AM, and figured it had to be sometime soon. We kept waiting. Every now and then a girl or two would walk by and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him would say to them, "Hi, this is my friend, George, from Florida." The girls would look at me, smile, and then walk away. Quickly. Seth Death would laugh, and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him would swear that the next female would talk to us. Also, every once in a while, my mom would come out of our apartment, which was located on the ground level—actually, basement level—and bring us some more Molsons and chocolate-chip cookies. We would thank her and tell her to get back inside. That it was dangerous out here, that the perp could show up at anytime. She would kinda giggle, give He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him one last cookie, and go back inside, where I am sure she and my stepdad, Nick would laugh to one another. But they didn't understand. This was serious business. I knew it, Seth knew it, and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him knew it. We were being victimized. Not by a burglar. Not by a rapist. Not by a murderer. Not even by skinheads. No, this was worse. Much worse. Every night, our apart-

ment, or at least right outside our apartment door, was being visited by none other than the worst of local villains. Every morning when I or my parents would wake up and go outside, we'd find a pile of shit. Human shit. Along with the other garbage that had fallen down off the street. Fresh and waiting for us. Yes, we were being victimized by none other than the notorious Stoop-Pooper. And tonight we, Seth Death, He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him, and I were gonna catch him, for we were the immortal band, The Ayatollahs Of Rock And Roll. But I gotta back up....

I moved up to New York sometime around 1984 or 1985 for the final time. Roach Motel had long since gone the way of all great punk bands...they were on their ninth or tenth line-up. And my most recent band, Atoms For Peace, had decided they were too good to tour and locked themselves up in a garage, never to see the light of day again. So it was time for me to start a new band. Actually the idea came to me one night at Seth Death's apartment on St. Marks and First Avenue. We were up in his fifth story walk-up watching *Scarface* for about the eighth time in a row. Really. We had decided that we were gonna sit through *Scarface*, a three-hour-plus flick, ten times. And every time Tony Montana would say the word "fuck," which sounded like "fook," as in book, we would do a shot of Jack Daniel's. And every time Tony would do a line of blow, we would as well. So we were very fucked up. And it was going on like the 25th hour or so. Every once in a while we would look up from the television and say something stupid to each other, like "fuck ju, ju piece o' chit," or "ju fucking wit me? Don't ju know I fucking fuck you up, ju piece o' chit? I give you a one way ticket to the resurrection." Stuff like that. Then Seth Death got this look in his eyes. I said to him, "what ju thinking about, ju fucking fucker?" And he said, "ju know something? I think we maybe be wasting our lives. Here we are, fucking fucked up." And I said, "yeah, so fuck you. So what?" And he says, "but we are fucked up with each other. Don't you notice anything missing?" So I say, "like what, ju fucking piece o' chit?" And he says, "da fucking pussy. We got da booze, we got da chit, we even got da fucking new Meatmen album, but we don't got no pussy." I say, "Seth, ju fuck, that ain't no way to talk about fucking girls, but you are right. I fucking knew something was missing." So we both remain quiet for a few minutes and continue to watch Tony Montana snort a pile of coke the size of Wendy O' Williams' boobs. Then Seth and I say at the same time, "We need to start a fucking band." Hence, The Ayatollahas Of Rock And Roll.

Both Seth and I decided that the first thing we needed in this band were, well, other members. We were smart like that. Always thinking. So we called our friend whose father owned a famous rock club, and asked him if he wanted to be in our band. He asked if we were fucked-up, and we said, "of fucking course, you fuck." Then he asked if we still had any booze or "stuff," and we said yes. He was over at Seth's place before we could hang up the phone. We asked him what instrument he could play, and he said was practicing playing drums at the club, by banging on pots and pans in the club's kitchen, and behind the bar. That was good enough for us. We said, you are in the band, but what shall we call you? I mean, I am Marshall George, for I own a Marshall. Seth is Seth Death, 'cause it rhymes good. And you? Who do you want to be? And he told us to call him by his name, "He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him." So we did. Now all we needed was a bass player, cause I was the guitarist, and Seth was the singer.

About a week later we are hanging out at the club of the father of He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him, and drinking Molsons, our beer of choice. He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him takes me and Seth to this guy seated next to the bar with his girlfriend. He says again, "Do you know who this is?" And me and Seth shake our heads no, gulp down our last bits of Molsons, and order another beer each. Then the guy with his girlfriend speaks. He says, "Prince Of Punk, what the hell are you doing, and who the hell are these losers?" Me and Seth look at each other and then look at this guy. We like him. He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him tells him that we are his friends, and that I just got done with college. And that I was in Roach Trap, Hotel, or something like that. The guy says, "who the fuck cares about you and your college friends, ya jerk. What, is that guy (pointing at me), some frat boy or something? Am I supposed to be impressed? Go tell your father to get me and Beth another beer." He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him then introduces us to this guy, who is Jeff Magnum, from the Dead Boys. Me and Seth knew he look familiar. I say, "I wanna be a dead boy!" and he tells me to "shut the fuck-up." Beth, his girlfriend, hits his shoulder, and tells him to be nice. So I say to him, "listen, Jeff, me and Seth and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him here, well we have a band called the Ayatollahs Of Rock And Roll, and well, if you weren't in a band right this second, how about being in ours? We need a bass player. And more importantly, we need someone with talent." He asks me if there is beer at rehearsals. I say, "well, there is beer in my mom's fridge, and we rehearse in her apartment, so, yeah, I guess there is." And then he asks if we have a color television. I tell him yeah, and a big one too. He tells me he's in. Seth Death and I look at each other and slap each other five. We just got Jeff Magnum from the Dead Boys in our band. Jeff then says, "OK, now buy me a beer." And we do.

The next morning I am in bed with this blonde girl with breasts the size of watermelons. As I am taking off her shirt, I realize that her breasts are all pink and stuff. With little black dots all over them. I start to caress these mounds of joy, and the little black things fall off. Oh my god, they are seeds. But I ignore it and begin to lick her. She tastes like some sort of familiar fruit. I look at her breast again, and they are green, and growing bigger by the second. Then I hear this ringing in my ears. Really loud. I look at the girl and she has turned into Debbie Harry if Debbie Harry were to play the part of Norman Bates' mother in *Psycho*. I scream and wake up. There is someone at the door. I look at the clock. It says 8:45 AM. That means it's eight o' clock in the fucking morning. Who could be here so early? My mom enters my room and asks if I know who is at the door. She has a cigarette in her mouth, curlers in her hair, and is in the process of getting dressed for work. Nick is already gone. I tell her I don't know, but I'll find out. I open the door, and there is Jeff Magnum with a bass-case in one hand and a six-pack of beer in the other. I rub the sleep out of my eyes and ask him if he knows what time it is? He tells me that it is 8:00, and didn't we have rehearsal this morning? I tell him yeah, but not until noon. He tells me he is a little early, what the fuck, and we should go watch the *Partridge Family* now, 'cause that Danny, he sure cracks him up. He also tells me there is a large pile of human shit in front of my door. I nod my head, and Jeff walks in.

My mom goes to work, and me and Jeff drink the six-pack while watching *The Partridge Family*, then *Bewitched* and *Jeanie*. Finally it is noon and we are drunk and Seth and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him show up. Each with a six-pack. We begin to rehearse. I plug into my amp. Jeff plugs into my amp. Seth plugs a radio-shack microphone into my amp, and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him bangs on my mom's pots and pans he found under the silverware drawer. We play "Sonic Reducer" right away, and it doesn't sound half bad. Not half good, either. We then write about two songs, play them for like five minutes, then go watch *The Brady Bunch* on television. And drink the beer. Jeff tells us he likes *The Brady Bunch*, that that Peter really cracks him up.

The next morning Jeff shows up a little bit later, so I get a bit more sleep. Actually the first person to show up is Seth, who tells me there is human shit outside my door. I say, "Again? Nick cleaned it up yesterday." He says yeah. Then I ask him how he knows it is human shit. He tells me there is toilet paper next to it. I nod my head. The rest of the guys show up and we rehearse. Our neighbors only call the police twice. But we have to stop around 3:00 in the afternoon. 'Cause *Scooby Doo* is on. And Jeff says that that Shaggy, what a character.

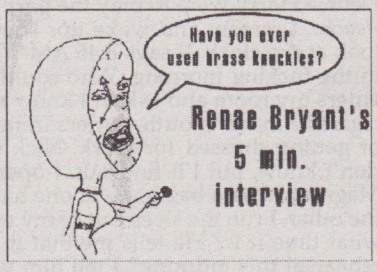
That night we all hang out at the club of the father of He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him. We get really drunk, as usual, and Seth decides he wants to go home and give his voice a rest for tomorrow's rehearsal. Me and Jeff and He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him looked at him, puzzled, but shrug it off and go about our drinking. Finally, Jeff, and his girlfriend Beth have had enough, and go home as well. That leaves He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him and me. We spot these cute girls and start flirting with them. Eventually we find out they are from New Jersey, and have missed the last bus back home. Being the nice guy that I am, I tell the three girls that they can stay with me at my parents' apartment. And that nothing will happen 'cause it is my parents' house, and they will be asleep in the next room. This cute one, named Kim, but who calls herself Tawny, kisses me, hard, and says OK. I figure, well, maybe something will happen. Then He Who Gets Mad When I Write About Him asks if he can stay over too, and of course I say

yes. I mean, what the fuck, two guys, three cute girls. One room. The possibilities are endless. Well, almost. So we leave the club, my arm around Tawny, and He Who Gets Mad When I Write

TO BE CONTINUED...

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. Got some great new discs. Of course, the new one from Dean Dean And The Sex Machines. Also, as I mentioned before, "The Day The Earth Met The Rocket From The Tombs" CD out on Smog Veil records. For those in the not-know, this was the original Dead Boys. Also got *The Mud, The Blood & The Beer* from Whole Hog outta San Diego. This band is like Zeke meets Motorhead meets Alice Cooper meets Lynyrd Skynard meets Nashville Pussy meets the Ramones meets, well, just about the best rock n' roll has to offer. Then there's the new Rinky Dink CD/EP called *Georgie Boy*. What can I say? You guys go!
3. In Phoenix I've meet some really cool people like my pal, Heidi. Also, Brian, who books shows at The Emerald Lounge and The Rouge, and Kim, who does The Mason Jar. I've also heard some kick-ass bands that are punk fucking rock.
4. Furious George is playing in New York in August. Break-ups are for relationships. Not the punk rock!



OK, I am a huge fan of horror movies. I grew up spending at least one weekend night of my mom's single mother years watching horror movies with her. I saw my first horror movie at five years old. It was the *Trilogy of Terror* starring Karen Black. I can still perfectly remember that damn little voodoo doll chasing Karen Black around her house, trying to kill her. I have a vivid picture of her etched in my memory possessed by that damn doll. The doorbell rings. The camera pans on her back. She's crouched down low. She's holding something in her hand. The camera pans to show the front of her body. Aaaaaaaaaaaah!!! She's possessed. The next horror flick I watched was *Jaws*. My mom and I would make a bowl of popcorn and we'd watch the latest Dracula film on the late night horror show. Throughout the 80s I must have seen every horror movie that came out: *Basket Case 1, 2, 3, Halloween, The Entity, Friday the 13th*, etc. Then my favorite genre: the zombie film. *Night of the Living Dead* scared the crap out of me. I had nightmares for days. It was all about Romero. I saw every fucking brain-eating zombie movie out then. Somewhere deep inside my childhood psyche I thought that, perhaps one day, the dead would rise from the graves in some religious verse from Revelations. My all time favorite horror series is *Hellraiser*. I have a fetish for Pinhead. I have three framed 8' by 10' film stills of him in my living room. The Cenobites are back from the dead, leather-clad sm/bd, straight from hell. Well, *Hellraiser* has found competition. It's rare that you find a horror movie that tries to make a social commentary. So of course I have a new favorite horror movie: *28 Days Later*. This movie is scary and thought provoking. Go get scared now—by something other than the Republicans.

Speaking of Republicans, I have a new principal. Back in December I heard that my principal was going to be given a brand new school (a promotion). I would have applied to the new school but it turned out to be in an affluent neighborhood ($400,000 homes affluent). Since my calling is to teach economically disadvantaged children, transferring wasn't an option. We found out in April who our new principal was going to be. He is a conservative, misogynistic, domineering, Harvest Church attending, born-again Christian. I knew things were going too good to be true. I earned my Teacher of the Year title at the district to be giving the most difficult administrator. Great. People within the district are already telling me to be careful. Great. A mentor in the district, who knows him personally, told me she could never work for him. Great. Others say, "Oh, Bryant's going to have a hard time." Great. He already found out that I'm in a punk band. Oh, yeah, I was going to try to keep that hush hush. It turns out the he has a student at his school "who wears a Dead Kennedys shirt" who saw my band when we volunteered at the Fender Museum's Red Ribbon Week Battle of the Bands. I was the emcee. All or Nothing HC played while the judges were tallying their votes. We only played four songs, but it was enough for a few hundred teens from local schools to see Ms. Bryant fronting her hardcore punk band with her tattoos hanging out. Great. I explained to my new principal the purpose of the event. I told him how important I thought it was to be there encouraging the teens to partake in music but stay alcohol, tobacco and drug-free. I could say it as an adult who actually practices what she preaches. He didn't comment further, but I could tell he was a little disturbed. It should be an interesting year. I'm trying to make up for my punk by wearing nylons, skirts, and Mary Janes daily. We'll see if it works. So far, so good. I know how to play the game. Fuck it anyway, it's about the kids. I just have to keep that in mind.

So it was the Fourth of July, and I told myself that I was going to stay home all day. Of course my friend called and invited me over for a BBQ. Now I don't really hang out with this friend much because 1) he's my ex-boyfriend, and 2) he likes to go out and drink, a lot. He's a good friend, though, and I felt like I should go. I made my homemade salsa and went. We had pollo asada, beans, and rice. It was quite tasty. We settled in to watch *Girl's Behaving Badly*. A segment featured an African-American man getting pranked by his Asian fiancée. One of the guys at the BBQ commented, "Don't do it," as the women went in to kiss the man. Then his friend commented, "Oh, it's OK, she was Asian."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. So, I straight-out asked, "Are the two of you racist?"

One didn't say anything. The other commented, "Yes, I am a racist."

Well, I thought that was quite ironic. The whole day I thought that this guy was Mexican.

I assert, "Hmm, I thought you were Mexican."

He questioned, "Does that bother you?"

"No, I'm around ignorant people all the time," I asserted. I think that guy wanted to beat my ass. Oh, well. I don't know why I am still shocked by this language and behavior. It's like I live in my utopian classroom. The students in my classroom are all different ethnicities. They treat one another with respect. They know better. At ten they are not ignorant and prejudiced. These are learned states of being. It kills me. Sometimes I think it's the "Inland Empire." Perhaps, this drug-infested, bored fucking community breeds this kind of mentality. It makes me want to get out of town, move to LA, and teach in the barrio. Oh, well. I suppose this conservative area needs a bur up its ass like myself. Whatever.

All or Nothing HC goes on our month-long majority US tour in September. I am so excited and ready. My teacher salary is buying me a Chevrolet Express. The Astro Van is on its last leg. I'm selling it to Matt (ex-Shelter, now in the Irks). May it bring him much happiness. My entire band has changed lineup, except for yours truly. It's for the best. People have to be able to tour. I spent five years in He's Dead Jim and the furthest we got was Berkeley. All or Nothing HC will tour as much as possible. After Dan, bass, attempted suicide and quit, we got Jared. Matt (Irks) has been filling in for Ryan (see last column). Josh from the Blue Bloods replaced Chris, who didn't have transportation or a phone and just decided not to show up to the shows or practice anymore. Finally, Mariana, from Killing Zoe and Black Helicopters, replaced our drummer Woody, who refused to tour anymore. I remember interviewing AFI in 1994 and asking if they had any advice for other bands. Their advice was, "don't break up, no matter what, keep going." I take that advice to heart. Fuck it. I love writing, singing, performing and touring. I will do this as long as I am physically able to do so. We finally have an aonhc page on ontherag.net. Check it out for our tour dates, etc. Listen to the Mp3s and write on our message board.

DJ Tina Bold (kucr.org) and Annie (Stem Cell Research and *Digress* magazine) put on an awesome benefit for the Step Up Recovery House (www.stepuprecovery.com <http://www.stepuprecovery.com/>) started by Foxy's Lisa at the Coffee Depot in Riverside. LP (Lisa) was in the band Fourgasm during the 90s. Her partners in Step-Up Recovery are Debi and Danny (Danny is in the band Boobie Trap). The assistant director of Step-Up Recovery is Gabby of The Cadillac Tramps, Manic Hispanic, The Flock of Goo Goo, and Drive-By Smile. Gabby is a Certified Addiction Specialist. The benefit was

a cabaret. It was so much fun and hugely successful. Jared and I performed "At Last" by Etta James and "Hound Dog," the Big Mamma Thornton version. The Bellrays' Lisa and Bob performed an awe-inspiring acoustic set as well as the BBQ Kings, who played their rocknroll two-piece best. Others did dances, comedic routines, poetry, and more. It was a treat.

I've been retired from the dungeon for almost a year now. I miss beating people. I'm thinking of starting Kung Fu San Soo again. Every year since 1994 I have started Kung Foo and then dropped out because of a busy schedule. I want to get my black belt before I die. I'd like to know that I could kill a man with my bare hands. I think it would be a good outlet for me—keep me from going back to the dungeon.

As always you can reach me at webmistress@ontherag.net. PO Box 251 Norco CA 92860-0251/ www.ontherag.net <http://www.ontherag.net/> . I have to complete my SoCal scene report, no band stuff this time. I am still working on the compilation. I am not shocked that it is taking me so long. The last compilation seemed to take forever too.

"Extraordinary, how potent cheap music is." Cool quote, huh? Playwright Noel Coward said that. He was referring to cabaret music, but his observation could just as easily be applied to punk. There is something innately powerful in simple, honest, homegrown music. You just don't get the same feeling from slick, commercial dreck like Michael Bolton that you do from watching your buddies jam together in a sweaty garage.

Before I got into punk, I listened to standard hard rock/metal stuff—what is now considered "classic rock." I was big into AC/DC, Black Sabbath, Cheap Trick, Scorpions, and Van Halen. I still like that stuff, too. But I hold it in a different regard than punk. AC/DC et al is just music. Just something that "rocks." Something to listen to in traffic. To me, punk—in all of its forms and offshoots—is on a higher plane. My old band Failure Face had a song called, "Pure Entertainment," which is about how music can be more than just a nice little diversion. Music can take a stance, and I believe the most potent forms of music do just that. Early punk and hardcore was a statement. It was strongly anti-establishment, anti-music biz, anti-authority. Of course, there are still thousands of bands today that have kept this spirit alive, but punk's reputation has been badly damaged by fake shit like New Found Glory, Good Charlotte, and the massively commercial Warped Tour.

A lot of kids just getting into punk these days never knew the unbastardized/commercialized version of punk. They really don't see what's wrong with shrink-wrapped, shopping mall puke like Rancid. They just don't know any better; Black Flag and Dead Kennedys broke up before they were born. So bear with me, folks, as I tell you the story of my first punk show.

It was 1984, arguably the last great year of American hardcore. I was into punk for about a year at that time and had rudimentary knowledge of the bigger bands, like Circle Jerks, Misfits, and Fear. I was starting to read every zine I could get my hands on and making mental notes of bands to check out. I had just become aware of the existence of punk outside of the US and England. Doors were opening. Questions were being answered. An endless journey had begun and somewhere in the dewy mist, a whimsical elf named Pipo danced the jig with an enchanted hedgehog. No, wait a second—that last thing with the elf didn't really happen, but you get the idea. Punk was new and exciting; that's what I was getting at.

An older hardcore kid in my high school woodshop class handed me a flyer for an upcoming show. He told me to be careful and not to let any jocks or rednecks see it. How conspiratorial. Like a secret society that you needed a password to get into. And I was in. The flyer was beautiful: eight and a half by eleven inches, cut and paste and black and white all over. That flyer spent many years on my bedroom wall and I still have it today. It hangs over my record collection. It is still beautiful. "Music For The New Youth!" screamed the bold headline type on the flyer. Hell, yeah. Exactly. A line was drawn in the sand: punks over here and the rest of the world over there. The flyer promised six bands for three bucks. Cheap music, indeed! When my four friends and I got to the show, we discovered, to our disappointment, that Roach Motel, Gay Cowboys In Bondage, and Rat Cafeteria had cancelled. However, the promoter, a terrifically cool dude named Scot Lade, had secured *five more* bands to take the place of the three who had cancelled. The line up was: Foul Existence, No Policy, Scream And The Fits, Nat King Kong, Disorderly Conduct, Jehovah's Sickness, Pagan Faith, and the main band of the evening, the legendary F. Eight bands for three bucks—even better! Viva punk rock!

The show was in a rented hall that I think was part of a fire station. It was the first of many rented hall shows for me. VFW, Knights Of Columbus, YMCA, Elks Lodge. Places like these would rent their facilities obliviously to anyone with a few bucks. They never knew what they were getting into. And no place ever rented out to punks more than once, that's for sure. I think Scot Lade put on four or five rental hall shows between 1984 and 1986 and he lost his security deposit every time.

I recall a show Scot did at the Sons Of Italy Hall in Stuart, Florida. One kid brought in a bag of powdered doughnuts. Another kid brought in a bag of charcoal. When the dance floor was in high gear, they screamed, "Fucking anarchy!" and dumped their cargo on the floor. The feet of a hundred slam dancers ground the doughnuts and charcoal into a disgusting gray soot. Somebody from the hall saw it and freaked out. There was never another show there.

Anyhow, we pulled into the fire station parking lot and it was filled with freaks from all over the state of Florida. It still amazes me how far people used to travel for shows in those days. Not for some huge fest, either, but for a few small bands in a rec center. And it still amazes me that people from all over the state would even hear about these little gigs. This was before email, mind you. Promotion was all word of mouth and photocopied flyers.

A mini-village of punkers sat on the hoods of their cars and milled about the parking lot. Spiked, colored hair. Shaved heads. Leather jackets. Flannel shirts. White t-shirts with band logos scribbled on them with black magic marker. Bandanas. Spiked leather wristbands. High top sneakers and combat boots. The look of American punk, circa 1984, was completely the opposite of what the popular kids were wearing. That was the point. There was no shopping mall equivalent of punk at that point. No Hot Topic. No Green Day throwing mud on MTV. No MXPX in Pepsi commercials.

The show had not even started yet and there were already a few cops in the parking lot, keeping a contemptuous eye on us all.

"Why are there cops here?" I wondered. Cops showed up at almost every punk show in the 80s. It was unusual if the cops didn't show up. A show was deemed a success or a failure depending on how long the bands got to play before the show was broken up by the police.

The hardcore kids from my shop class were playing tug-o-war with an American flag. The cops didn't like that one bit. They marched over and started chewing out the kids about having respect for the flag and all of the stuff you'd expect from cops. The punk kids stood their ground and told the cops that they weren't breaking the law and that they were going to do whatever they wanted. For whatever reason, the cops shut the hell up and left. The cops left the show before it even started and never came back. All eight bands played and it was awesome.

I didn't know who any of the bands were before that night. I just went because it seemed like it was gonna be cool. The first band, No Policy, went on. It was all guys from my school, my age and a little older. They ripped. I thought, "Hey, I know those guys."

Then I thought, "Hey, I could do that, too." Months later, I was singing in my first band. Punk rock is easy, I learned. Anybody can do it. That's a big part of what initially appealed to me. Like folk music or the blues, just grab an instrument and go. No permission needed.

When Nat King Kong, a hilarious experimental noise band from Ft. Myers, played that night, they invited people to get on stage and jam with them. My friend Terry jumped up and grabbed the bass for a while and then passed it to me. I didn't know what the hell to do. I had never even held a guitar. I awkwardly hit a few notes and passed it to someone else. I was thrilled to get involved. When F played, the crowd went nuts. People knew the words to their songs. They unabashedly played

My friend had never been to any kind of concert before, so he had nothing to compare the experience to. And U2 was his favorite band. To him, the evening was a dream come true. Me, I was a little bored.

After the show, my friend was determined to meet the band, so we, and a couple hundred others, crowded near the stage exit. The upcoming rock gods walked by. People were screaming, like in that famous Beatles footage from the Ed Sullivan Show. U2 waved a little and smiled at us for about 25 seconds. One of them, maybe Bono, said something—who knows what—and the crowd shrieked in excitement. My friend tried to jump over the railing separating the band from the crowd. A huge security guy shoved him back and said something to him. It was a really lame scene. On the ride home, my friend went on and on about how great the show was and how cool U2 were. He was beaming. I didn't want to throw a wet blanket on his good mood, so I didn't tell him that I thought the whole thing was a little dull. But a couple of weeks later, I took him to a punk show—five small, local bands, playing off a gasoline-powered generator in the woods. That sort of concert was a totally foreign experience to him and still a fairly new experience for me. And on the way home from that show, he told me that it was even better than the U2 gig. "Extraordinary, how potent cheap music is." Yup!

contact me at: sndidea@ix.netcom.com
Bob Suren, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

It is not so orthodox, but (primarily in the interest of space), I'll offer my review of the new, "postscript issue" of *Inside Front* here in my column, as opposed to the regular zine section.

At first I felt apologetic, because I should have written this review two months ago. Mind you, I am the one responsible for coordinating the efforts of all the other reviewers—which as often as not means harrassing them when they are late—so being late myself makes me sort of a hipocrite as well as a flake.

But now, glancing one last time through the zine's 194 newsprint pages, now hanging from their glossy cover by a thread, smeared and well traveled, I feel a little justified. *Inside Front* #8 is painfully cramped with non-expendable ideas, often rendered at 6 or 7 point type (a challenge that is admirablymet by a highly dedicated, or richly rewarded designer.) No ads, impressively enough, but there is enough less coercive visual relief, in the form of photos and graphics, to make it work.

To be honest, it wasn't just the length and depth of the zine that delayed me. I expect a lot of things from punk fanzines, but not the philisophical challenges I encountered here. These are challenges you won't often find in *MRR*, about the nature of belief, of meaning, of allegiance.

This issue of *Inside Front* is a succession of deconstructions, of itself and all its constituencies. Straight edge and veganism are torn down, examined, and to some degree, pieced back togther again. Activism is first rejected, then disassembled, then reconstructed.

For example, in the introduction to the reviews section, entitled "Down with Reviews!" editor B. observes that "if Korn canbe life-saving in Yugoslavia and Crass can be mere kitsch on I-95, if the value of the music depends completely on the context it occurs in, how is a zinester or a scenester to offer any useful perspective at all? Shouldn't we just make zines about creating context, then? That is what most of *Inside Front* has become, anyway—so why have reviews at all?" If this type of thing upsets you, you should definitely order a copy, for the sake of your mental agility is nothing else.

In the "Politics" section of the megazine, Editor B. expels all traveler kids from CrimethInc. They (predictably) misunderstood the anecdotes of CrimethInc literature as missives, he accuses, creating an innocuous, inert subculture out of material that was intended to be inspirational, not literal. B. wants to publish manifestos, maybe, but not manuals, and I understand his frustration. At the same time, I could not help noticing that by issuing punishments (exile, in this case), B. is enforcing his own role (albeit a reluctant one) as a sort of patriarch. Will this approach sharpen minds, or merely bruise the pride of kids just aiming to please? Will they now just try harder?

B. has lyrical tendencies, both as a writer and a propagandist (it's impossible and I think unnecessary, to distinguish his voice here from other Crimethinc ventures), ever leaning toward superlatives and exaltations. I tend to be critical of this tendency (being prone to it myself), but fortunately, B. values the meaning of his words somewhat more than the sound of them. This tethers him—as a writer and a strategist—to Earth, not letting him fly away to something which might look more like Middle Earth, given his nature. Significantly, he writes about acting, not about writing.

B.'s is not by any means the only voice included here (though his hand as editor, while light enough, is busy and ubiquitous). A number of daring and gifted contributors were at work. "The Punk Band as Anarchist Collective" rang true and was very useful, I thought—it was not about meetings where your intimate emotions are harangued over by a group of your peers, as I initially feared, but about real pitfalls in (punk) group dynamics, like the phenomenon of the "Singer" in the band. I also enjoyed "White Shark Tales," an adventure story involving South American revolutionaries and stolen beer, and was dismayed to find it cut off due to a printing flaw, right when the legendary Shark van, and the writer's $200, were whisked away by dastardly theives!

The story of the Shark is only one of many expositions on"freedom" included here. "Disaster and Thinktank" is a discussion of the "thinktank" as a liberatory exercise, including romantic anecdotes about anarchists locked togther in abandoned kitchens for weeks at a time. While I'm drawn to the playfulness of this idea—to experiment with new forms, ways of seeing and interacting—my adult self remains skeptical. In fact, the article aroused a feeling of defensiveness, a desire to hold tight to the boundaries that help define grown up punk rock life. There are reasons, sometimes, to keep your walls up.

(To rant a bit on this: I'm not a big fan of too much looseness—we'd essentially be hippies. Or, so as not to confuse things, let me use the hippies themselves as an example—give me not folk revivalism, not acid rock, but, um, political folk rock, minus the acid? But then what about Jimi Hendrix and the MC5? I want to rebel against old forms while celebrating the traditions of my own culture. Does this make me a skinhead?)

The thirst for innovation and the thirst for cultural groundedness can be difficult for a punk to recocile, but it's important to be threatened this way, I think. In the end, I approve of turning rocks over, again and again, periodically testing the relevance and freshness of movements. But I'm skeptical of philosophies that seek to erase all the lines between us. Some of those lines prevent us from communicating with each other, it's true, but some of them give us shading and perspective, and are essential to our senses of self. Some of them were hard won, you know?

Which brings me to another point. *Inside Front* avoids tokenism, an admirable thing, but sadly, while there is no lack of strong opinion here, there is a striking absence of really distinct perspectives. For a zine that covers so many dimensions of cultural experience, there is no resounding voice speaking about being poor (or rich), black, chicano, or asian; female, fat (or thin), queer, transgendered; a refugee, from a prison; from a warzone, in a wheelchair; abused, neglected, or abandoned (or cherished, nourished, and loved), from another country—any of the things which shape and distinguish us before we ever get into HC or politics, or whatever.

Great coverage, in the "Scene Reports" section, is provided about street wars all over the world in the last few years, and other travels as well, including a quest to find the Baron from the Amebix, who now lives on the Isle of Skye, hand-forging mancleaving broadswords!

There are only a small handful of interviews in here, but I found them all provocative. It was amusing to read the interview by B. with Tragedy. The band, made up of close friends and brothers, is seamlessly intuitive, which is what makes them great. But it's not the sort of thing you go over play by play, in words. They're expressive enough, but they're not cut from the same cloth as the highly verbal, cerebral B., who asks them increasing difficult questions. The contrast was really pretty interesting.

There's also an interview with Herds and Words, a duo from Philadelphia who "sounds black" and provokes their audience with the unexpected...I was not too impressed, though of

course I haven't seen them. While reading about a performance whenre they ellicited action from the audience by not making any noise at all, I immediately imagined myself in the back of the hot room, possibly with cramps or some asshole breathing down my neck, understanding the play of events but more conscious of feeling manipulated and tired. Give me Yoko Ono sitting motionless, passive on a stage, while nervously giggling white college boys and girls progressively cut away layers of her clothing. Now there's an experiment that makes you feel something about power and vulnerablilty. Despite my hesistations about the band, this is a good read, mostly becasue of B's ability to quickly cut through layers of intent.

I appreciated the talk with filmmaker and former Trial singer, Greg Bennick. In it, he discusses immortality via creativity in regards to his film, *Flight from Death: the Quest for Immortality*, which is a response to 70s anthropologist Ernest Becker's book, *The Denial of Death*. Essentially, both Becker and Bennick identify creative life work (to either posistive or negative end) as attempt to escape the inevitablity of death—sort of obvious really, but discussed in a way that really resonated with me. Bennick's other contribution, a treatise on the sin of rhyming "fire" and "desire," brightened things up a bit.

This ought to be three or four zines, not one. You know how sometimes a band, a novelist, or a zine writer, ought to just quit while they're ahead? The glory is exhausted, they've run out of things to say, or else lost the drive of the moment, so their good intentions make you cringe in the delivery? This is the converse—editor B. claims it is the end of *Inside Front*, over and over in dozens of ways (in typical fashion, he includes four separate introductions/explanantions on the first several pages, followed by more internal debate in the form of letter, not from the kids to *Inside Front*, but from Brian to the kids). Still, or because of this, I remain unconvinced that closing shop is a good idea. Throughout this months-long read, I've marveled to myself that there were still people like B. and his contributors, who haven't left. They haven't left us with a critical punk literature that's purely reiterative and circular, but demands your participation, as a reader and a punk kid.

Oh, and the zine comes with a CD featuring The Spectacle, Witch Hunt, Countdown to Putsch, and a handful of other bands. It's $5 in the US or $7 world, postpaid to Crimethinc Ex-Worker's Collective, 2695 Rangewood Dr., Atlanta, GA 30345, www.crimethinc.com.

In last month's column, I said that Andrew and Rainy ran the new SF zine shop, Needles and Pens. Her name is Breezy, not Rainy! What am I, an idiot? No wait, don't answer that! Really, really sorry about that. Also, I neglected to mention that Bochay was really instrumental in putting together the SF Street Wars musical. Bravo!

arwen@maximumrocknroll.com
PO Box 170291, San Francisco, CA 94117

It really just seemed like any other morning around here at *MRR* HQ, Get up, make coffee, eat a bagel, check the messages—then I heard it. The voice on the answering machine letting us know that there had been an accident, resulting in the deaths of three-quarters of the Exploding Hearts. I just stood there in shock for what seemed like an eternity. This chilling numbness creeped over my body—it just didn't seem real. They were so young, they could have been any one of us—hell, I had just gotten home myself a few days prior from a month-long, cross-country tour with From Ashes Rise. I immediately flashed through images of us in my mind—exhausting overnight drives, functioning on too little sleep and even less sanity. They were every one of us—whether you liked their band or not, whether you liked them as people or not—they were part of this small world we call punk and I just can't believe that they've been stripped away from us all in such a sudden manner.

It's made me think a lot about my own mortality, all the things I haven't done, how frivolous our relationships in this micro-world called punk tend to be, and how any one of us can be ripped away at any moment. How we argue and fight and hate over some of the most petty shit imaginable—it just all seems so stupid, when applied in the greater context of living and life.

I feel weird writing this, I mean what a fucking stereotype out of an afterschool TV special. Really. But it's been what's on my mind, and I just can't shake it.

I remember, while on tour with From Ashes Rise, driving past the point where a few years prior, Deathreat had flipped their van, and Brad remarking how he had just gotten out of the loft only moments before, sparing his life. I recall years prior driving across Tennessee with one of my bands, in a blizzard, on a bridge, and watching a truck jack-knife right in front us—how we floored it, skirting passed the semi, and cheating certain death by the skins of our teeth. Every band has these stories, and that's all they are to most of us, just crazy tour stories. Why should they be anything else really? Punk is such a youth culture that the possibility of death never seems to enter into the picture, and at times like this I really wish that was the reality of the matter. But it's not…

You know, I didn't give two shits when Joe Stummer died. Same with either of those Ramones fellas—none of them were real to me. Just fabled icons whose entire existence was nothing more than sound waves released from the grooves of a record. Sure, I liked some of their songs, and hell, there were moments when those songs inspired me and helped me to keep my sanity, but in all honesty, the gushing sentimentality that was outpoured around me upon their respective deaths kinda made me sick to my stomach. I just didn't get it. Sure, they may have been nice people, or maybe they were assholes, but at the fundamental end of it all they weren't, nor will they ever be part of my reality. They might as well have been characters in a book.

I get this, though, way more than I really want to—I never met Matt, Jeremy, and Adam in person, but they were part of my world in a very real way. It should have been just another stupid tour story, but it wasn't, and instead the punk world, especially in the Rose City of Portland, is left with a gaping hole.

•••

In case you hadn't noticed, this month our cover price is going up to $4 an issue. Yeah, we know it sucks, but after going over our books we just decided that we couldn't afford to keep it at $3 anymore. We haven't had a cover price increase since 1997 and in those six years a lot has changed—postage has increased, printing costs have increased, we took on our own distribution, etc.—and we have fought to keep the price down as much as we can. So here it is, after much arguing and attempts to cut our costs of production across the board, our hand is forced. Thanks for understanding and for all your continued support!

Endnotes:

1) I had planned on writing about my tour with From Ashes Rise, but that'll have to wait till next month—but if you get a chance, be certain to check out NYC's Wreckage; Philly's Fighting Dogs and Paint It Black; Pittsburgh's Caustic Christ; Chicago's Dead Reckoning and Tyrades; and Austin's Signal Lost. Just some of the amazing bands I saw this summer!

2) Many thanks to From Ashes Rise for dragging me across the US on their summer tour and also cheers to Japan's Assault who went with us!!

3) Felix Havoc had a mustache when I saw him in Minneapolis, can someone do something about that? I say we get a mob headed up by a drunk-as-hell Billy from Dillinger Four to storm the Havoc compound and take care of this very serious and pressing issue.

4) Bullet belts and shorts? A definite fashion no-no.

5) Can someone please do something about this horrific rash of "ol'timey" punks? Beards, banjos, and bluegrass belong not in punk! As SSD once said "Get it away!" Seriously, a delightful evening spent drinking with friends was nearly ruined by these motherfuckers!! Agh!!

6) When in Philly, be certain to stop by Gianna's Grill on South 6th Street for some of the best vegan pizza and "cheese steaks" that you will ever eat in your entire life. Seriously, it must be seen to believed!! They even have vegan soft serve! Holy Shit! It rules!! If they would let me live there, I think I'd consider it, really! Please, open one in San Francisco, circa now please!

7) More people should listen to The Ruts, Framtid, Defector, Sick Terror, Allergic To Bullshit, and Oma Hans, 'cause then the world would be a better place.

8) Strom Thurmond is dead!! I know it's old news, but man it's some of the best news I've heard in about a year. Please say Reagan is next! Less young punx and more evil old men dying please!

9) As usual I can be reached via either the *MRR* PO Box or by writing to mikethorn@maximumrocknroll.com

Crashing drums, thumping bass, howling vocals, screeching guitars...

FASTER DISASTER

Debut Full Length CD
$10.00 PostPaid to:
Screaming Pancakes Records
9594 First Ave NE, #175
Seattle, WA. 98115
or on the web at
interpunk.com
WWW.FASTERDISASTER.COM

DIY HORROR PUNK!

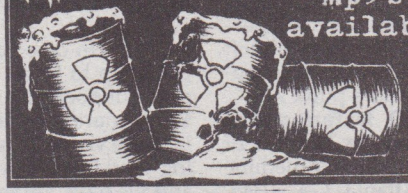
MAD SCIENCE RECORDS
p.o. box 2122
san bernardino, ca
92406

for fans of Misfits, 45grave, Samhain, Pitch Black, AFI

THE ORDER OF THE FLY
RETURN!
NEW CD OUT NOW!
WORLD GONE MAD

$7 ppd cash or money order to:
mad science records
po box 2122
san bernardino, ca 92406

VISIT
WWW.THEORDEROFTHEFLY.COM
mp3's available



ARSEDESTROYER
TEENASS REVOLT LP

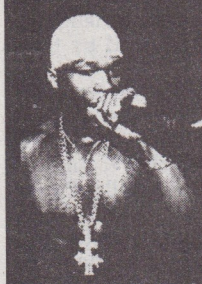
CURIOSO
Isso fica por sua conta EP.

SOOTHE 1st EP

Distributed by
STICKFIGURE DISTRIBUTION
www.stickfiguredistribution.com

DEVOUR
5-19 Shiojicho Mizuhoku
Nagoya 467-0003 Japan
ykdvr@zc4.so-net.ne.jp

TOTALITÄR
WORLD INFERNO FREINDSHIP SOCIETY
INEPSY
TRAGEDY
BORN DEAD ICONS
KYLESA
R.A.M.B.O.
A.O.S.
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH
DEL CIELO
1905
WITCH HUNT
DROPDEAD
SCARLET LETTER
VÖETSEK
DEATHBAG
HYPATIA
CRUCIAL UNIT
MUNICIPAL WASTE
CAUSTIC CHRIST
THE GREAT CLEARING OFF
SOUND OF FAILURE
INSURRECTION
COMBAT
BAD DUDES
APHASIA
DAMAGE DEPOSIT
BRODIES MILITIA
OTOPHOBIA
FIGHTING
DOGS



GREG D. & TONY P.'S BIRTHDAY FIASCO

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT THERE ARE MORE BANDS TO BE CONFIRMED

FOUR DAYS OF SHOWS
AT THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
2125 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA PA AUGUST 14-17

THERE WILL ALSO BE
A DANCE PARTY,
A BIKE SCAVENGER HUNT,
RUCKUS HOUSE SHOW

bread and water

BREAD AND WATER

New lp!!!
cd "everything so far"
includes everything ever recorded $6ppd
vinyl new s t lp $6ppd
cassette-new lp w-layout en espanol $6 ppd

GARUDA

COLD WIRED
SENTIMENT

GARUDA

"Cold Wired Sentiment"
new recording soon!!!
cd/ep-$5 ppd

BREAD AND WATER/GARUDA FALL TOUR 2003

SEPTEMBER
5 - AUSTIN
6 - HOUSTON
7 - NEW ORLEANS
8 - VALDOSTA,GA
9 - BRANDON,FL
10-DAYTONA BEACH,FL
11-SAVANNAH,GA
12-ATHENS,GA
13-NASHVILLE,TN
14-ASHVILLE,NC
15-GREENSBORO,NC
16-RALEIGH,NC
17-RICHMOND,VA
18-BALTIMORE,MD
19-ALLENTOWN,PA
20-NEW YORK,NY
21-CT
22-PROVIDENCE,RI
23-BOSTON,MASS
24-WESTBROOK,MAINE
25-PLATTSBURGH,NY
26-ALBANY,NY
27-BUFFALO,NY
28-COLUMBUS,OH
29-PITTSBURGH,PA
30-DETROIT,MI

OCTOBER
1-CHICAGO,IL
2-MADISON,WI
3-MINNEAPOLIS,MI
4-DES MOINES-IO
5-KANSAS CITY,MO
6-OMAHA,NE
7-DENVER,CO
9-SEATTLE,WA
10-PORTALAND,OR
11-BERKELEY,CA
12-SAN FRANCISCO,CA
14-SANTA CRUZ,CA
15-GOLETA,CA
16-LOS ANGELES,CA
17-SAN DIEGO,CA
18-LAS VEGAS,NV
19-FLAGSTAFF,AZ
20-ALBUQUERQUE,NM
21-AMARILLO,TX

if you can help with any of these cities please write to...
beardcore@yahoo.com
or call (972)742-6222

for records/merch:
GARUDA-
P.O.BOX 11476
FORT WORTH,TX
76110
www.garuda817.com

bread and water
p.o. box 595264
dallas,tx
75359-5264
www.bread-and-water.com

8 NEEDLES & PENS (zines + d.i.y. clothes)

★ mail order zines (just like it's 1992)!

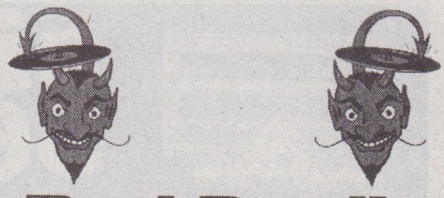
Burn Collector #12	$4
Cometbus #49	$3
Doomsday Bonnet (by lungfish dan higgs)	$15
Gulper #4	$3
I'm Johnny & I Don't Give a Fuck #5	$4
Kiss Off Fanzine (great Ottawa zine)	$2
949 Market (about a rad squat in SF!)	$4
Scam Zine 10year Pack	$12
Sobstory? #5	$3
Stolen Sharpie Revolution	$4
Things Are Meaning Less (new al burian)	$8
Tight Pants/SnakePit split zine	$2
Book of Antennae (by lungfish dan higgs)	$6

★ PURVEYOR OF FINE PUNK ROCK ★
TOILET PAPER ...SINCE ABOUT A MONTH AGO

483 14th St. (@Guerrero)
San Francisco, CA 94103
PHONE (415) 255-1534
www.needles-pens.com

All prices postage paid. (cash only yo!)

store hours
12-7 * Thurs - Sun



Red Devil Records

Three MRR writers say:

"Best Punk Vinyl in Northern California"
"Hidden Treasure of a Store"
"Finest Mom & Pop Record Shop in Nor Cal"

All Styles of Punk Rock
Hard to find new LPs
1,000+ 7"s
Hundreds of Collectibles
CDs Posters Videos Zines

170 Kentucky Street
Petaluma, CA 94952
45 minutes north of S.F.
707-769-8999
www.svn.net/reddevil

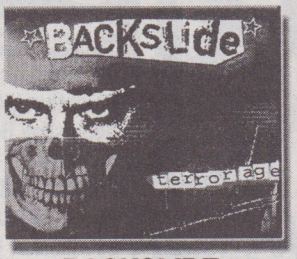
PLASTIC BOMB

OUT SOON: VAGEENAS-brandnew LP/CD (kick ass-punkrock from hell !)
V.A.: HANGOVER HEARTATTACK-LP/CD (POISON IDEA-tribute !)

MAILORDER + ONLINESHOP worldwide

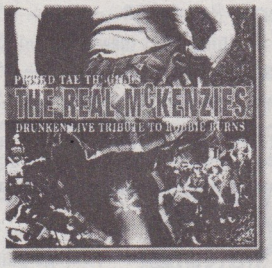
WWW.MAILORDERS.DE

DEADLINE
more to it -LP

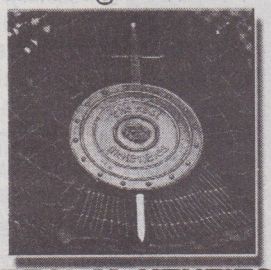


BACKSLIDE
terror age -LP/CD

TREND
Das Produkt -CD



pissed thae'...-LP/CD



REAL McKENZIES
same
(REAL McKENZIES records are not exportable to the USA)

clash of the tartans

THOUSANDS OF
LPs, CDs, 7"s, SHIRTS etc.
Punk, Streetpunk, HC, Ska, Anarcho-Punk, Oi!, Garage, Crust, Rock'n'Roll, Political-Punk...

PLASTIC BOMB, POSTFACH 100 205, 47002 DUISBURG, GERMANY Homepage: www.plastic-bomb.de / www.plasticbombshop.de

sick 56 recipe for disaster

$8.00 includes post & pack
$13 us

http://www.sick56.org/

JSNTGM

"SOMETHING IN AN AGE OF NOTHING"

JSNTGM
just say no to government music
PO Box 1025
Blackpool FY3 0FA UK

All releases available from address above – Dispatched by return post.
Cheques or P.O. payable to JSNTGM or we accept CASH – usual postal risks apply!

Higgins++

commercial brake
$10 us

$6.00 includes post & pack

http://www.jsntgm.com/

THREE. NEW. RELEASES. FROM. JUST. SAY. NO. TO. GOVERNMENT. MUSIC!

Z28

$6.00 includes post & pack

http://www.thez28s.com/

MRR NEWS
No. 244
Sept. 2003
compiled by:
Arwen Curry

THE WAR BILL SOARS, WHILE PUBLIC CONFIDENCE SINKS - NOW BUSH NEEDS THE UN MORE THAN EVER

by Simon Tisdall
Published by the Guardian

Iraq is providing the Bush administration with some hard and necessary lessons. One home truth is that frightening the voters only works for a while. George Bush & Co put a great deal of effort into persuading Americans that Saddam Hussein posed a direct threat to home, high school, family SUV and, generally, to the American way of life. Lest we forget, Bush claimed at one point that unmanned aerial vehicles could menace US cities with biological or chemical weapons. Dick Cheney went bigger than big on the supposed Iraqi nuclear threat. Bush adopted the notorious Blair-Campbell "45 minutes to Armageddon" one-liner, as well as the exotic Niger yellowcake fairytale.

Yet nearly two years after 9/11; after two all-out wars; after a deal of extra-judicial killing and illegal incarceration; after attorney-general John Ashcroft's faith-led subversion of the US constitution; and three months after Saddam joined Osama bin Laden and the Taliban's Mullah Omar in the displaced-but-not-deleted category - do Americans really feel any safer?

Many voters must wonder, with Democratic presidential hopeful John Kerry, whether increased resources for airline and border security, police, firefighters and a more effective FBI might not be a better bet than spending $3.9bn a month on occupying a country that does not want to be occupied. That total does not include the Afghan quagmire - or the human and political cost of daily US casualties. Another White House contender, Dick Gephardt, says a "macho" Bush has left the US "less safe and less secure".

Even Bush's most obliviously hawkish officials have given up claiming that toppling Saddam has somehow reduced the al-Qaida threat. It is still out there - and may be intensifying.

A long-obstructed congressional report into 9/11 due this week identifies a startling string of prior intelligence failures. It suggests a Saudi government link with the hijackers, criticizes the Pentagon and CIA and implies that the FBI "doesn't have a clue about terrorism", according to a Newsweek report. But what remains in serious doubt is whether Bush has taken effective steps to ensure that what were systemic, not simply one-off failures, do not reoccur.

The Riyadh bombing in May, the current Taliban/al-Qaida resurgence in Afghanistan and Pakistan, and this week's Saudi anti-terror purges show how serious the threat still is. "New instability in Afghanistan and the continued spread of jihadist ideology mean that the prospects for another September 11 are growing," security analysts Daniel Benjamin and Steven Simon commented in the New York Times this week. "America ... still lacks a comprehensive program to deal with a growing global insurgency."

If al-Qaida were successfully to mount another large-scale attack within the US, where would that leave Bush? Victimizing Iran, Syria or North Korea or some other hapless "rogue" would not save his political skin a second time around. Rather, Bush would be left looking like a blusterer who put the frighteners on his own people but failed in his primary duty to protect.

Veteran pollster Stanley Greenberg told the Los Angeles Times this week that confidence in Bush's conduct of his "war on terror" is slipping. "There is an erosion of trust ... I think this is already adding up to something quite big."

Maybe it is Bush who should be frightened now. His and Cheney's ever-ready willingness to scare the children and drape themselves in the flag may not be enough for voters in a 2004 election focused on largely economic issues.

The enormous cost of Iraq, put at $50bn and rising, is feeding into broader worries about Bush's overall economic competence. This is the man, remember, who has forced through a $350bn tax cut for the rich amid increased unemployment, state spending cuts and record deficits. Bush is launching a month-long "economic recovery" speaking campaign this week. He may be realizing belatedly that people's day-to-day economic security is at least as important to them as state security.

Another Iraq lesson, to paraphrase a more eminent Republican president, is that you can fool some people indefinitely, but not all the people all the time. Senate Republicans irresponsibly blocked a proposal last week for an investigation into administration handling, or mishandling, of pre-war intelligence.

But that will not quell the growing clamor, echoing the uproar in Britain, that much of what the American public was told about Iraq's weapons of mass destruction was sexed up, blown up or just plain made up. This is not merely a question of imaginary, anthrax-armed Scuds. It is a fundamental question of truth and integrity in governance.

The defense secretary, Donald Rumsfeld, said last winter that the US had "bullet-proof evidence" of an al-Qaida/ Saddam connection. Even by blowhard Don's dodgy standards, this whopper was truly epic. Not a scintilla of proof has been found, nor is it likely to be now.

Rumsfeld also bears responsibility for the chronic post-war planning fiasco that has led to avoidable large-scale destruction, bureaucratic chaos, the alienation of ordinary Iraqis and now to an ongoing guerrilla war. He continues to insist that Iraq is a success story. He must think Americans are stupid.

Many now suspect that Bush privately decided to attack Iraq in spring-summer 2002, and then spent six months telling Americans (and gullible or complicit allies such as Tony Blair) that war was not inevitable - when it was. If true, that would be the biggest lie of all.

Voters like being taken for suckers even less than they like incompetence at the top. A recent Washington Post/ABC poll found that 50% now believe Bush exaggerated the WMD evidence. Only 55% (and falling) still think the war was worth it. A CBS poll suggested a majority would deem the war wrong if the WMD claims were unfounded. These figures imply a big turnaround. They indicate that an indefinite Iraq occupation will be increasingly unpopular; they may spell big trouble in next year's hustings. Democrat Joe Biden gives the Bushies 90 days to get on top of things in Iraq."We're not gods," America's greatest living genius, deputy defense secretary Paul Wolfowitz said plaintively in Mosul this week. Actually, nobody dreamed they were. The mortal question is, are they honest?

A broader lesson comes directly from Iraq itself. It concerns the limitations of military power. Nobody but a few batty Ba'athists seriously doubted that the US could win its victory. But many warned that the US by itself, even with plucky Britain at its side, could not win the peace. As it hemorrhages men and money, Bush is beginning to grasp that the US needs the much-abused UN - badly. It needs a new UN mandate authorizing countries to send peacekeeping troops to help pull Bush out of his hole. The UN's guidance is also needed to help Iraqis take charge of constitutional, electoral and judicial reform.

With Iraqi oil revenues coming nowhere close to reconstruction requirements, the US needs UN authority to attract foreign funds - or else those funds may never come. And if Bush (and Blair) are ever to escape the WMD miasma, they must allow the UN inspectors back. Only their independent verdict will suffice.

For Bush, Iraq's lessons are becoming clear - if he has the sense to see them. The world community works together - or it doesn't work. And the American people don't like being taken for mugs

US SENATE VOTES TO REPEAL BUSH'S FAMILY PLANNING 'GLOBAL GAG RULE'

Published by the Agence France Presse

In a major blow to President George W. Bush's foreign aid policy, the US Senate voted to repeal his ban on assistance to international family planning groups that fight for the availability of abortion.

By a vote of 53-43, senators rejected a motion to kill an amendment by Democrat Barbara Boxer of California that strikes down the so-called Mexico City Policy, an anti-abortion measure reaffirmed by Bush on his second day in office.

The Boxer amendment, which has thus been allowed to stand, is attached to a 27-billion-dollar State Department foreign aid bill being debated by the chamber.

The Mexico City Policy, often referred to as "the global gag rule," bars the US government from providing assistance to organizations that advocate abortion as one of family planning tools and openly counsel women about abortion services.

"These organizations face two choices, they can either refuse US assistance or give up the right to speak freely," an elated Boxer said in a statement.

She said "the global gag rule" would be unconstitutional if it applied to family planning groups in the United States.

"How can we export a policy that denies free speech and still say we support democracy?" the lawmaker asked.

The Mexico City Policy has a tortuous history fraught with raw emotion and heated debate.

First announced by president Ronald Reagan at a 1984 UN conference on population held in the Mexican capital, it set strict guidelines for providing US financial support to foreign family planning agencies, limiting it only to those that do not promote abortion as a method of birth control.

Faced with an outcry around the world, president Bill Clinton rescinded Reagan's executive order in 1993 -- only to draw condemnation from religious and conservative groups.

Bush, eager to shore up his conservative political base, reinstated the funding ban on January 22, 2001, in a memorandum sent to the head of the US Agency for International Development.

"It is my conviction that taxpayer funds should not be used to pay for abortions or advocate or actively promote abortion, either here or abroad," the president said in that document.

But even after the Senate vote, the tug-of-war over population control was expected to continue.

The bill is facing an uphill battle in the Republican-controlled House of Representatives. And the White House Office of Management and Budget warned earlier Wednesday that the administration would "strongly oppose" any amendment that would allow the government to fund abortion advocacy.

"The president would veto the bill if it were presented to him with such a provision," the OMB said in a terse statement.

But women's and abortion rights group hailed the Senate move as a crucial victory for all those who support a woman's right to choose.

"The Bush administration's global gag rule has made family-planning services—which reduce the need for abortion—harder for the world's poorest women to access," said Kate Michelman, president of NARAL Pro-Choice America.

Population Connection President Peter Kostmayer said he believed the White House policy also violated the First Amendment to the US Constitution, which guarantees free speech.

"Even if you are against abortion, the fact that we have been dictating reproductive health policies for women in developing countries, without regard to their laws or customs, should demonstrate just how wrong this policy was," he said.

The bill also has a provision restoring 50 million dollars in funding to the United Nations Population Fund over a two-year period, according to officials.

MEDIA GIANTS GET SLAPPED

by John Nichols
Published by The Nation

In an unprecedented rebuff to the agenda of big media, the House of Representatives on Wednesday approved by a 400-21 vote an appropriations bill that includes languarge blocking implementation of a Federal Communications Commission rule change designed to allow a single corporation to own television stations that reach up to 45 percent of American viewers. That FCC rule change, for which Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation and other media giants had mounted a fierce lobbying campaign, also faces broad opposition in the Senate. With the House echoing that opposition, Congress is currently positioned to block implementation of a rule change that is near and dear to the hearts—and bottom lines—of America's media giants.

While the Bush White House continues to promote the big-media agenda as part of an overall strategy of reworking regulations to favor large corporate campaign givers—raising the prospect that the president might veto Congressional moves to prevent the FCC from implementing this rule change—veteran Capitol Hill observers say public opposition to the FCC rule changes has grown so powerful that even the president could change his tune. "If the White House is threatening a veto on this, they offer that at their own peril," explained Andy Davis, an aide to US Sen. Ernest Hollings, the powerful South Carolina Democrat who is a key player behind the Senate effort to reverse the FCC's June 2 decision to raise the television ownership cap from 35 percent to 45 percent. "This is an issue that has enormously broad bipartisan support. People are very passionate about this issue."

Republican leaders in the House felt that passion this week, as many members of their own caucus signaled that they would support reversal of the FCC's decision to raise the ownership cap. That caused the leadership to back off efforts to strip the appropriations bill language that prevents the FCC from implementing the change.

But the real measure of the extent to which the dynamic in Congress is shifting came in one of the first serious floor fights in recent years on a media ownership issue.

The ownership cap is just one of a number of rule changes approved by the FCC and it is not the worst of them. The most troubling rewrite of the rules by the commission is a measure that allows a single company to own television and radio stations, the local daily newspaper and the cable system in the same city. The FCC's move to lift limits on "cross-ownership" poses a genuine threat to competition, diversity and local programming and it is opposed by religious, labor, civil rights and community groups, as well as conservatives such as New York Times columnist William Safire.

In the Senate, there is bipartisan support for reversing the FCC's cross-ownership rule change. But in the House, Republican and Democratic leaders blocked efforts to amend the appropriations bill to include language that would prevent the FCC from implementing this industry-backed rule shift. That led to a remarkable revolt on the House floor Tuesday, and provoked the most engaged debate on media and democracy issues that the Congress has seen in modern times.

Representatives Maurice Hinchey, D-New York, a leading figure in the Congressional Progressive Caucus, and David Price, D-North Carolina, a member of the Appropriations Committee, introduced a resolution to roll back the cross-ownership rule change. Opposed not just by top Republicans but two of the most powerful Democrats in the House, Michigan's John Dingell and Wisconsin's David Obey, the assault on the high-priority agenda item for big-media lobbies was not expected to win a significant number of votes. A decision by House Majority Leader Tom DeLay, D-Texas, to schedule an earlier than expected vote on the amendment dimmed its prospects further.

But, on Tuesday, a strong push from the activist networks of MoveOn.org, Consumers Union, Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, Free Press and labor groups, as well as deft strategic moves by Hinchey, Price and Representative Bernie Sanders, I-Vermont, pulled together an unexpected bipartisan coalition that suggests it may yet be possible to reverse the cross-ownership rule. With phones in House offices ringing off their hooks—many members estimated that they received as many as 100 calls an hour urging support for the Hinchey amendment—a bipartisan cross-section of members trooped to the floor to condemn media monopoly.

Oregon's Democrat Peter DeFazio described the FCC's loosening of media ownership controls as "perhaps the most radical usurpation of the public interest in the history of regulation," while Massachusetts Democrat Ed Markey called the commission's June 2 votes "the worst decision ever made by the Federal Communications Commission." Markey said that the cross-ownership change would create a situation where, "The kind of power that one company is going to have in your hometown is going to make Citizen Kane look like an underachiever."

Warning that loosening existing limits on cross-ownership would limit discourse and undermine democracy, Washington Democrat Jay Inslee declared that, "A monopoly ideas is ultimately more destructive to American democracy than a monopoly of money." California Democrat Barbara Lee echoed his frustration and added a note of concern about how further monopolization of media ownership would shut out minority voices. Congressional Progressive Caucus co-chair Dennis Kucinich, D-Ohio, described the rule change as "totally against the interests of democracy," while Inslee urged Congress to "give American what they want, which is less consolidation of the media."

Sanders told the House that public indignation over media consolidation has grown so strong that even the Bush administration would feel the pressure. Members of the FCC and Congress have received an estimated 2.3 million communications from Americans saying they oppose loosening of controls on media ownership. And Inslee said that if a bill containing the roll back of the cross-ownership rule change got to the president's desk, White House phone and email systems would "melt down" with calls from Americans supporting the measure.

In the end, pressure from DeLay, Dingell and Obey, as well as big-media lobbyists, was sufficient to block the Hinchey-Price amendment. But the vote was a far closer than expected 254-174 -- a margin Senate foes of the FCC rule changes say will strengthen their hand in negotiations with the House. Significantly, the 139 Democrats who backed the Hinchey-Price amendment were joined by 34 Republicans, including House Judiciary Committee chairman James Sensenbrenner, R-Wisconsin. That means that, on the committee charged with examining anti-trust and monopoly issues, the ranking Republican and the ranking Democrat, Michigan's John Conyers, have expressed their opposition to cross-ownership.

After years in which media companies have rolled their agenda over Congress with few objections, Inslee said a "tsunami" of public pressure was starting to change the course of Congress. He was right. With the House endorsing efforts to roll back the FCC's rule change regarding television ownership caps, and with Obey and other members who voted against the Hinchey-Price amendment saying they are ready to move in other directions to roll back the cross-ownership rule change, the Congressional fight against not just the FCC but the broader crisis of media consolidation has only just begun.

Snooping on Readers

by Ellen Goodman

On the whole, I wouldn't choose to go fishing in a library or a bookstore. The library is a bit dusty, and while the local bookstore may be the final resting place of a forest or two, it's water-challenged.

Nevertheless, the same phrase keeps coming up again and again. As worriers describe the government's ability to search through the records of readers, they label it a "fishing expedition." They define it as part of John Ashcroft's all-terrain venture to catch-and-not-release terrorists.

This fish tale began in the anxious weeks after 9/11 when Congress passed the Patriot Act with hardly a dissent. The Patriot Act became the perfect example of the revised adage: Legislate in haste, and repent at leisure.

Deep in the troubled waters of the 340-page law is Section 215, a provision that gives the feds the right to inspect or seize the records of any reader, Web surfer, book buyer, or book borrower. The government can simply get approval from a secret court without showing probable cause. Moreover, a gag provision means the librarian or bookseller can't tell a customer that the government is reading over his or her shoulder.

This expedition resembles ocean dragging more than fly-fishing. Among the first to notice was a group of Vermont booksellers including Linda Ramsdell. She runs the Galaxy Bookshop in Hardwick, population 3,500, where the bestseller this summer is "The True Account," a send-up of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Ramsdell, who is also the head of the New England Booksellers Association, doesn't usually get involved in politics because "politics involves a lot of meetings, and I don't like meetings." But faced with a law she found "really creepy," she contacted Vermont's Bernie Sanders, the only independent congressman.

Sanders then introduced the Freedom to Read Protection Act - one of those titles that would appeal to even literacy guru Laura Bush. In fact, the bill to amend the Patriot Act and get the big hook out of the reading stream has garnered support from both the civil liberties left and the anti-big-government right. There are two similar bills now working their way through the Senate.

This is the first provision in the Patriot Act to get much attention. That, says Sanders, is because this "isn't about Guantanamo Bay or someone from another country. Ordinary people say, 'wait a minute, you mean to say the Department of Justice and the FBI can get a list of the books I take out without any evidence of terrorism? Wow, this is going way too far.'"

The Justice Department disagrees, of course. A spokesman said, "We're only going after the bad guys. ... If you're not a terrorist or a spy, you have nothing to worry about."

But when the government has secret, unlimited access to anything you read, any website you surf at the library, it creates the sense that we are all being watched. And ups the odds of catching the wrong fish.

What if you're not a terrorist but you read like one? As Emily Sheketoff of the American Library Association says: "We don't agree that if you read a murder mystery that makes you a murderer, if you read spy stories that makes you a spy, and if you read science books that makes you some sort of demented terrorist."

Hmmm ... Anyone reading "Holy War" or "Banish Fear of Flying" or "The Anarchist Cookbook," let alone "Treason"? Anyone with a foreign name checking out "Scourge" or "The Andromeda Strain"?

Read any good books lately? The idea that the government could throw that book at you has led some booksellers to destroy their records and led some libraries to put up signs announcing that they can't protect your privacy.

Lest you think they are alarmists, remember when the FBI wanted to check out Monica Lewinsky's chick lit. Remember when the Denver police tried to find out what an accused methamphetamine maker had ordered from the city's best-loved bookstore, The Tattered Cover. It turned out to be a book on Japanese calligraphy.

Terrorism is a serious, scary business. Since 9/11, we've been trying to figure the proper balance between security and freedom. Just what must we give up for how much safety? But before the Patriot Act, officials already had the right to go through library records if there was probable cause. We need a new law to get back to an old balance.

This is not the last look at the Patriot Act under the dominion of John Ashcroft. Indeed, says Sanders, "A lot of people are nervous about the kind of tools given Ashcroft." Fishing tools?

Time to reel that man in.

BLAIR AND BUSH: WHEN TIME-HONORED TIES BECOME A SHORT LEASH

by William Pfaff
Published by the International Herald Tribune

Tony Blair's current crisis, with a Law Lord inquiring into the death of David Kelly, the Defense Ministry advisor on biological weapons who committed suicide last week, surely derives in part from the prime minister's intense but puzzling commitment to George W. Bush's leadership in the Iraq war. If he or his entourage cut corners to justify Iraq's invasion, it was to serve the common cause.

The Blair government has turned the 61-year-old Anglo-American security alliance into an unprecedented subordination of Britain's security and foreign policy to the United States. This was the unspoken message of Tony Blair's emotional address to a joint session of Congress last week.

Defense Secretary Geoff Hoon had already announced, in late June, that British military forces are to be reconfigured so as to function henceforth as Pentagon auxiliaries. This is because from now on, "it is highly unlikely that the U.K. would engage in large-scale combat operations without the United States."

By depriving itself of the ability to operate independently, Britain will abandon one of its most important assets, its possession of balanced and autonomous multi-arm military forces, capable of serving distinct British interests.

In Europe, only France now will have the capacity for sizable independent military operations. All other non-neutral western European forces have been turned into specialized units of an American-commanded NATO army.

As David Leich and Richard Norton-Taylor reported in The Guardian last week, Britain has begun re-equipping its nuclear missile submarines with U.S.-$ made and -maintained Tomahawk cruise missiles, usable only with U.S. acquiescence.

Britain, under Tony Blair, has sold its principal aerospace manufacturer, BAE Systems, to the United States. The Blair government has just agreed to extradite British subjects to the United States on demand, without need for prima facie evidence.

Tony Blair, after taking office in 1997, pledged his government to a "moral" foreign policy. The Bush government claims a moral result from its liberation of the Iraqis but also claims, when it wishes, a sovereign exemption from the constraints of international law and treaty obligation. It asserts a sovereign right to military domination of the planet.

Why does Tony Blair wish this slow suicide of one of Europe's greatest nations, whose independent legacy to modern Western civilization, and certainly to the United States, is so immense? Where is his electoral mandate for so enormous a decision?

Britain gets nothing from the United States in return (other than Congressional cheers and a gold medal for the prime minister). If Bush remains in office beyond next year, Britain might find itself implicated in what could become an American national tragedy.

Neither does the United States gain anything valuable, merely the satisfactions of possessing a complaisant satellite.

Far better for it to have an independent friend, who speaks its language, has independent weight in world affairs, possesses a major voice in the European Union, is capable on occasion of telling Washington home truths and, by using its independent influence, to force Washington to pay attention.

A British tragedy is in the making. For many of us who grew up under the decisive influence of Britain's history and literature, it implies an American tragedy as well.

BUSH LAUNCHES MAGAZINE TO TEACH YOUNG ARABS TO LOVE AMERICA

by Andrew Buncombe
Published by the Independent / UK

So what if George Bush is threatening to invade your country? At least the kids in America have nice, white teeth and listen to the same music as you. Isn't that enough for you to love the good 'ol US of A?

That, at least, appears to be the message of a glossy new magazine published by the Bush administration and going on sale across the Middle East this week, targeting young people with a mix of features, celebrity profiles and music. The Arabic-language *Hi* magazine is US propaganda 2003-style. "We're fighting a war of ideas as much as a war on terror," said Tucker Eskew, director of the White House's Office of Global Communications.

Hi, a monthly, will be available for the equivalent of around $2 (£1.25) in Lebanon, Jordan, the West Bank and Gaza, Israel, Algeria, Egypt, Cyprus and several Gulf states. Saudi Arabia - home to 15 of the 19 hijackers on 11 September and where drug dealers are publicly beheaded - has not yet been deemed ready to get *Hi*.

The first issue of the magazine, published by the State Department, contains features on the jazz musician Norah Jones, sandboarding, an apparent resurgence of interest in Arabic poetry in the US, and yoga. There is also a section on relationships entitled "Making Marriage Work". A feature on life in American universities has interviews with Arab students "enjoying the freedom of thought" in the US.

The administration claims the magazine is designed to show a positive image of America and highlight the similarities between young people in the US and the Middle East. The articles have been written by Arab Americans in Washington and stringers in the Middle East. "There is an editorial board which reviews all the articles," said a State Department spokeswoman.

While it has an annual budget of $4.2m (£2.6m), the magazine is just part of a broader media attack on the Middle East. In a speech to the Southern Centre for International Studies in Atlanta this week, Mr Eskew cited plans to spend $62m developing an Arabic language television network.

Not everyone is convinced the magazine and the network will succeed. Rani al-Hajjar, an Atlanta student and coordinator for Palestinian Media Watch, said: "I think if it's coming from a cultural superiority complex, saying that we are infallible and saying that our policies are best, then I think it is liable to fail."

AFRICAN LEADERS TO CHALLENGE BUSH OVER 'RUINOUS' TRADE PRACTICES

by Rory Carroll
Published by the Guardian/UK

African leaders are expected to give George Bush's tour a rocky start today by blaming US trade practices for impoverishing millions of farmers across the continent.

The US president will be personally challenged for perhaps the first time over the huge subsidies to US cotton growers, a dispute which threatens to overshadow a trip intended to trumpet Washington's generosity to poor countries.

Mr Bush's five-day, five-nation tour will start in Senegal today with a visit to Goree Island, where in the 19th century slaves awaiting shipment to America were detained. His scheduled speech is to touch on democracy and race but there will be no apology for slavery, as some campaigners had wished.

For the seven African heads of state due to meet the president today it is a rare opportunity to bypass multilateral institutions and make a direct pitch for trade reform.

Mr Bush wants to publicize the compassionate side of Washington's aid and trade concessions but he is likely to be tackled several times about the $4bn (£2.42bn) subsidies that critics say help to ruin west African cotton farmers.

Yesterday South Africa warned that Mr Bush would also be confronted over other agricultural subsidies during talks in Pretoria tomorrow.

Abdoulaye Wade, Senegal's president, is considered a Bush ally but he has promised to complain to his visitor about the damage wrought by the cosseting of the US cotton barons, a powerful lobby which has close ties to Texas and the Republicans.

Mali's president, Amadou Toumani Touré, is also expected to pitch in, following his testimony last month to a congressional sub-committee when he denounced the devastating impact of "unjust" US and European trade policies.

Many African economies, especially those of Mali, Burkina Faso, Chad and Benin, depend on cotton for employment, exports and wealth creation. These nations' low-cost, high-quality outputs should be competitive. But many producers, mostly the small and labor-intensive ones, are failing because US subsidies are helping to depress prices and squeeze rivals out of markets.

According to Oxfam, a 25% fall in price pushes 250,000 people below the poverty line in Burkina Faso alone. More than a third of Mali's population depends on cotton and across the region there are a further 11 million producers. The World Bank agrees they have a "very valid" complaint.

Francois Traore, head of Burkina Faso's cotton producers' association, urged African leaders to ram the point home today. "This is a great opportunity - our heads of state have an obligation to speak out."
However, advocacy groups fear some leaders will speak softly, or not at all, for fear of jeopardizing debt relief and marginal trade concessions.

Sensing momentum against them, US negotiators at the World Trade Organization have turned "pretty heavy" in response to a Brazilian-led attempt, supported by four African countries, to reduce the subsidies, said Kevin Watkins, Oxfam's head of research. "The problem is, the US cotton growers are probably the world's most effective agricultural lobby group. They make French wheat farmers look like amateurs."

Kudos for helping African producers would not compensate Mr Bush politically for offending his cotton constituency, said Mr Watkins. But he added that that could change if enough pressure were applied. There is plenty of scope for embarrassing Mr Bush: the president recently praised Senegal's premier for understanding trade and "believing in open markets".
Campaigners have noted the irony that many of the slaves who passed through Goree Island ended up on the cotton plantations which mutated into the subsidized corporations of today.

"Getting rid of subsidies alone won't eradicate poverty, but this visit is a big opportunity for African leaders. I hope they take it," said Chris Conrad, regional director of the relief group Care.

South Africa's trade and industry minister, Alec Erwin, said economic links would be at the forefront of discussions with Mr Bush and agricultural subsidies were a priority.

Salih Booker, executive director of Africa Action, a Washington advocacy group, said Mr Bush's promotion of trade as an engine of growth was dishonest: "The reality is that the US continues to pursue trade policies that are antithetical to Africa's interests."

FAIR USE STATEMENT: This magazine contains copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in our efforts to advance understanding of environmental, political, economic, and social justice issues, etc. We believe this constitutes a 'fair use' of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law. In accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107, the material in this magazine is distributed without profit to those who have expressed a prior interest in receiving the included information for research and educational purposes.

MOVES TO BOOST FUNDS FOR U.S. ANTI-AIDS EFFORT FALLS SHORT; BUSH BLAMED

by Jim Lobe
Published by OneWorld.net

Two efforts by Democratic lawmakers to boost next year's U.S. contribution to the global fight against AIDS were narrowly defeated in a key Congressional committee Wednesday, spurring charges that President George W. Bush, who just returned from a five-day trip to Africa last weekend, had betrayed the expectations he created while there.

Pointing to a letter sent to lawmakers by the director of the White House Office of National AIDS Policy, Joseph O'Neill, backers of an amendment that would have provided a total of US$3 billion to the global anti-AIDS fight for fiscal year 2004, said Bush had violated his own promises in Africa to fight for full funding of his five-year $15-billion-dollar AIDS package.

The amendment, put forward by New York Democratic Rep. Nita Lowey, was defeated in a 33-28 vote with only one Republican, Roy LaHood of Illinois, casting his ballot for the amendment.

Instead, the Republican majority on the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives bowed to O'Neill's request and provided only $2 billion for FY 2004, pursuant to an administration plan to gradually increase assistance over the five years.

"The president raised expectations in Africa that he would in fact deliver (the full funding)," said Paul Zeitz, executive director of the Global AIDS Alliance (GAA). "This will only raise questions in the minds of Africans about whether the president can be believed."

"I don't want the rest of the world to think we say one thing and we do less," said Rep. Carolyn Kilpatrick, a Michigan Democrat, who had offered an amendment to increase assistance next year from $2 billion to $2.3 billion. Her amendment was defeated in a 28-27 vote.

Both votes came amid bad news elsewhere on the global AIDS front. At a meeting in Paris, donors to the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, TB and Malaria ended a key meeting without providing major new pledges of funds for the multilateral facility established two years ago to provide assistance quickly for projects to fight AIDS, which currently claims about 7,000 African lives each day.

Organizers said current pledges to the Global Fund will provide only $4.7 billion dollars to 2007, and that the facility could technically run out of money at the end of the next budgeting cycle. The Fund itself has estimated that will need $7 billion annually by 2007 to keep up with soaring demand in Africa, and increasingly Asia and Russia, as well.

"Over the months ahead, we have to make further steps forward," said the Fund's executive director, Richard Feachem. "The aim is to rise to the cruising altitude…which is $7 billion a year to be achieved by 2007 and to get to that cruising altitude, it's important to keep up the pace."

Activists and other donors had hoped the European Union which, along with the U.S., has accounted for the vast majority of money committed to the Fund to date, would agree to provide 1 billion euros ($1.1 billion a year) beginning in 2004, but member states were unable to reach a consensus, and the meeting broke up without such a commitment.

Bush has been particularly tight-fisted with the Global Fund. While Congress earmarked up to $1 billion for the Fund in its foreign-aid authorization bill last month, Bush has insisted that he will only commit $200 million a year for the foreseeable future.

Because the U.S. normally provides between 25 and 33 percent of the budget of multilateral agencies like the Fund, AIDS activists have complained that Bush is making it vastly more difficult for the Fund to be able to raise enough money from other countries to reach its target of $7 billion by 2007. Ironically, the Fund's chairman is Bush's Health and Human Services Secretary, Tommy Thompson.

"The U.S. has taken control of the leadership of the Global Fund, and then ensured that it doesn't have the money to deal with the problem," said Salih Booker, executive director of Africa Action. "He exploited Africans' suffering to present himself on his trip as a compassionate conservative, when in reality he is a callous and cynical antagonist in the global fight against AIDS who is undermining the most important vehicle for combating the epidemic."

Bush's stinginess proved too much even for his fellow-Republicans on the House Appropriations Committee Wednesday, which ignored O'Neill's request that it appropriate only $200 million for the Fund. Instead, the Committee voted to allocate a total of $500 million for the Fund, the amount provided for in the version approved last week by the Foreign Operations subcommittee, chaired by Arizona Republican Rep. Jim Kolbe.

The fact that O'Neill called explicitly for the Committee to approve only the $200 million requested by Bush further outraged AIDS activists. "The president could simply have accepted the increase approved by the subcommittee," said Zeitz. "Instead he has actively discouraged increased funding. This is an outrage, especially when the Fund is facing such a massive shortfall in funding available for projects that can effectively use them."

While the administration had touted passage of the far more generous authorization bill as a great breakthrough in the fight against AIDS, activists here point out that the appropriations bill would determine how much money is actually spent. During Bush's trips, even Kolbe expressed annoyance that Bush was creating expectations that would not be met because of the serious budget constraints facing Congress this year, especially in light of the unexpected costs of the war in Iraq. At one point, Kolbe complained that Bush "continues to compound the problem" of expectations that will inevitably be disappointed.

But to Booker, the defeat of Lowey's amendment to add $1 billion in emergency funding for next year was a particularly bitter pill, coming just a few days after Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld shocked lawmakers when he told them that the costs of the Iraq occupation will come to $4 billion a month, twice what the Pentagon had projected before the war.

"Bush is spending $1 billion every week on an unpopular military occupation in which Americans and Iraqis are being killed on a daily basis," said Booker. "Yet he opposes spending an extra $1 billion in a whole year that could save tens of thousands of lives in Africa to stop the greatest threat to human security in the world today. For him to waltz around Africa as a 'compassionate conservative' is just plain obscene."

Yes, We'll Have No Bananas - Thanks to Selective Breeding, our Favourite Fruit can Neither Reproduce nor Defend Itself from Disease

by Robert Alison
excerpted from the Globe and Mail / Canada

The banana is about to disappear from store shelves around the globe. Why? Because the banana is the victim of centuries of genetic tampering. Scientists say they will be unable to prevent the extirpation of the banana as an edible commercial crop. And its demise may be one more powerful argument in the hands of those who are concerned about genetic modification of foods.

The banana's main problem is that it has become sterile and seedless as a result of 10,000 years of selective breeding. It has, over time, become a plant with unvarying genetic sameness. The genetic diversity needed to cope with environmental stresses, such as diseases and crop pests, has long ago been bred out of the banana. Consequently, the banana plantations of the world are completely vulnerable to devastating environmental pressures.

According to Emile Frison, newly appointed director-general of the Rome-based International Plant Genetic Resources Institute, science is helpless to prevent the demise of the banana. Already, he says, as much as 50 per cent of the world's banana harvest is lost to insects and disease.

The selective plant breeding that has brought us to this impasse is comparable to genetic engineering. Both change the genetic makeup of a plant, perhaps irreversibly. So the case of the banana gives ammunition to critics of genetic engineering and to their claim that much can go wrong when we tamper with plant genetics.

Such warnings aren't new. In 1995, biologists warned that changing the genetic makeup of a plant is like playing with fire. Even so, genetic alteration continues. At Oregon State University, scientists are at work on generating sterility in poplar trees; the Canadian Forest Service is looking into breeding insect resistance in white spruces; at the University of California, work is being done on changing root systems in walnut trees. And at the Independent University in Madrid, orange trees are being modified to promote early fruit-bearing and to grow oranges that are easier to peel.

The International Plant Genetic Resources Institute's Dr. Frison says biotechnology could still delay the loss of the banana, by providing the genetic blueprint of inedible wild varieties that can be genetically altered to create a genetically modified product. Does this hold out hope of an 11th-hour reprieve? Will consumers accept a GM substitute for the sweet fruit they enjoy so much?

The disappearance of the banana should be a wakeup call—to what can result from reckless genetic manipulation, complacency and inattention. If this can happen to the world's most popular fruit with all humanity as its witness, imagine what could happen to more obscure, but no less useful plants whose fates are less publicized and open to public scrutiny.

Robert Alison, a consultant biologist based in Orillia, Ont., is a former senior biologist for the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources.

Programs to Help Poor Nations Criticized

by Naomi Koppel
Published by the Associated Press

GENEVA—International programs to help poor nations develop and industrialize are failing in many countries and need radical changes if the world is to meet its targets for reducing poverty, a major United Nations report said Tuesday.

Instead of forcing developing countries to cut back on public spending, the International Monetary Fund and World Bank should be pressing rich countries to provide more help, the 367-page Human Development Report 2003 said.

Despite a widespread assumption that all countries are slowly getting richer, the report says that 54 are poorer now than they were in 1990, while life expectancy fell in 34 countries—primarily because of the HIV/AIDS epidemic—and 21 countries are hungrier than they were in 1990.

"For many countries, the 1990s were a decade of despair," said the report, produced by the U.N. Development Program.

It said at the current rate the world will fail to meet most of the "Millennium Development Goals" agreed upon by the countries of the world in 2000. They call for poverty to be reduced by half by 2015 and for big steps forward in education, sanitation and health.

UNDP Administrator Mark Malloch-Brown said a "guerrilla assault" is needed on the so-called "Washington Consensus" that sets out the general policies used by the IMF and the World Bank—including an emphasis on careful control of public spending, tax reform, trade liberalization and privatization.

"The IMF and the World Bank should no longer set these kinds of ceilings" on spending, he said.

"These measures were introduced at a time when finances were leaking red ink all over the place and there was an urgent need to stabilize. The strategy had its time and place. The Washington Consensus did some good things, but people stuck with it too long—and it wasn't enough."

The report cited the case of Malawi, which has produced a strategy for reducing poverty based on IMF and World Bank guidelines. But the plan would not achieve the Millennium Development Goals.

"Malawi requires far more donor assistance—as do many other countries in similar circumstances," the report said.

"Rather than being told to lower their sights, they should be aided in achieving the goals, with the IMF and World Bank helping to mobilize the needed additional assistance."

The study says a total reliance on market forces and increased trade to achieve development will not succeed.

"Public interventions are necessary to set the preconditions for market-led economic growth," said Sakiko Fukuda-Parr, chief author of the report.

The IMF had no immediate comment on the U.N. report.

The study also includes UNDP's annual Human Development Index, which ranks 175 countries based on income per person, life expectancy, literacy and school enrollment.

For the third year in a row, Norway topped the list, which is based on 2001 data. Two other Scandinavian countries—Iceland and Sweden—followed. The United States dropped one place to seventh but for the first time overtook Canada—which was top of the list in 2000.

The bottom 25 places on the list were all held by countries in sub-Saharan Africa, with Sierra Leone in last position.

UGLY WWII ECHOES AT GUANTANAMO

by Christopher Brauchli
Published by the Daily Camera

It was a curious and not altogether felicitous temporal juxtaposition in The New York Times on June 30: the first, a story in the Sunday Magazine by Ted Conover called "In the Land of Guantanamo" the second, the same day, a story datelined Hunt, Idaho, by Sarah Kershaw headlined "Japanese-Americans Relive Barbed Era."

Ms. Kershaw's story opened as follows: "After six decades, memories of life at an internment camp deep in a desolate wasteland of southern Idaho were foggy and fragmented, all but the most searing images diluted by time." Mr. Conover's story begins: "The juvenile enemy combatants live in a prison called Camp Iguana." Ms. Kershaw's is a story of guilt partially expiated. Mr. Conover's is a story of guilt awaiting awakening when a humane government is restored. Both stories are wrenching.

Ms. Kershaw describes the reaction of the aged survivors of the Minidoka Relocation Center on a return visit to a place that housed 13,000 Japanese-Americans (one of 10 such installations). The U.S. government, fearful of terrorist acts known as "sabotage," sacrificed the civil liberties of 120,000 people who were, by definition, partly and recently foreign, in order to protect those who were partly, but in the distant past, foreign, and, more importantly, not Japanese.

Ms. Kershaw's was a poignant description of a dignified group of people being treated in an undignified way by a government rendered constitutionally insensate by fear. The survivors described waiting in line for food and living in wooden barracks covered with tar paper. Sally Sudo of Minneapolis described how her parents and eight siblings were given rooms C and D in Barrack 2 of Block 14, 10 people in two rooms. Families were assigned numbers to identify them.

Ms. Sudo's father came to the United States in 1899. He was forcibly relocated after Pearl Harbor. His daughter said that he lost everything while interned. The last 20 years of his life "he didn't really live, he just existed," she said.

In 1988 Congress passed the Civil Liberties Act. It provided for a formal apology to Japanese-Americans interned and restitution payment of $20,000 to each internee. That is the value Congress placed on depriving 120,000 people of their liberty for periods of up to four years. Jerry Arai, an architect from Seattle said: "We were here for almost three years. Surrounded by barbed wire, guards and watchtowers, living in exile. We cannot forget these hardships the Japanese endured. Let us not stand back in the midst of fear, hate and prejudice to see it happen to others."

Mr. Conover's tale reminds us that President Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld are sponsoring fear, hate and prejudice.

Mr. Conover visited Guantanamo, where enemy combatants from the war in Afghanistan are being held. It has Camp Iguana for teenagers and Camp Delta for adults. The teenagers live in rooms painted "Carolina blue" and enjoy a grassy yard in which they spend time each day. Adults live in cages 6 feet 8 inches by 8 feet, the doors and walls of which are made of a tight mesh. Prisoners at Camp Delta are permitted 20 minutes of solitary exercise three times a week and following that are permitted a five-minute shower. The rest of the time they are confined to their cages. Mr. Conover observes, "[E]ven in most American supermaxes, the cells are larger and prisoners are let out for at least 30 minutes of exercise daily."

The Japanese-Americans and those interned at Guantanamo had at least one thing in common in addition to involuntary incarceration. The Japanese did not know how long they would be confined since they did not know when the war would end. Prisoners at Guantanamo do not know how long they will be confined because they have been labeled "enemy combatants," and like Japanese Americans during World War II, they can be held indefinitely.

In order to write "Newjack: Guarding Sing Sing," a description of life in New York's Sing Sing Prison, Mr. Conover spent a year working there as a guard. One of his observations, recounted in his New York Times piece, is that prisoners are all keenly aware of the length of their sentences. The fact that there is light at the end of the tunnel, (for those not incarcerated for life) is enormously important and part of what keeps them going from day to day.

The prisoners at Guantanamo are depressed. They do not know when they will get out and they have no access to courts. They are held at the whim of an administration that has whipped its populace into such a fervor that people no longer care about human rights if their leaders tell them that caring would put their own safety in jeopardy. There is, however, one bright spot learned as a result of the Japanese experience.

At some point the people in the United States will begin to feel guilty about how the prisoners have been treated. They will acknowledge that it is inhumane to hold people indefinitely, even when the people of the United States are (or in the case of their leaders, pretend to be, in order to make the people more pliant) afraid. In the case of the Japanese-Americans it took approximately 44 years for that to happen. If our sensitivity curve remains intact, most of the people at Guantanamo can expect to be freed by 2048 and perhaps even given some remuneration. That should cheer them up. It doesn't have the same effect on me.

ALL OR NOTHING H.C.

THE NEW CD
"SEARCH FOR THE STRENGTH"
OUT NOW!

"...this bleached-blonde hardcore heroine uses her band's chunky, Lunachicks-meets-Sick Of It All metallic hardcore to convey positive messages."
-KERRANG! (U.K.)

"All Or Nothing HC's Renae Bryant is smart, opinionated, and a great screamer."
-SLUG 'ZINE (SLC, UTAH)

"...if your ears are begging to be fed a healthy dose of hardcore, Search For The Strength is where it's at."
-GIRLPUNK.NET (NEW JERSEY)

SEE THEM LIVE!

U.S. TOUR THIS FALL

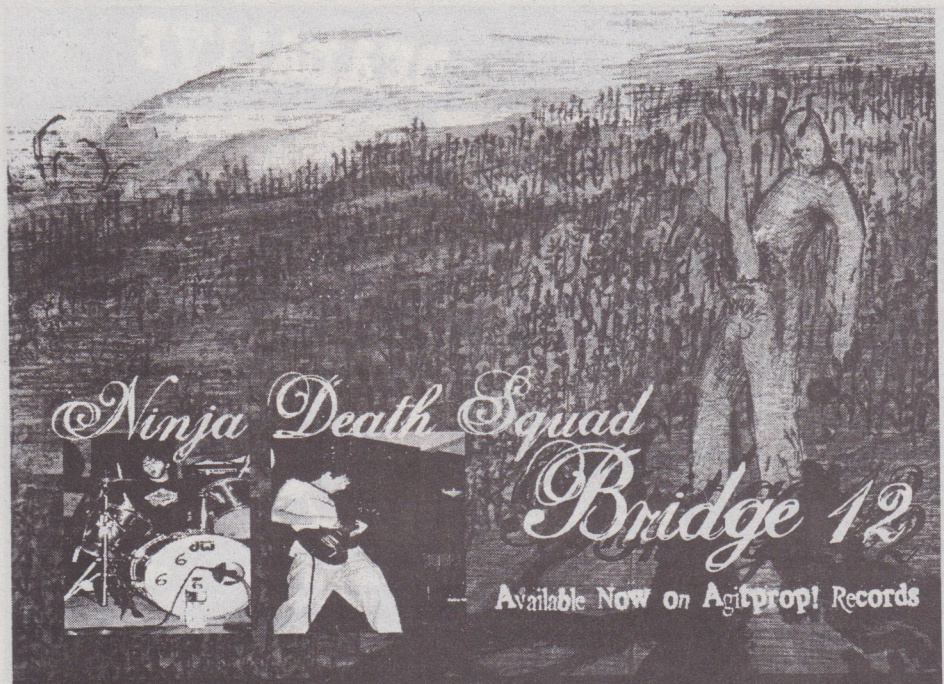
8/29 San Diego, Ca	9/11 Baltimore, Md
8/30 Phoenix, Az	9/12 Irvington, Nj
8/31 Las Cruces, Nm	9/13 New York, Ny
9/01 San Antonio, Tx	9/14 Philadelphia, Pa
9/02 Houston, Tx	9/15 Cleveland, Oh
9/03 New Orleans, La	9/16 Detroit, Mi
9/04 Mobile, Al	9/17 Chicago, Il
9/05 Atlanta, Ga	9/18 Des Moines, Ia
9/06 Pensacola, Fl	9/19 Lincoln, Ne
9/07 Columbia, Sc	9/20 Denver, Co
9/08 Raleigh, Nc	9/21 Salt Lake City, Ut
9/09 Richmond, Va	9/22 Reno, Nv
9/10 Washington, DC	9/23-9/24 California, tba

See www.ontherag.net for tour info
www.mp3.com/allornothinghc

CHECK YOUR LOCAL INDEPENDENT RECORD STORES!

* TRASH CITY RECORDS * HEADLINE RECORDS *
* ARON'S RECORDS * BIONIC RECORDS *
* SOUNDS LIKE RECORDS * DR. STRANGE RECORDS *
AND MORE!

ON THE RAG RECORDS
P.O. Box 251 Norco, CA 92860-025
(909) 273-1402 or www.ontherag.n



ALSO AVAILABLE:
FREE VERSE *Inventing An Archetype* 6-song CD
SKINJOBS *Burn Your Rainbow* CD
AND I CAN'T WAIT *Hardcore Justice* 7"
FAGATRON s/t CD/LP

For ordering information, wholesale rates, and for our full distro catalog, please visit our web site.

AGITPROP! RECORDS | BOSTON
P.O. Box 748 Hanover Massachusetts 02339 USA www.agitproprecords.com

THIRD PARTY

TPR012 Bridging Oceans International SXE Comp 10" with, THINKING STRAIGHT (Indonesia), BAD BUSINESS (USA), HOLDxTRUE (Hungary), ON ALERT (USA), FxPxO (Macedonia), THE GEEKS (South Korea), and LETS GROW (Yugoslavia).

TPR011 Far From Breaking 'Made My Choice' 7" Old school hardcore influenced by Atari and Chain of Strength. 7" on Youngblood soon!

TPR010 No Time Left 'Zero Effort Solution' CDEP Positive lyrics, blazing fast parts, and thunderous 70's rock breakdowns.

10"'s $8.00 US/$10.00 World

7"/CDEP's $5.00 US/$6.00 WORLD

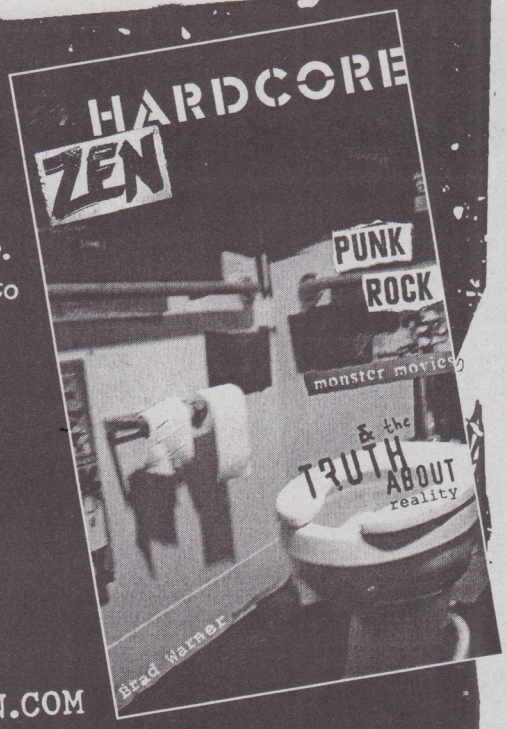
Cash, MO's, or Paypal only! NO CHECKS!
Make MO's out to Nick Baran NOT Third Party.

thirdxparty@hotmail.com

Nick Baran/Third Party
21 Nancy Lane
Amherst, New York 14228
USA

Drop an e-mail or send an SASE for a complete distro list of hundreds of fast, DIY, international hardcore bands.

"My teacher, Gudo Nishijima, is like a force of nature. There were times he seemed to be baiting the audience to come after him, sort of like **GG Allin** used to do. But Nishijima was **way** more dangerous than old GG."
— Brad Warner, from Hardcore Zen



QUESTION Reality

Hardcore Zen:
Punk Rock, Monster Movies,
and the Truth About Reality
Brad Warner
224 pages, ISBN 0-86171-380-X, $14.95

CHECK IT OUT AND ORDER YOUR COPY AT WWW.HARDCOREZEN.COM

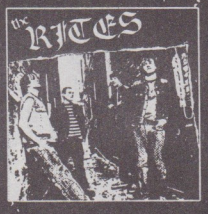
Wisdom Publications 199 Elm Street, Somerville, MA 02144
1-800 272-4050

www.burnburnburn.com
www.cloroxgirls.com
T:$3 ppd from Jonny Cat Records
po box 82428 Portland oregon
97282 USA

On US tour together Sept/Oct '03 check
www.HolyGhostrevival.com for dates

DEADALIVE

IF IT AINT [redacted] IT AINT WORTH A FUCK



THE RITES
SELF TITLED 12"/CD

FAST AND HARD WITH A BAD ATTITUDE. MEMBERS OF TEAR IT UP AND DOWN IN FLAMES. 12" HAS 10 SONGS. CD CONTAINS THEIR DEBUT 7" AND EXTRA LIVE GARBAGE.

THINK I CARE
SELF TITLED LP/CD

HEAVY, RAW, AND NASTY HARDCORE WITH SICK VOCALS. SIMILAR TO D.Y.S INFEST, AND EARLY NYHC. COVER ART BY JEFF BECKMAN OF THE BAND HAYMAKER. 10 SONGS.

ANNIHILATION TIME
SELF TITLED 12"/CD

MANIACAL AND HEAVY PUNK ROCK TAKING THEIR CUES FROM BL'AST! AND MID-ERA BLACK FLAG. TOTALLY AGGRO. COVER ART BY RAYMOND PETTIBON. YES, REALLY.

DRAGNET
WE'RE ALL CUTTHROATS LP/CD

PISSED HARDCORE INFLUENCED BY LATE '80S NY AND EARLY 80'S BOSTON BANDS BUT WITH A MORE MODERN SOUND. GUEST VOCALS BY DAVE WEINBURG OF THE SUICIDE FILE.

RECORDS AND CDS FROM TEAR IT UP, CITIZENS ARREST, SELFISH , VICTIMS, STRAIGHT TO HELL, BORN DEAD ICONS, R'N'R, SUICIDE PARTY, AND MUSTANG STILL AVAILABLE.

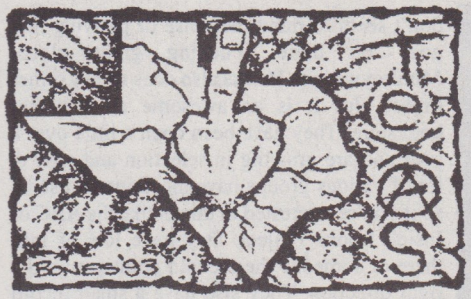
NEW RECORDS AND CDS FROM THE PROWL, STRAIGHT TO HELL, R'N'R, ANNIHILATION TIME, TORNADO OF KNIVES, FULL SPEED AHEAD, THE SEX MANIACS, AND MANY MORE COMING SOON.

DEADALIVE RECORDS ARE DISTRIBUTED BY EBULLITION & AVAILABLE WHEREVER THEY SELL CIGARETTES TO YOUNG CHILDREN.

WE ALSO HAVE A CATALOG OF OVER 1000 ITEMS FROM ALL THE BEST HARDCORE, PUNK, AND FUCKED UP ROCK LABELS. PRANK, HAVOC, DERANGED, TEE PEE, BRIDGE 9, INDECISION, SOUND POLLUTION, LEVEL PLANE, TAANG, SST, SOUTHERN LORD, LIFE IS ABUSE, HARDCORE HOLOCAUST, 625, PARTNERS IN CRIME, ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES, RELAPSE, COALITION, GLOOM, ET CETERA. ALL AVAILABLE ON OUR WEBSITE FOR CONVENIENT ONLINE ORDERING. CHEAP AND EASY. GO CHECK IT OUT. COOL? COOL.

DEADALIVE RECORDS PO BOX 42593 PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101 USA
WWW.DEADALIVERECORDS.COM

scene reports



Does anyone still even read scene reports?? I haven't seen one for Austin in years so it is about time someone got around to doing one. Sorry if this seems incomplete but any complaints can be put into the "should have done it yourself then" department. Soooo...

A few months ago **WORLD BURNS TO DEATH** did a short Texas tour with Spazm 151 and Inepsy (What, you didn't see them? Shame on you!) Spazm backed out of the last couple of shows, but all around the gigs were great. Kids from all over the state came to see them, and even a few East Coasters decided Japan was just too far this time and came to the next best place for over the top hardcore. WB2D just came back from Brazil as well. They said the shows were great there and lots of good bands played... By Craig, Zach, and Jack standards, things didn't get too out of control while there, besides being on MTV Brazil. A while back, they recorded new material for some 7-inches that are trickling out, such as the Sick Terror split for the tour, a new Prank 7-inch, and another for Fight/Hardcore Holocaust. All of the stuff is awesome—if you haven't heard them but like anything from Lama to Warhead, then check them out. I don't know if they will ever do a proper US tour, if only because of some medical complications of one of the guys. I also don't know when they're going to get together again, since one of them lives in another state, but rumors say August, so maybe there will be more recorded material for you kids then.

Long-running project band **SEVERED HEAD OF STATE** played a handful of shows here way back in September and also recorded a new LP, which is finally out. Awesome Swedish-influenced hardcore that takes a more morbid/gloomy approach to things this time around. Right now they are overseas doing a mega tour of some 67 shows in 70 days or something like that. From what they say it's going great, and if memory serves me correctly, they may record new stuff while there. I hope all of the shows there are as good as the September shows were here. I believe everyone knows about SHOS by now, so I won't go into more details about them.

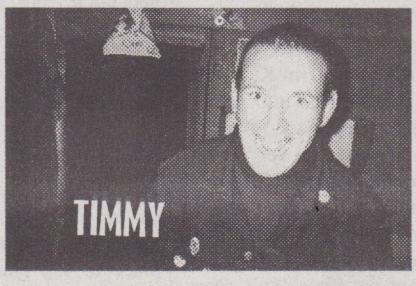
Local and California crusty favorites **S'BITCH** are back to playing a lot again after a brief rest from last year's tour. They went through a line-up shuffle or two, but since October have been playing relentlessly and getting better every time I see them. They have a split 7-inch that's out of print and an LP that should be re-pressed sometime in the near future. They plan on recording again and having a new record of some format out by the upcoming fall. This summer they are doing another Mexico tour and later another US tour. Also Cvok from S'Bitch is doing a video fanzine and documentary of their tour. The fanzine should be done soon and will have a bunch of local bands on it. In the meantime, go see them and party Texas style!

Run out of the same house as WB2D and SHOS is **STORM THE TOWER**. Besides location and a shared member of SHOS, they don't have much in common musically. Storm the Tower plays a great mix of melodic hardcore sorta like the more innovative stuff on Bluurg Records in the 80s and DC hardcore

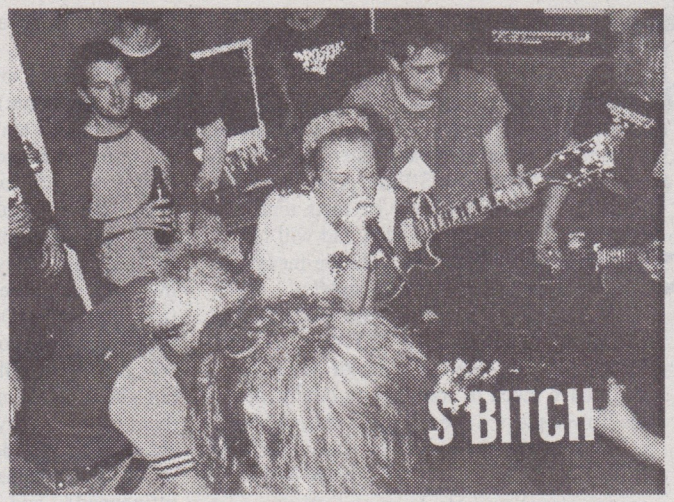
(but much better then those crying shoegazers). The first press of their 7-inch went up in smoke but has already been repressed on Honey Bear (the same label that put it out originally). Before Chris left for Europe they recorded for a split LP with J Church and the new stuff is smoking (no pun). Plus, you can't go wrong with an Instigators cover...kinda makes you wanna sing along and stare at the ceiling. Live they are damn good and their singer Mark even survived licking the floor at Juke and Nunez's place (words can not describe what sort of blasphemy and such has occurred upon that blasted floor...ewww). Also, a summer tour is in store for them with J Church whenever SHOS makes it back (will they make it back from the Middle East Combat Area?) Along with S'Bitch, Storm the Tower make up the backbone of shows here and both seem to always be playing one week or another.

OK, now for everyone else (who are equally important) who play around Austin, and although I am not too exact on what they are doing, here goes.... **SPAZM 151** are not really an Austin band but James lives here and Dallas doesn't really count for anything anyways, so I guess that's reason enough for me to include them. They are supposed to be recording again since their guitar player moved back from Portland. Definitely one of the most underrated bands of today and I think that in a few years kids will be slapping themselves for not checking them out. If you haven't heard them yet, they play killer steamroller hardcore ala early Poison Idea (but not totally derivative like all of the bands claiming to be old hardcore influenced) and are intense live. The **BULEMICS** are not bad if you're into "sleazy rock n roll." Buy The Count some drugs and beer if they ever play in your town. **BLACK STAR BRIGADE** is another band I have only seen a couple of times and like The Bulemics, thay have a member in WB2D but don't sound like them. Formerly CHOKE ON THIS, now **COLD ERA** hails from Dallas but has relocated here and has a mixture of styles going on. They have a 7-inch out now, plus their drummer is the new drummer for S'Bitch, so they play together quite often.

FUCK WORK (ex Meadowlark/ Scorched Earth Policy) gets my vote for the unluckiest band in Austin. A few months ago some members were involved in a car accident that left scars, medical bills, and almost the loss of all of their equipment... Nevertheless, they are playing out again and have recorded for a split LP with Oklahoma's Shackles Await. Fuck Work are a little bit on the metal side of things but that shouldn't stop "purists" from enjoying them. **J CHURCH** have begun anew here with people from various other bands plus good old Lance. Lance seems to have pretty bad luck as well, with his health and the fire in his apartment last year. As mentioned above, they are doing a split LP with Storm the Tower that should be out soon on Broken Rekids, and both bands are touring together this summer. Do I really need to describe J Church, other than that they have a 15-minute opus now in their set?



DFI (Dave from J Church) is on Lance's label, Honey Bear, but I have yet to see him live. I hear he plays a lot of solos, though. The **STRAP-ONZ** and The **KRUMBUMS** are the local spiky-hair punkers but much better than most of the typical bands of that genre, plus they actually have something to say. They're great guys as well. Strap-onz has some new



vinyl out on Charged Records and is touring right now. To me they sound oddly enough like early Youth Brigade, though with mohawks, chains, brass knuckles, and coke mirrors. The Krumbums are pretty lively to see and great guys to boot. They should be back from tour by now and have some vinyl coming out real soon.

The **OFFENDERS** are back together after forever and started off with the original vinyl line-up, but after JJ got arrested on drug charges they now have some new guy singing for them. They asked James from Spazm 151, but he declined. They really only play Emo's here and I am sure you can guess what a new singer sounds like, so I don't need to tell you what I think, though everyone else here seems to enjoy them still. **VERBAL ABUSE** are back from the dead as well. I had the pleasure of seeing them once and they were

lively and sounded great. Last I heard, Nikki is trying to get a side band together, so that's awesome. Both the Offenders and Verbal Abuse have had their records reissued so they shouldn't be that hard to find now.

TOTAL SOUND DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE have eluded me every time I have tried to see them (last time Tim Kerr, ex-Big Boys, broke his leg two songs into it and we came as he was being carried away) though people say they are damn good and very energetic live despite them being pretty old guys. The **PUNKAROOS** win the most Cthuluawful name in town and are ex-Dicks (they even use a bastardization of the Dicks logo). I had high hopes for them but they don't even make a decent attempt at a punk band... Awful, awful, awful, but they have a CD out and play some clubs here if you like annoying vocals and wanna rehash some idea of the Dicks.

The **DIRTY SWEETS** are damn good and have a record or two out. They play 70s-styled punk rock that isn't lame retro crude. The **RITCHIE WHITES** deserve mention as well and play lots of bars/clubs. And finally, some of those kids from the Snobs have new bands such as **RED DYE #4, THINK AGAIN,** and **ADOLESCENT WASTE,** but anyone who thought shows here were full of young budding punks with old Dischord shirts on will be sadly disappointed since I have yet to see just about any of them at shows anymore, so go figure (maybe they progressed into bad "revolution summer" stuff like their heroes from DC).

Unfortunately, there really isn't any set DIY show space here, but despite that, there never seems to be a lack of places for shows. Sacred Cup is my favorite place and has done a lot of shows. They have good vegan food, some of the best coffee in Austin and a friendly staff. I don't know the current standing with them continuing to do shows since some fuckheads decided to "tag" the front door (Where did this shit enter the scene from anyway? Save it for the hiphop shows, assholes!) and numerous other problems. Either way everyone there deserves a big thanks for putting up with the shit, especially since they don't even take a cut of the door or even like the music! It's really too bad how some people have to fuck things up for all of us. **Casa De Juke y Nunez** is hands down the most fun and most over-the-top place to see bands. Alone I have seen food fights, some drunk hillbilly called "The Hammer" solicit sex from minor fashion punx, then piss all over himself, and so much other stuff it's hard to pick and choose. Neighbors don't seem to mind the noise or partying that goes on there. Fucking great place! **Monkeywrench Books** also does shows sometimes, plus it is an awesome all-volunteer bookstore. They have been open a little over a year and are growing in selection and size. A lot of various groups have meetings and such, so if you're interested in things like the ABC or Inside Books Project, they have lots of info there or someone there could point you in the right direction. They also have a small record selection, zines, and even a zine library as well. **Emo's**, well, you can get the paper on the streets and see what's going on there... mostly prick bouncers and they charge under-agers more (usually twice the regular at the door). **Chicken Wire Ranch** did mainly benefit shows but still always had a lot of things going on... too bad, I hear they have some legal problems and now there are benefit shows being held for them. I hope everything gets worked out for them since they are great people. **Beerland** holds mostly garage rock shows. The last worthy place of mention is **Ed's Cucaracha**, which is a new bar on 6th. They cater mostly to the punkers and other deviants and it is the only place I have seen deny entry to frat boys, which is great in itself. Every now and then they have shows and the amazing Jim Bradford DJ's on Friday nights. Jim plays a whole mess of stuff from Morning Crescent to typical Discharge, Clash and everything in between, so checking out his stuff is always a plus.

After 20 something years running, **Sound Exchange** had to close its doors. There aren't too many places to get vinyl here now. It really is too bad that their rent kept rising and the owner was an asshole to the man who ran the place, because the place was *great*! The Big Boys, Dicks, and shitloads of bands played there and they always had cheap non-eBay priced vinyl. Oh well, like all great things, it came to an end in January. There was talk of a big store show to end it but everyone got fed up and quit early on. **33 Degrees** and **Donkey Records** both have a semi-decent selection of stuff. 33 Degrees is horrid to go to because they're always playing mostly bad techno/emo crap and they're overpriced ($4.50 or such for new local 7-inches, $18.00 for some LPs). Donkey, on the other hand, has lots of skateboard stuff, and now and then someone's decent record collection ends up there. It is small but located right next to Monkeywrench Books, so check them both out. Also, **Waterloo Records** was voted one of the top record stores in the US, but I don't see why. My greatest find there was a Septic Death boot LP (the new one limited to 100). They have the same new releases everyone has and used LPs as well. Jug from Storm the Tower is going to be opening a store in the fall and from the look of his inventory list so far it should be pretty damn good, something for us all to look forward to.

Ahh what else, what else? I cannot go

without mentioning **Java Noodles,** the best restaurant in Austin and I'm sure lots of touring bands (basically whoever stays at the Mind Control dome) can attest to its greatness. There are really a lot of awesome places to eat and it is well known that Austin people love to eat and eat and party till noon! Next time I will have more places to check out eating-wise for sure. Lots of different groups here frequent different places so I will try to get everyone's favorites.

OK, I am sick of re-writing this thing and it needs to get out soon. Most of this will be outdated by the time it hits the streets anyway, but here are some final additions and up to date info. 1. **KEGCHARGE** is a party band doing Discharge-styled hardcore, and basically they're the old WB2D lineup minus Jack and Craig. **SIGNAL LOST** are about to debut and play awesome peace punk-styled stuff along the lines of Lost Cherrees or Icons AD, but are much better and feature people from Storm the Tower and Deathreat. There are some others that I haven't seen yet with people from S'bitch and Fuck Work. 2. The address to Juke's place is 1127 Walton. Dial 512-FUN-SPIT whenever you're in town to get the directions you need. 3. Sorry I don't have any emails or addresses, it's far too much work for me to endure. 4. Lots of people do booking down here and are really good, besides one. I hate to even allow his filthy name to be print but after much debate I guess it is best to warn bands coming through. "Posi Rich" or "Straight Edge Rich" or whatever clever name he uses is one of the worst promoters I have ever seen *ever*! Here's a brief list of things he's famous for: never flyering shows even though he has had months to do so, trying to leave with the door money or not collecting door money at all, leaving bands to find their own place to stay, telling bands he has a show for them, knowing that he doesn't and then trying to tack them onto other peoples gigs at the last minute and ending up with an eight-band fest which basically leaves everyone involved without gas money or any money at all for that matter, aggravating the shit out of people who let us do shows so they never want to deal with anyone ever again, trying to muscle his way onto gigs then tells bands that they can't use their own equipment... Needless to say I do not wish this guy on the worst of enemies and hopefully this will bring to light and deter people from going through him and getting fucked. 5. And finally, I forgot to mention ***Snakepit*** zine, which is a really neat comic of Ben White's life around here, which is pretty interesting after you read a whole issue. I highly recommend it, plus he's a nice guy. You can reach him at PO Box 49447, Austin, TX 78765 6. "The Prince" Barney, we love you.

OK, that's it for these few months. Next time I will have more "proper" information on everyone. Have a nice day now...

Mike Robinson, PO Box 9282,
Austin, TX 78766

Hello there. It's me, Hisham, from **Uglysmokers Tapes** in Malaysia, writing some news from here (it's not complete). Here we have lots of cool and active bands for you, worth checking out. I'll start with bands first.

MASS SEPARATION (mass_separation@ hotmail.com) is a thrashcore/grind band that comes from Selangor, and they already have lots of stuff coming up, like a split 7" with Kontrovers (Sweden), Dreg Of Humanity (Australia), and the *Tak mau lagi* 7". MxS is the most active band in Malaysia. Their guitarist also does a label called **Voice Production Asia Records.**

PARKINSON (brokenvision@hotmail.com) is another cool crust-grind band in the south of Malaysia, and they also do lots of split tape/CDs. The singer also does a label called **Broken Noise Records,** with lots of releases from the Asian, especially from the Malaysian, HC/punk scene.

SECOND COMBAT (karatekid88@ hotmail.com) is the oldest sXe old school HC band, and a quite famous band from Malaysia—they started in 1995-96? and were active playing local gigs but were to slow to make material till now. They already have one CDR EP and several compilation tapes and CDs.

CHANNEL-X is also a sXe old school HC band, featuring Second Combat members, and already has one demo tape.

NYI-BLORONG (cactusdistro@yahoo.com) is a new school HC band that already has one professionally made demo CDR that gets them lots of positive feedback.

SELFMADEGOD (uglysmokecore @hotmail.com) is a harsh grindcore band ala Patareni and Unholy Grave—it's my band. We already have one demo tape, one demo CDR, and several compilations. And soon we will do a split with SECRECT 7 (Singapore) AFFL (Indonesia), and Hate Corrision (Brazil).

JERITAN SEPI (jeritanxsepi@hotmail.com) is another cool noisy thrashcore band from the south coast of Malaysia. They already have one CDR demo, and coming up is a three-way split tape on Broken Noise Records,

FAST GAME (fxgxhc@yahoo.com) is a long-running thrash-hardcore band from Kuala Lumpur. They are quite active playing local gigs and already have one demo tape and a six-way split CD with lots of international hardcore bands. Soon they-will do a split with No Value (Japan) and a 7" on 625 thrashcore?

BANZAI 606 (dis_armament@hotmail.com) is another hardcore-grind band from my hometown—they have an EP tape on Broken Noise Records, an eight-way split CD on Rottenness Records (Brazil), and a full-length EP tape coming up?

DAMOKIS (damokis@slayerized.com) is grindcore/death from Johor, and I tell you, this band totally crazy live, especially the vocalist. They already have one demo tape out and one split CD with Argon, and soon they will put out a self-titled 3" CD.

ARGON (argon.hybb@time.net) is metallic death/grind, also from Johore. They have one EP and one split with DAMOKIS.

MELARAT (haluankiri@hotmail.com) is crusty HC/punk from a historic city in Malaysia call Malacca. They have a split tape with Opprobrium Adornment (RIP: grindcore) and as I heard in the latest news about them, they already split up by now?

RECONSTRUCT (reconstruct_ad @time.net.my) is brutal crustcore, also from Johore, and has a demo, an EP tape, a split tape, and a split CD with Atret (RIP: crusty punk from Indonesia).

A-ROSE (kolatis@hotmail.com) are a new band and they totally kick ass—thrashing HC/punk with political lyrics, and they already put out a split tape with hometown band RECONSTRUCT.

CHRONICAL SYNDROM (gorembau@yahoo.com) is crust/grind from Negeri Sembilan, with one demo tape out.

NOSTALGIA (sxeangah@hotmail.com) is cool old school hardcore with lots of punk rock riffs in their songs, and as far as I know they already put out two EP tapes and quite active in local gigs.

DIRTY DOGS are the oldest Dis-core band from here, with two demos, one EP tape (killer), and the latest one, after two years of silence they're out with a full-length CD on Broken Noise Records. **DISGARCE** is a killer D-beat band from my hometown, already out with a split DIY tape with PENGHAPUS (RIP: raw punk) on Uglysmokers Tapes.

KASIH SAYANG (drsa 76@yahoo.com) is mince-punk from the west coast, called Terengganu, and has a split tape with DickHead (D-beat crust from Indonesia) and Autonomia (Peru HC/punk), and another three-way split tape on the way with locals JERITAN SEPI and CHENTA TIADA RESTU.

SHARON STONED (anodeadro@yahoo.com) is a cool thrash-hardcore band with two vocalists and a quite nice name too—they've already done a super cool CDR demo and a patch, and remind me of old, late 80s US HC bands.

CHENTA TIADA RESTU (chentatiadarestu@ ikhlas.com) is another cool band, with three vocalists—they play crust + emo? I don't know how to describe it. Also, they have a demo CDR and a three-way split with a local band.

RAVAGE is a mince-core band ala old Agathocles, and has one demo tape and a three-way split CD benefit for Food Not Bombs with Comrades and Agathocles.

APPARATUS (apparatus_asfukk @yahoo.se) is a fast dis-punk band that reminds me lots of Swedish bands like Mob 47 and the like. They already have the *Total Mangel Product* demo '03 out and have projects coming up, like a split CD with DisSystema (D-beat band from the US) and a 7" with Wojczech (Germany).

DEAD SYMPHONY (deadsymphony@hater.zzn.com) is an emo-violence band from Shah Alam—they released an EP tape on Sangsara Records and there's no news about them after that.

DISGRUNTLED (biteyourass@ hotmail.com) are a most active HC/punk band — they already put out one demo tape, a three-way split tape, a split tape/CDR with FIXATIVE, and a split CDR with Brain Ghetto (Belarus HC/punk). Keep in touch with them.

INFLICT (Inflict_hc@yahoo.com) is an old school hardcore band from Johore— they have been on several compilations, a split tape, and the *Highcastle Hardcore...at Last!* CDR.

FIXATIVE is totally harsh crusty noisy grind from Malacca. They have a demo tape and a split tape/CDR with DISGRUNTLED.

PERPERTUAL (zamgrind@hotmail.com) is an active grindcore band from Sabah with two demo tapes and several split tapes with MDK (Brazil) Psychoneurosis (Spain), and lots of cool bands I don't know the names of or who haven't released any material till now, and lots of bands that already disbanded too.

OK, now we go to labels and distros. First we got **Sangsara Records** (sangsara _recs@yahoo.com). They are the biggest distribution in Malaysia and also have a record shop in Kuala Lumpur. They have released or re-released eight tapes so far, like ANTI CIMEX, PLUTOCRACY, STALINGRAD, and lots more. Soon their sub-label, called **Life on the Edge Records** (dnc_collective@yahoo.com), will put out new CD of COUNTERBLAST as a co-op with Putrid Filth from Sweden, and lots of other stuff.

The next one is **Broken Noise Records** (brokenvision@hotmail.com), the most active label, who has released lots of Malaysian / Indonesia Bands on tapes or CD, like ARGON, BANZAI 606, PARKINSON, and lots more.

Cactus Records (cactusdistro@ yahoo.com) is a new record label and has put out two tapes—a KOBAYASHI tape and an OPRROBRIUM ADORNMENT / MELARAT split tape, and soon, a SUNRISE tape and lots more.

Uungreatful Bastards Records is the label of Mass Separation's drummer. It has put out a VOLITION / ENDLESS STRUGGLE split tape, an ULCERRHOEA tape, a CEREBRAL TURBULENCY tape, and has lots of shit coming up.

Disarmament Records (dis_armament@hotmail.com) put out an ATRET tape and a BRODY'S MILITIA tape

Aspirasi Records is a HC label, and put out a NOSTALGIA tape.

Black Seed Records (Blacxseeds@ hotmail.com) is more into HC/punk releases, and already released a BEYOND DESCRIPTION tape, two DEFIANCE tapes, and more.

Embrace Records (sahaembrace@ hotmail.com) is also a HC label, and put out a SEEIN' RED tape, *Against Sexism/Racism* comp tape, and a PETROGRAD CDR.

Noisekontrol Records (noisekontrol@ hotmail.com) is a DIY tape label with six releases: GANG UP ON AGAINST tapes, a SELFMADEGOD demo, and lots more.

ASAS Distro (asas@excite.com) is another old label from here, with four releases: a FSF tape, THE BOLLOCK tape, a CODE 13 tape and a DS-13 Asian tape.

Roots Records (stoor_nid@ yahoo.com) is a new label, and already put out a three-way split between KASIH SAYANG / CHENTA TIADA RESTU / JERITAN SEPI. The owner does a zine called *Roots* too.

Youth Crime Records (youth XXXcrew@hotmail.com) is new hardcore label run by Sharon Stoned members that just put out a CDR.

Pissart Records (biteyourass@hotmail.com) is a punk rock label that put out all the Disgruntled releases.

Karatecore Records (porchell_99@ yahoo.com) already put two releases—the INNERFALL tape and a DS-13 tape, and soon, a VITAMIN X tape with Uglysmokers Tapes.

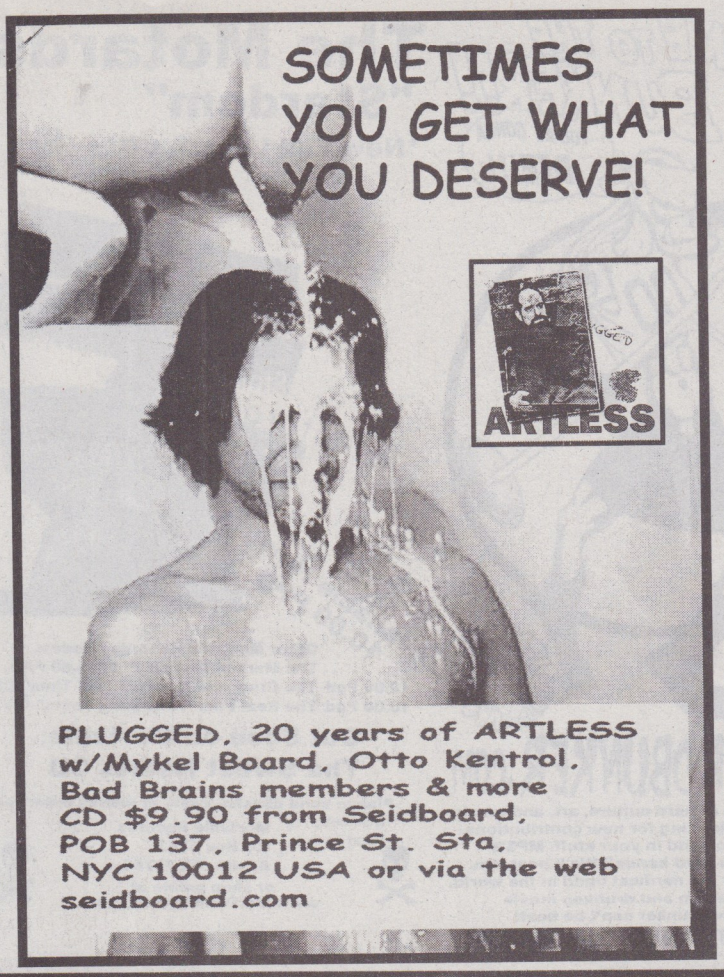
Propamedia Records (propamedia@hotmail.com) is run by the Fast Game and Mass Separation vocalist, who put out THE OATH tape and some other stuff before now.

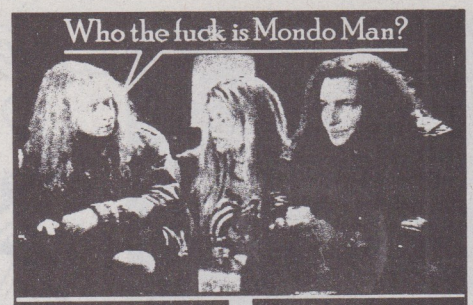
Dratsab Records (kamal_ishak@hotmail.com) released a DREAD 101 tape and a WOJCZECH CD, and my label, called **Uglysmokers Tapes** (uglysmokecore@hotmail.com), released an EXTREME DECAY tape, a DISGRACE / PENGHAPUS split tape, an ANJING TANAH EP CDR and an INFEST *Voice Your Opinion* tape, and soon will put out three other releases: VITAMIN X, HEWHOCORRUPTS, VERGE ON REASON, and an AXT demo.

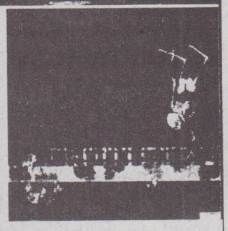
We have lots of zines—I'll just write about few English zines, only because 80% of the zine scene here writes in the native language. Here are few zines in English—***Detention*** (Hanoi_grind@hotmail.com) already put out four issues and covers worldwide HC/punk, ***Embrace*** (sahaembrace@hotmail.com) is a sXe zine with eight issues out now, ***Own Control*** is based on extreme hardcore and has put seven issues out, ***Free From Penury*** (cactusdistro@yahoo.com) covers more of the international scene, and has two issues out—the editor has also done another cool hardcore zine called ***Airtight Container*** and has put one issue out, ***Sober*** is a new zine and co-op with lots of sXe HC people, and has put out one issue so far, ***A Dream Zine*** (statecontrol@hotmail.com) is an art and info zine, with two issues out, and my zine, called ***Uglysmokecore Newsletters*** (uglysmokers@ hotmail.com) is an extreme hardcore/grindcore info zine, and has put two issues out—issue #3 will be out *very* soon...and there are lots more cool zines, like Ganyang, DRSA, and tons of other good and shitty newsletters.

I'm so sorry to not put any addresses, just emails, and for some listings I also didn't have any info about their email/address. Also, I didn't include any bands that don't already have some material out (sorry), because I don't have the latest news about them, but email or send me a letter if you want their addresses; I'll find them for you! Soon I'll report lots of news from here, from bands, label, zines, and DIY activities in Malaysia. Anybody who wants to keep in touch for new releases from my label Uglysmokers Tapes, SelfMadeGod, and *Uglysmokecore Newsletters,* don't hesitate to contact me. I'm still looking for new friends worldwide for trades or whatever. That's all from me—enjoy what I wrote here and let the grinding continue!

Hisham, No 4, Jalan 24/29, Section 24, 40300, Shah Alam, Selangor De, Malaysia
uglysmokecore@hotmail.com







ABANDON ALL HOPE

(New Mexico melodic metalcore)

FRONTSIDE

(Chicago moshy metalcore)

SPLIT SEVEN INCH

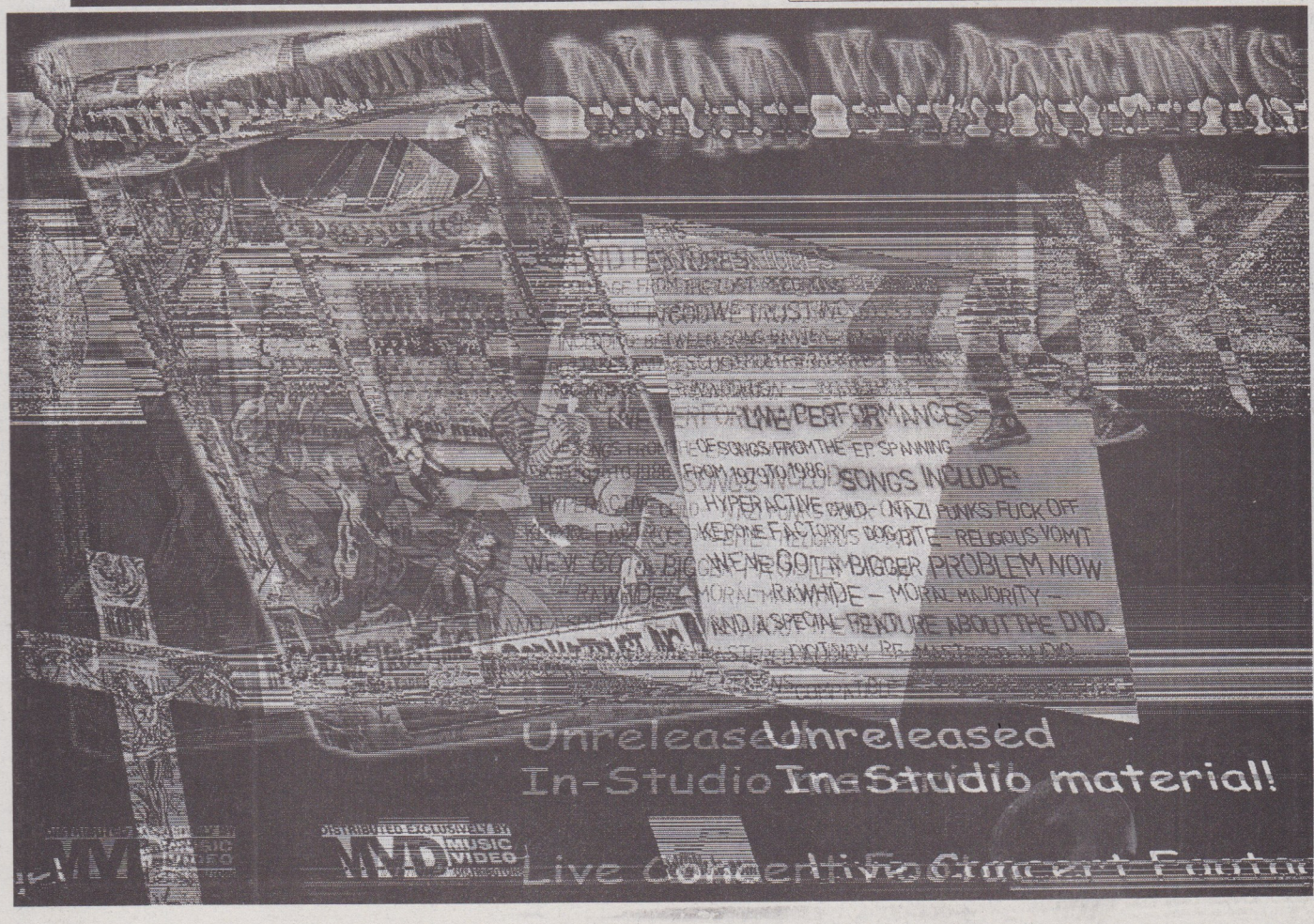
$5 ppd (U.S.) $6 ppd (world)

first 100 orders get clear vinyl

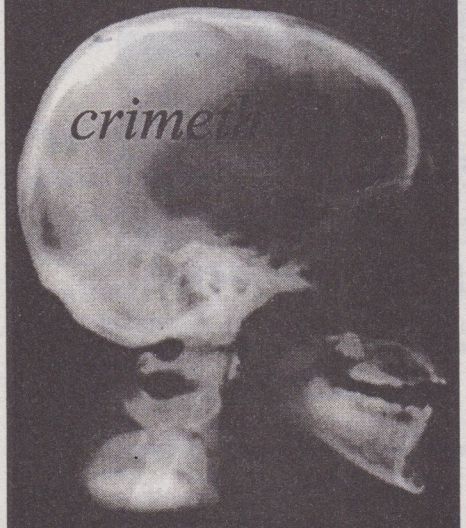
Make money order payable to Grant McKee

Mondo Man Records
833 W Buena Ave Apt 2103
Chicago, IL 60613

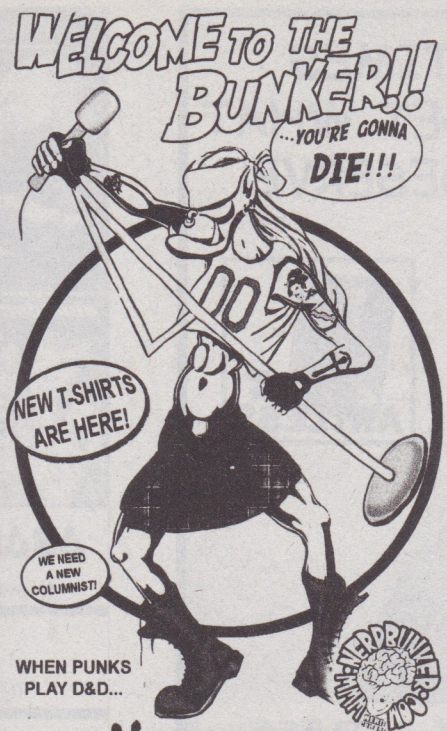
www.angelfire.com/jazz/mondomanrecords



t-shirts that will make your parents cry.



CRIMETHINK-STUDIOS.NET



www.NERDBUNKER.com

A new online zine of nerd culture, art, and music. We are always looking for new contributions to the site, so send in your stuff. MP3's from any of you nerd bands? We'll post 'em. Still searching for the nerdiest band in the world. For nerd fashion and drunken movie reviews, the Bunker can't be beat!

P.O. BOX 7888 SANTA CRUZ, CA 95061

The Motards

"Stardom"

New Full Length CD

Available Now!! 10.00 PPD

Other Mortville Records releaes:
The Marked Men s/t 7" EP 4.00 PPD
10.00 Ppd The Cruel and Unusual "Kill Time" CD
10.00 Ppd The Real Pills "Nine Long Years" CD

Out Soon on Mortville:
The Sweet Hearts CD

Please send checks, cash, or money order to:
Distribution by Road To Ruin
Mortville Records
P.O Box 4263
Austin, TX 78765
or shop online at
www.MortvilleRecords.com

Kid Dynamite
Cheap Shots, Youth Anthems CD / DVD
Out 9.16.03 | Pre-order Now!

Paint it Black
CVA LP/CD
Out Now! | Members of Kid Dynamite, Lifetime, and Good Riddance
www.paintitblack.org

Strike Anywhere
Exit English LP/CD
Out 9.30.03 | Pre-order Now!
www.strikeanywhere.org

These Arms Are Snakes
This is Meant to Hurt You CD EP Out Now!
Members of Botch, Kill Sadie, NineIronSpitfire
www.thesearmsaresnakes.com

JADE TREE

Order online at JadeTree.com

never before available on cd until now

PUBLIC SERVICE

featuring bad religion,rf7,
circle one,red cross,
disability

OUT NOW!

Torcha Shed
"nihilism on the prowl" 7"

Neon Maniacs
"scainamnoen" 7"
(ltd to 300 2 different screened covers)

Put-Ons
"jack kevorkian" 7"

Thretning Verse
"time for war" 7"

still available from puke n vomit

Aborted/Justified Anger "split" 7"
League Of Struggle "nature of the pig" 7"
Neon Maniacs "rip em up" 7"
Aborted "mushroom sunset" 7"
Justified Anger "Gas Hikes" 7"
Aborted "Product of an...." cd
Aborted "Wolfdog" 7"
(ltd 300 screened covers)

send $1 for full mailorder catalog.

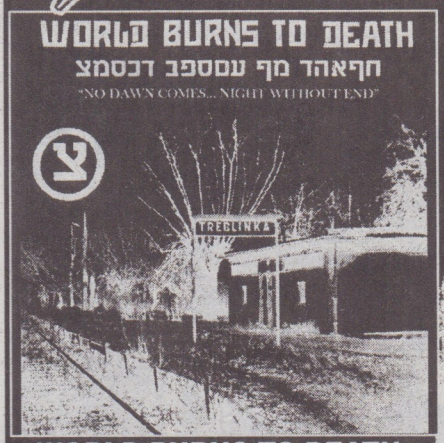
puke n vomit
po box 3435
fullerton, ca 92834

distributed by road to ruin

pukenvomit.cjb.net
pukenvomit@hotmail.com

hardcore holocaust

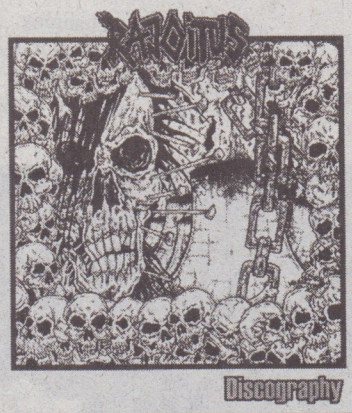
NEW RELEASES



WORLD BURNS TO DEATH
"No Dawn Comes... Night Without End" 7" EP

4 new tracks recorded after their LP. Fucking steamroller hc punk with heavy influence taken from Japan and Scandinavia. Mailorder gets limited color vinyl.

For our other releases and news, including the 1200+ item mailorder list, check out our website



RAJOITUS "Discography" CD

Furious hyper speed Finn-Core attack from 80's worshiping Swedes! A complete alcohol fueled nihilistic wave of destruction! Imagine the best of early Finnish hardcore filtered thru the meanest Sweden has to offer, and you come close to RAJOITUS. This is a 41 track collection compiling their "Hardcore Attack '95" 12" and 3x 7"EPs. 43:02 total running time. At first, multiple delays kept this release back, but now their "Hardcore Attack!" has finally gone digital! HARDCORE HOLOCAUST will release a new RAJOITUS full length sometime in 2003.
This CD comes with a 6 panel poster.

USA ppd: CD $8, 7"E.P. $4
Contact us for international rates or wholesale & trades.

orders@hardcoreholocaust.com
po box 26742, Richmond VA 23261 USA

WWW.HARDCOREHOLOCAUST.COM

I want to express my condolences to the friends and families of the three members of the **Exploding Hearts** who were killed July 20th in a shockingly tragic auto accident, while returning to Portland after a show here in San Francisco. I had the privilege of interviewing them for my fanzine, and found them to be extremely nice people. I attended their final show on the 17th, and hung out with their lead singer Adam for a while, and you simply couldn't meet a nicer guy.

Their performance blew me away. They were even more impressive than the records. I left the show with no doubt that I had seen a band that would become one of the best and most popular punk bands that America has ever produced. Sadly, a one in a million tragedy has robbed the punk community of three great people and a great band.

Mel Cheplowitz, editor of Shredding Paper

NONE MORE BLACK

THE LAST TIME JASON SHEVCHUK'S VOICE SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY ON A FULL-LENGTH RECORD WAS RIGHT AFTER THE UNTIMELY DEMISE OF PHILADELPHIA'S KID DYNAMITE. TO PUT IT RATHER BLUNTLY, THE GUY QUIT. PUSH SOME DRAMA ASIDE, AND HE'S GEARING UP FOR THE RELEASE OF YET ANOTHER FULL LENGTH, THIS TIME WITH HIS NEW BAND FROM THE GARDEN STATE. IT'S STILL HIS VOICE, WOAH-WOAH'S AND ALL, BUT NOW HE'S WIELDING A GUITAR AS WELL. AFTER THREE YEARS AND A VERY LONG AND TWISTED ROAD, JASON'S GOT IT UNDER CONTROL ONCE AGAIN, AS HE SHOWS US THE NOT-SO-DARK SIDE OF NONE MORE BLACK.

BY JEFFREY D. PELLY

MRR: So first, let's start from the beginning. Kid Dynamite breaks up, then what? Were you writing songs for your own project while doing time with them?

Jason: I had always just written songs anyway, just to write, you know. Never anything real serious, and then my roommate at the time, Dan Gross (who plays bass) and I were bored and we said, "Hey, let's just play songs in our living room." He wanted to play something, I had all these songs written, and so we just decided to mess around and practice and record some stuff. I had this program on my Mac that's a multi-track recording program similar to Pro Tools, and it started out as us just doing this experimental music with *Seinfeld* quotes. Then we talked to my friend Brandon Wallace about playing drums, and we started playing and getting excited. From that point, we decided to try to make it a band, but not make it a band that controlled our lives. It started out as a band that we had complete control over, similar to what Fugazi does, but then we realized we're not Fugazi and we couldn't do that because no one knew who we were. From there, it just evolved to different members, and then my brother joined, and he was serious about it.

MRR: Older or younger brother?

Jason: My older brother. He's 30 and I'm 26. More members started changing, and people started calling us for shows, people were interested in hearing it. I really really liked the songs, and I enjoyed the challenge of playing guitar and singing, and we said, "Let's just do it. Let's go for it, who cares what anyone says." So it wasn't like I quit Kid Dynamite to start this. There are two misconceptions. One is that I quit Kid Dynamite because I didn't want to play music anymore and I hated hardcore. And then there's the other one where I quit Kid Dynamite to start this band. Neither is true.

MRR: In reality it was because of school and your passion for film, right?

Jason: I came to a crossroads and I said to myself, "Music is always here, you can always come back to music, especially the level that I'm at, independent music, we do it ourselves." I had to finish school, and I knew that if Kid Dynamite had kept going, it would have been years before I would have even been able to go back to school. So I said, "You know what? I'm just going to go back and finish and try this

other passion in my life." I did it, and I don't regret it. I've been working for three years, mastering my craft. I've done a lot of work, I got my foot in the door where I have steady work, so when I come home from tours if I want to work, I can. We're in a position where we can make our own videos; we can do everything on our own. We can demo our own songs.

MRR: Because of what you've learned with both the audio and video work?

Jason: Exactly.

MRR: I heard you say that you'd never get the same chemistry together that you had with Kid Dynamite. Have you come close with None More Black? Obviously you have your brother, so you two must be on some kind of level.

Jason: Of course, it's getting there.

MRR: And the Paul from Kill Your Idols, he comes down from New York what, twice a week?

Jason: Yeah, it's a pretty big commitment. And our new drummer is from Syracuse. He comes down usually on weekends. But it will come to the point where he'll just come down the week before we tour or write songs. And we'll write or practice the set and go out. But the chemistry comes from playing live and touring. With Kid Dynamite, though, the chemistry was just so there. It really didn't dawn on me until we practiced for the reunions. Even though there may have been animosity toward me for leaving the band, which is understandable, I don't think that there was any hatred because I made a decision.

MRR: For yourself.

Jason: Yes, exactly. How could you hate your friend for making a decision? I love those guys, they taught me a lot, and without them, there'd be no None More Black. Without Yemin, there'd be no None More Black. Back to the whole chemistry thing though, you get it when you look at somebody when you're playing and you get that extra umph. It's almost there with None More Black, but with Kid Dynamite it was always there.

MRR: And what about the first show in Philadelphia? What was it, a year later?

Jason: October 2001 the seven-inch came out. So yes, it was a little over a year.

MRR: So a little over a year, and you're still in Philadelphia getting on stage again before all your peers. The mic is just standing there on stage, and you walk up to it with your guitar, and then what? Was it like clockwork, just getting up there and singing again?

Jason: No, because I had never played guitar and sung in front of people before. And I think there was an expectation. At that point, None More Black was not as cohesive of a band as it is now. We were still trying to find our songwriting niche. I didn't know what kind of songs I wanted to write, and I didn't find that out until at least a year later. It was way too premature to start playing—it was wrong. But now it's right. Now's the time to start doing shows.

MRR: The seven-inch came out, and there was a considerable amount of time between when I guess things started picking up for you guys.

Jason: We played one show with it, lost a drummer. Spent the next year looking for drummers, found one. Meanwhile, I was writing more and more songs. We picked six or seven songs, demoed them, sent them out to labels, and didn't get anything back. All of a sudden within a week, I had six labels calling me, and then it just steamrolled from there. Pretty much we demoed the only six songs we had tight and the labels called, and we agreed with Fat. Two weeks later, we demoed the rest of the record, and then we recorded the next month. So this was all in the past year. From November until now.

MRR: What made Fat stand out as the one?

Jason: A, their roster, I respect all the bands on their label. B, the genre of their label, compared to the other labels that were interested in, us fits us better. But we're going to stick out on any label we are on. We don't exactly fit in on Fat, but it's better. We defiantly don't fit in on Vagrant, we don't fit in on Drive Thru. Money wasn't an issue. We just wanted to put out a record fast. Fat, which is a completely independent label, was able to get everything done like this (snaps fingers), without any major label affiliation. Other labels were moving too slow. Fat Mike called me from his vacation in the Caribbean twice, they called when they said they were going to call, they did everything they said they were going to do, and we just said, "Let's do it," and we haven't regretted it.

MRR: You agree with Fat, everything is written, you're getting ready for your studio time, and you go down to Delaware, not realizing we were in for one of the worst winters yet.

Jason: It snowed off and on the whole time, but then we got that really big one, 20 inches. We had to sleep in the studio that night. It was only Jeff and me down there then, Paul was up with Kill Your Idols, and we sent our drummer home. Jeff was finishing up some leads and some feedback, and I was starting vocals. It was just cold and depressing. Our guitars were going out of tune all the time from opening the door to the studio.

MRR: But obviously, it didn't reflect in the songs, because it's an upbeat album so to speak.

Jason: Yeah.

MRR: What about choosing Nick Rotundo to engineer and produce? He was the drummer on the seven-inch, right?

Jason: Right. He helped us out a lot. A, he recorded the seven inch for free, because he played drums. B, he demoed our new material, the six songs that we sent out to labels, he hooked us up. I like Nick's work, and I wanted to give him a shot because I think he's very underrated. I knew that this was going to be a pretty decent-sized record for him, and it was a chance to get him some money. I think we owed it to him. And we all pretty much produced, we demoed everything before hand, so we already knew what we wanted to do. We gave him the production credit because he deserved it. He put in his input, he knows his shit. We could have easily put "Produced by None More Black and Nick Rotundo," but I always hate when bands do that. A producer is a producer, you know?

MRR: You guys started in Philadelphia, and obviously you're settled now in New Jersey. So in reading the lyrics, specifically in "Banned From Teen Arts," what is your overall vibe on city life nowadays?

Jason: Basically, I love Philadelphia. But the band practices in New Jersey. My parents were kind enough to let us build a space to practice. My brother and I bought a house in Jersey, but it wasn't ready to be moved into yet. So my parents let us build a studio / practice room in the basement. And just driving home to where I grew up brought back so many memories, because that's where I started playing music. And ever since I quit Kid Dynamite, I didn't do anything. I didn't leave my room, I didn't go out. I just thought that everyone was looking at me and laughing at me. I became real paranoid. So I said, "Screw it, I'm not going out to get drunk." People my age, the only thing they really want to do is go to bars. "Hey, you wanna go out?" "Ok, what do you wanna do?" "Let's go to Mom's." It's not my thing, you know? I'd rather sit at home and watch a movie and write songs. And for me, to be in this city, where all this stuff is around me, I just needed peace and quiet. When I would drive home to Jersey to practice, it was fresh air, the dogs; it was just a nice experience that brought back so many memories.

MRR: And what about the lyrics to "Risk Management" and having to clean the mud off of your name? You know how some kids in the scene are, and the fact that they might judge you before they even heard a chord from None More Black. Do you think you'll have to answer to critics, or have you thus far?

Jason: The lyrics will answer the critics. That song was written out of angst. It's been around for two and a half years. And it's just in angst of all the backlash from kids that I know called me a dick for quitting the band, called me names when they didn't even really know me, and saying, "What are you doing here? I thought you didn't like hardcore?" You know, when I'd show up to a show. These people never met me, they don't know me. They don't know my situation, and yet, they feel comfortable enough to call me names. That pissed me off enough to write that song.

MRR: And I'm sure your film background is going to play a big part in the video you're shooting for "Dinner's For Suckers."

Jason: We haven't done it yet, I'm still building all of the rooms. It's going to be live action mixed with animation. A lot of graphic composting and 3-D and 2-D rooms. It's about knocking down a fourth wall and the different levels of reality that are there that people just don't see. You only feel them when you're in a certain emotion. You know, what's beyond this point? Where else can I

go? That's what the video is going to be about. And Fat said, "What do you guys need? Do you need money?" And I said, "Nothing. We want to do it on our own. We're an independent band and I think videos are bullshit." Paying thousands and millions of dollars for a band performing or someone running down the street while a song is being played is dumb. There's actually going to be performance in our video but I'm into more style and content. I'm just going to sit at home once I do the live action, and just take it as it comes. I told the guys that there's going to be a performance piece in a room, but we're each going to have our own room, and we can have whatever we want in our room. And in my room I'm going to have grass, and all this organic stuff. The other guys are still thinking about their rooms, and it's just going to be a room of what we think about when we're alone, the kind of paranoia that runs though your head. It's a two-minute song, so it's just going to be real quick. A lot of camera movement, computer-generated stuff, all style. Fat's going to push it. It will be on our site, hopefully M2, and Much Music. We're going to make a lot of videos, being that we have the resources.

MRR: You were saying before that when you get back from tours, you'd have the ability to pick up on projects again, and I know that the new Kid Dynamite CD on Jade Tree will have a DVD on it as well. How much are you involved with that?

Jason: I'm doing a lot of it, but None More Black is a full-time band. I'm finishing the editing of this feature film. I've been working on it for the past two years, and I'll be wrapping it up this summer. Then I want to start working on another piece about the Ukrainian family, a documentary, because documentary is what I really want to do. Reality is way more interesting, I think, than any other story you can ever write. Not to mention my attention span for writing a story and developing characters is pointless. I don't want to be a director; I just want to be a filmmaker. And editing is what I like to do. Oddly enough, I ended up doing broadcast design and graphic animations and stuff like that, which is coming in handy for the video and these other projects. I want to find a balance though. Make a living doing music, so I don't have to worry about making money off of film, and I can do it and enjoy it and not have to worry about commerce.

MRR: What about the immediate future? You guys are going out June 3rd?

Jason: Yeah, we're doing the Death By Stereo tour, but we're not doing the Philly show. Paul, our bass player, has to go to Europe with Kill Your Idols for two weeks. So that's when I'm going to composite the video. We'll shoot it before he leaves. July and August are still up in the air; we're still trying to work out some tours. In the fall, we're going out with Rise Against, and then we've got CMJ. It's all up in the air right now. We just want to wait for the record, see the response. We're getting a lot of press, which we're excited about. The great thing about Fat is they're so supportive, and the fact that we are an independent band, we don't have to rely on them for anything, but they're there for us when we need them.

MRR: Did you go out to visit yet?

Jason: We haven't even met face to face yet. It's all been on the phone.

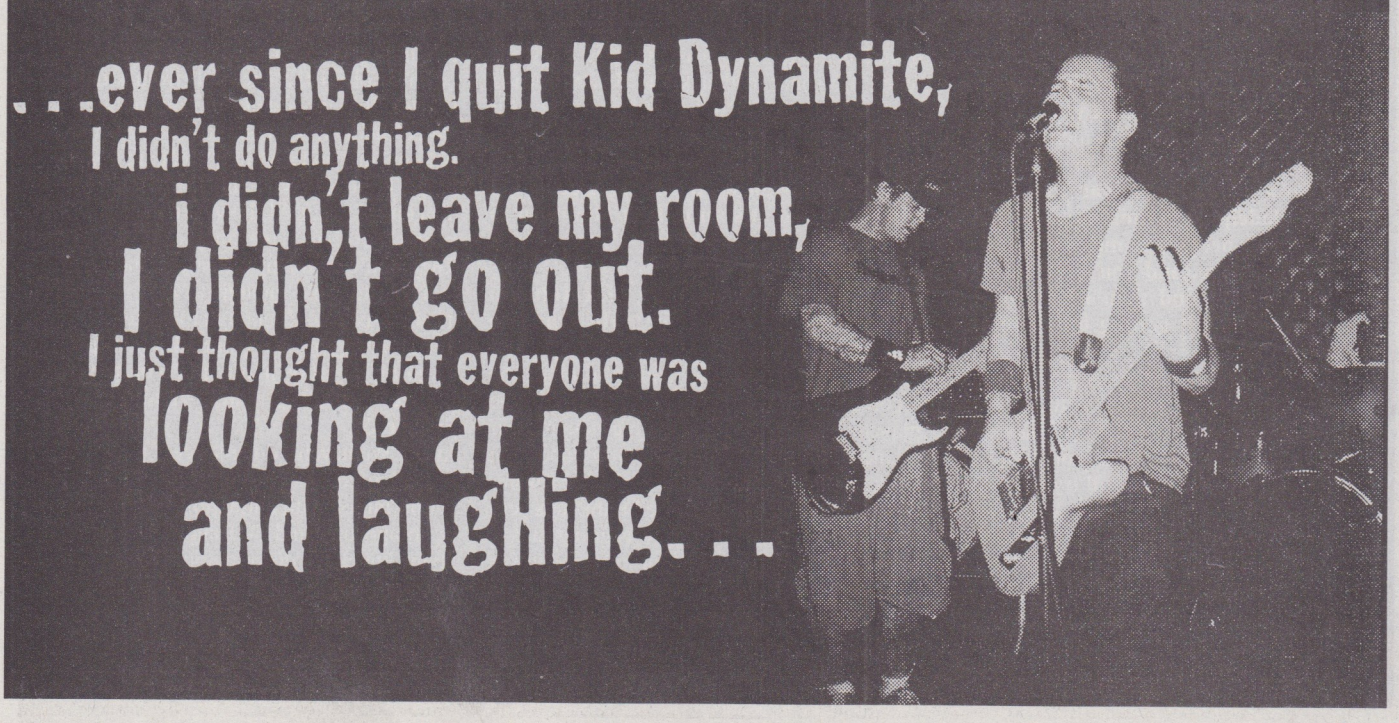
MRR: I also read that you have about two albums written.

Jason: Of all bands to take this from, I'll use Saves the Day as an example. They're so successful because they, well, I'm not saying this is why, because they are a great band, but they take their time. They'll do a record, support the shit out of it for a year or two years, and then they won't come out with another record for two years after that. I feel the public might get sick of you if you put an album out, then put an album out, then put an album out. So we want to try to support this record with a bunch of different tours, with a bunch of different sounding bands for a year and a half before we even start demoing the songs. I've got 22 songs written for the next record. We're just going to pick the best after we've demoed them, and who knows, by the time we go to demo them, I might have more than that. We'll just play it by ear. And the thing that Saves the Day does is, they'll do a small tour, support tour, bigger support tour, headlining tour, then they'll go out with Weezer. Then they'll do another support tour and then go out with Blink 182, and it works for them. I don't see another None More Black record coming out until say 2005 if I don't quit (laughs).

MRR: So to sum up the last few months, I know that you've just gotten settled in your new house in Jersey, you helped out your buddy for a good cause with the Kid Dynamite reunions, and you've been quoted by saying this is going to be the best release you've ever been a part of. Now we're a week and a half away from the release of *File Under Black*. What's going through your head?

Jason: I'm not nervous at all. The other night we played in front of 1,200 people with The Alkaline Trio, and it was so exhilarating. I'm going into this by thinking that no one knows anything about our band. We're a new band and we're getting on some great shows. The reason I say this is the best thing I've ever done is because there's more of me in it. The lyrics are way more personal, the music comes from these hands (raises hands), I'm playing with my brother, I'm playing with Paul, a guy who I clicked with and who I've been friends with for years, and it just feels right. I'm not setting out to prove anything. I'm having fun playing, it's a challenge, and I enjoy it.

www.nonemoreblackonline.com
nonemoreblack@optonline.com



DEADLINE

It's refreshing to know that even jaded old fuckers like me can still get dropped on their ass by a band. Deadline did exactly that, playing super catchy melodic PUNK ROCK with fanatstic female vocals that'll give you the chills, I was floored when I heard their latest LP *...Back For More*. Ex members of a ton of London bands these folks far surpass the "ex members" tag blowing away all their previous bands, putting them up there as one one of my favourite bands of all time from dear old Blighty ...interview conducted over the electronic airwaves with Herve (bass) and Liz (vocals) by Tim Brooks

MRR: Since a lot of you already had well-established bands, why start another one? Does this band ever conflict with your other bands? Do you think that it has been an advantage being in already established bands? How did you come to get Deadline together?

Herve: I think it all started when we were recording Gundog's second album. Liz helped me write some tunes, she gave advice for the guitar solos, then, in the studio, she was humming along some great harmonies and we asked her to do some guest vocals on a couple of songs, which got some good reviews. When she started singing these songs on stage with us, I (and anyone watching) was convinced that she had everything to be a great frontwoman. I knew she had always wanted to sing in a band (in fact, she used to in a Anarchist Punk band called UXB, which had never gone beyond the demo stage), so I asked her to find a name for a band and I would find the line-up. I asked our long time partner in crime James (Gundog/Warriors) to join, along with two good friends from the London hardcore band Knuckledust. I chose a hardcore drummer to make a change from the usual Oi! drumming, which can sometimes be a bore. Anyway, Liz came up with the name. It wasn't very original, but it sounded good and it stuck. We started Deadline just over two years ago and are happy with the way things went. Being in established bands did give us a head start, but if the band did so good so fast, it's just because we had a different sound from our other bands, and people liked what they saw and heard. We had the hard edge of Gundog or Knuckledust without the gruff vocals and added harmonies. We all had experience gigging, so we went down well with the crowds right from the start and got more and more motivated as we went along.

Liz: Deadline is often conflicting with their other bands, Gundog split less than a year after the birth of Deadline and Knuckledust haven't done many gigs for the last year, which is the reason we have a new drummer. Now Ray can concentrate solely on Knuckledust and we wish them all the best. Our new drummer, Dave, has a hardcore background as well. I think we'll always get hardcore drummers, they're the best!!!

MRR: Although some of your members' other bands appeal to more a skinhead and hardcore audience, Deadline seem a lot more melodic, appealing to a wider range of people and, judging by the different people you do gigs for, this definitely seems the case. Was this intentional when you formed the band or was the sound more of a natural progression around Liz's vocal talents?

Herve: That's just the way things turned out. Our other bands tend or tended to play in only one register but, with Deadline, we seem to appeal to all sorts. It wasn't totally intentional. I mean we didn't say, "Hey let's start a band which is gonna please everybody," but we didn't want to alienate anyone, if you follow me. Our musical tastes are wide and varied and we wanted to hear a bit of our favorite bands in our sound (be they Social Distortion, Business, Avengers, Bad Religion, Cock Sparrer, Rezillos, Blood For Blood, 7 Seconds, Blondie, Negative Approach, 4 Skins, etc., etc. See, all sorts!). But it's true that Liz's voice has a wider appeal than gruff, tough-guy vocals. We really have all styles at the shows: skins and punks obviously, but also hardcore boys, rock'n'roll types, psychos, metal heads, crusties, all having a good time and singing along. Even our mums seem to like our last album. Scary!

MRR: You seem to gig almost constantly;

is playing live the most important part of the band, and are people seeking you out to play or did you hook a lot of the gigs up through contacts you had already made through the other bands you play in?

Herve: During the first six months, I had to book all our shows through the contacts I had made with the other bands, but when the first album came out at the end of 2001, the offers started rolling in. I think we've played about 100 shows since then, including four European tours, but we could have played three times as many if we didn't have all the other bands, or our day jobs! I turned down lots of offers, but that shouldn't happen too often now with the new line-up. We love playing live, that's what keeps us going. I mean, what beats being on stage and seeing a few hundred people singing along and going crazy on the songs you wrote in your bedroom? It's definitely the most important part of the band, this and writing songs. Recording them can be a drag sometimes. Touring rules!

MRR: I know that you folks are playing Holidays In The Sun this year. Are you looking forward to it and what do you feel about a load of old washed-up has-beens trying to relive their glory days 20 years past their sell-by date? Do you think there is room for old and new bands or do you think that the old bands should step aside and let younger bands like yourselves keep punk alive and fresh?

Herve: We're of two minds about that. Some bands are well and truly past their sell-by date, but some others still kick arse. I won't name any has-beens, but bands like the Adicts or Cock Sparrer are still good value for money, we toured Germany with the Adicts and they were the most professional of all the "older" bands we had played with. Their live shows were awesome and we learnt a lot from them. Now, about the has-beens: why would they step aside when someone offers them a load of cash to play a festival? They probably have boring day jobs and are offered fees they would have never dreamt of 20 years ago, so they might as well milk the cow. I understand them. It's up to the crowds not to support any has-beens which take the piss out of them and aren't value for the money live. See, why do people pay a fortune to go and see the Sex Pistols now? That's beyond my understanding! As for HITS, we're looking forward to it, 'cos it's a good social event, we meet up with friends from all over the world and get good (or bad) surprises when we get to see some "older bands from the glory days," which we never got to see the first time 'round.

MRR: Who writes the lyrics for the band? They seem (for the most part) personal and lighthearted; do you think that bands have a responsibility to bring politics and more pressing social issues into their songwriting?

Liz: No, I don't think bands have a responsibility; they have a choice, a choice to bring or not to bring politics and issues into their music. Herve and myself write most of the lyrics and we are not militant types, we don't want to change the world, we have some songs with a strong social content like "Deadline" or "No Way Out," but, like the rest, they are mainly observations, we sing about stuff we know best: ourselves and our friends or foes. Herve tends to write the more serious ones in minor keys. I write all the rest, all the light-hearted stuff in major keys, that's what gets people dancing and singing along. There are a people or situations behind most of the songs on the second album but I won't go into details because they don't know!

MRR: I know that Herve is a French passport holder and that as a band you folks play in mainland Europe a lot. How do you feel about Tony Blair's reluctance to be part of Europe and the fact that he seems to be George Bush's arse-licking lackey?

Herve: Liz and I are totally pro-European and cannot understand why an educated leader like Tony Blair has not taken us into Europe yet. I mean, I am not a business expert, but the more we delay the entry into the Euro Zone, the more we're losing out. As a touring band, it's so much easier to travel through Holland, France, Germany, Belgium, and only use one currency. But when we go back home and we have to change our euros into sterling, we're losing out! If the English were using the euro, it'd be easier to compare prices and they would quickly realize how much of a rip-off England really is and how much cheaper prices are on the continent: gas, cigarettes, booze, food, property, all half price! Regarding Blair's going to war and being Bush's poodle, it's fucking pathetic! The public opinion here is still waiting to see evidence of those "weapons of mass destruction" and I think his days are numbered; he really shot himself in the foot on this issue!

MRR: The punk/hardcore/skin scene is a pretty macho world. How does Liz feel being the only girl in the band and have you experienced any discrimination because of this?

Liz: That's what I thought too before we started touring. All the boys in the band are very understanding with me and all the other bands we play with are really supportive regardless of the fact that I'm a woman. The audiences in Europe have been fantastic, male or female they really seem to love what we do.

Herve: I don't think the scene is a macho world here, generally speaking we get lots of girls coming to the shows and we always try to invite them to come down the front and participate. We always finish our sets with a mixed pit; we even played some shows when there were literally just girls dancing. Check out the picture from the Berlin show.

MRR: Who is the cheeky kid on the cover of your first 7"? Do any of you have kids and do you think that they will grow up with different views and ideals growing up around punks?

Liz: He's mine. He's called Zac and was six when the picture was taken. I'm the only parent in the band. I think he'll grow up with different views from his schoolmates, not necessarily because of the fact we're punks or skins but because of the fact that we're very open and talk a lot about different issues. He meets lots of different people, travels a lot, and *never* goes to Mac Donald's, and he's a vegetarian, too. I think he sees this music as the norm because most of the adults he knows are into it. Mind you, he'll probably get into disco just to rebel against us when he's older. Up 'till now, he just came along to a couple of shows 'cos I think it's still too noisy and smoky for him. But he comes to most rehearsals and he's our best judge when it comes to writing new songs. We know we have a catchy tune as soon as he starts singing them round the house.

MRR: How is the punk scene faring in England these days? There seem to be more bands and gigs around these days; is this case? You guys play mainland Europe a lot, how do the two scenes compare? Tell us about some new English bands that have caught your fancy.

Herve: The scene is very healthy at the moment. Punk almost seems to be fashionable! Hellcat bands have never done that good here and it seems to inspire the kids to start their own bands, support their local scene and be more positive about it all, really. We have a couple of good venues we can regularly put well-attended Punk/Oi!/hardcore shows at, mainly The Underworld and The Verge in Camden Town. There's a few good record labels truly supporting the scene, like Household Name Records, New Blood (well, that's ours, so it doesn't count), and even Captain Oi!, who seem to get more and more involved with new, "alive" bands. At last, an exclusively punk record shop, run by punks has just opened in Camden (All Ages Records). There's a cool music channel (P.Rock), there are loads of kids doing fanzines, and not only do we see a mixture of styles at the gigs but also a mixture of generations. We see old skins coming to our show with their kids! We get t-shirt orders from guys ordering gear for themselves, their wives, and their children! I get lots of emails at the moment from this young kid (Hello, Louis!) who's just 12 or 13 and gets into lots of fights at school because his trendy classmates don't like us (Keep it up, mate). It's a sign the scene's doing good! Up until recently, most people going to Deadline or Argy Bargy gigs were in their late twenties and above, now ages range from 12 to 42, amazing! I guess younger bands like The Filaments or The Foamers have helped a lot in that respect. In Europe, the scene is quite different, they're often more politically active and the age gap is not as wide. Some countries have excellent structures for touring bands. I think Germany is the best example and western Germany is literally spoilt for choice. Punks in Düsseldorf can go to a punk show every single night of the week, so they don't find going to a show as exciting as they used to, whereas in some parts of France or Switzerland for example, all hell breaks loose when they get to see a touring band. They go wild, 'cos they have good gigs few and far between.

Liz: James and myself are big Argy Bargy fans, I know Herve plays with them and it sounds a bit biased, but they have excellent tunes and it's not just barked vocals, there's melody. I like them a lot. The Filaments play aggressive, tuneful punk with a full brass section and are probably the most talked-about band around, and rightly so, 'cos they're shit hot live and on CD. Otherwise in no particular order, it's always cool to play with Knuckledust, Beerzone, Foreign Legion, Foamers, On File, Business, Scum, 17 Stitches. Check them all out, they have websites and releases available, even the Business!

MRR: How much stuff have you released so far? What have you got coming up and how can the eager punk rockers get their hands on your merchandise? Any tours of the states planned? Anything else to add?

Herve: In just over two years, we managed to find the time to record and release:

-*TV Dreams* EP, New Blood, 2001

-*More To It* CD/LP, New Blood/Plastic Bomb, 2001

-*Punk Unity* split EP with The Filaments, DSS Records, 2002

-*Any Fate...* split CD with BK Boys, HT Records, 2003

-*Back For More* LP, Captain Oi!/Plastic Bomb, 2003

and a few tracks on compilations: *Stay Punk*, *Addicted To Oi*, and *Tribute To The Business*, to name but a few. We have a couple of split releases coming up soon but the songs haven't been recorded yet, so I won't go into details. Both our albums are distributed by Cargo Records, but we're trying to have them properly released in the States, if possible, before we tour your country. If anyone out there is interested, please get in touch. In the meantime, eager punks and skins can get our records, shirts, and stuff straight from us. All details are on the web site.

Liz: Touring the USA is definitely on our agenda, the sooner the better. Thanks for getting in touch with us and the interview, nice one. See you down the front!

Contact:
Deadline, PO Box 52, Gravesend DA11 8ZJ, England
deadlineuk@hotmail.com
http://www.deadline-uk.com

RAI KO RIS

NEPAL IS NOT THE FIRST NAME THAT SPRINGS TO MIND WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT PUNK ROCK. THE HIMALAYAS HAVE NOT BEEN AT THE FOREFRONT OF ANY PUNK ROCK EXPLOSION I CAN THINK OF. NEPAL SEEMS MORE INFAMOUS FOR BEING AN ALMOST FEUDAL KINGDOM AND EXPERIENCING A MAOIST UPRISING. AMIDST ALL THIS TURMOIL, WE FIND RAI KO RIS WAVING THE FLAG FOR DIY, BRANDISHING TUNES GALORE AND SPOT-ON RHETORIC. A VALUABLE PUNK ROCK BAND BORN IN NEPAL, WITH INFLUENCES FROM EVERYWHERE, TAKING THEIR CUE FROM EARLY MELODIC UK POLITICAL BRIT PUNK, AND MESHING THAT WITH ELEMENTS OF METAL, HARDCORE, AND RIOT GRRL PUNK. A TUNEFUL RACKET WITH THE RIGHT ATTITUDE. OH YEAH RAI KO RIS MEANS THE ANGER OF THE RAI AN ETHNIC TRIBE FROM THE EASTERN HIMALAYAS KNOWN FOR THEIR BAD TEMPER.
INTERVIEW BY NICK ROYLES

MRR: Tell us about yourselves and the band. Can you give us a brief history of your activities as a band and recordings/releases?

Sareena: Currently, Rai Ko Ris are partners in crime Sareena on vox, bass, and guitar, and Olivier on vox and drums. This band started in January 2000, formally. We've had four line-up changes since 2000, and right now we're working on playing our songs with just the two of us so we can tour at some point. Our guitarist, Sabin, has left to move to Australia, so if anyone wants to join a band committed to DIY...?! I am 30 years old, Nepali, and started playing guitar because a cousin left his guitar at our house one day. I was never taught properly, but rather by hanging out with these guitar-playing cousin-brothers all the time. I grew up in Nepal, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, UK...my father was a Gurkha in the British Army. I came to live independently in Nepal in 1994, got a job, and started looking for people to jam with. Met Olivier. Been playing ever since. As for releases, check out the discography at the end.

Olivier: I am 38, French-born, and I've been living in Nepal for 13 years. I started playing drums since early 80s in France. I took lessons for a bit with a jazz musician, and since then my life has been revolving around music. The first ten years I only played rock, blues, and jazz...with no particular attitude as such. Then I came to stay in Nepal and played in cover bands on the side of doing social and humanitarian activities such as working with orphans, jailed kids, victims of foreign pedophiles, and the last few years, with the International Committee of the Red Cross. Then I gradually got more involved in music in Nepal, starting a jazz cover band ('94) and a rock band playing originals (Cheparo, which means "gecko" in Nepali), and teaching drums. I met Sareena in '95/'96. My aims are to keep on composing, playing, and touring with Rai Ko Ris.

MRR: How did you guys get into punk? What was it that initially attracted and influenced you?

Oli: In music I never stuck to one genre—I liked punk, rock—some bands or individuals in all different styles of music. I had kind of stopped putting all my energy into music in the early 90s and it all went into social work, as I didn't like the "professional music life," with contracts and competition and all that shit in France...it was like a fucking business, but at that time it was all I knew about possibilities to play music all the time. Then, when I saw the DIY HC punk scene, I understood that I did not need this mainstream business scene to play, but just a tight band with things to say, to get in touch with the DIY scene and little part-time jobs from time to time to have a roof over my head and food on my plate. So that's what I did and do now. Meeting Sareena gave me the confidence and opportunity to do it with Rai Ko Ris.

Sareena: I remember I saw a cousin-brother jumping around to a Crass LP in the late 80s. I didn't know it was punk or whatever. When I was 8 years old and living in East Nepal (Dharan), a British boy was there and he gave me some AC/DC, Black Sabbath, and Iron Maiden, as well as some Adam Ant (!!) LPs to listen to. I didn't know anything except I really liked heavy music—I don't know why, I just love guitar and drums and only later even realized there was an instrument called a bass (which I learnt to play only recently). I appreciated anything in those days in Nepal. In a way, Iron Maiden was punk rock for me (sorry!) It was only years later when I heard many other bands, and when I was 21 that I formed this band in Singapore called Bruce Lee (my childhood hero!) with me on guitar, screaming, and my friend, a girl called Neng Mohammed, on drums. A friend called our sound "Canto-punk" (canto meaning Cantonese 'cause of the Bruce Lee fixation—he was Chinese and spoke Cantonese). I was naturally uncomfortable with big production and stuff like that, so punk and DIY became even more the natural way to go. I think access to such music or listening to the right music is not so much of a problem if inside you feel punk and you have no interest in capital agencies and fashion hype. Well, I know many kids here who act and look punk and even play in punky bands, but they are not what we feel is punk, you know. That's what we call the punk™.

MRR: From speaking to you personally, punk means obviously more than music. What does punk mean to you and how do you relate to it being in Kathmandu?

RKR: Punk means so many things to people. We've said what it means to us and people here have shunned us because of it. We are not punks that you're going to see walking down a street and go "hey, look, some Kool Kathmandu punks." There are plenty like that around here and probably a lot of

people get fooled by it. Ha ha! They have their way and we have ours. They think we are arrogant for sticking to our beliefs and for not being global yahoo peace and love people. We have told bands to fuck off because they play in police clubs as a venue. We aren't afraid to be disliked, even though hey, we don't like being disliked. We don't want to go into it too much because we could write this down forever, but we are committed DIY, anti-capitalist, and pro-active-in-everyday-life-punks. And fuck your centralized governments. We believe in small communities—and so if you want to live the high life, go ahead, but don't drag us all in with you. What else can one add to that? Chaos punks do tire us out a little—there are so many in Asian countries because there really is so much pressure from the family to be the obedient son or daughter who's going to look after everyone when they start earning. It's a good rebellious start to get into punk isn't it? Just picture the 40s and 50s when evil rock & roll first came out in Europe and America. It's like that here with rock music in general. DIY ethics can put more perspective on practical ways to handle living in an already fucked-up capitalist society if you don't like it or feel crazy from it…Chaos punks are often ones still living with parents or are students. We already are parents, so we're just waiting to see them all grown up and adult with large paychecks and a car, a house, a happy family, and saying "I used to be into that punk stuff in my young days," while we'll still be rocking or dead from rocking!! They'll probably also tell their children to stay away from us. So that's how we relate it to being in Kathmandu so far. Maybe not too different from anywhere else?

MRR: Has your previous musical history influenced Rai Ko Ris, or has the isolation of Nepal left its mark on your music? And what has been the reaction to your musical releases locally and globally? Do you feel you are treated as a novelty act coming from Nepal, or have people paid a lot of interest due to your location?

RKR: Maybe that's for the listeners to say. I reckon the isolation part is more psychological…we really miss having people with balls around us, i.e. DIY punks. This is why we relate more to political activists, and the DIY farmers in our village, than to musicians here. Both our previous musical histories and Nepal's isolation has influenced our music a lot, probably, and the lyrics say it all. When people first hear about RKR globally, of course the Nepal part is the big interest because as yet, there has been no real active punk band coming out of here. Maybe in ten years it'll be like Japan or something, a lot of bands, a lot of coverage, etc. When you're touring and all that, you really are just another band on the road, and that is the part we like best. We like the non-attention, the ordinary reality, and the one-to-one meetings with people. Locally, most people we've come across love watching and hearing us live. We haven't sold much at all—I guess a lot of young folks duplicated our songs, but we don't get feedback so much. But we have been invited to gigs on the basis that the kids organizing them really like our band and want to see us more because we are a good example for them—we play relatively tightly and with a sincerity that is maybe lacking in the little rock scene here. We inspire a lot of young girls to take up instruments too.

MRR: When we were in Nepal there seemed to be very few people into punk and no venues or labels. Is it still hard for a punk band in Nepal? How is punk viewed culturally in Nepal?

RKR: There are a lot of kids into punk™, and a lot into our kind of music. The underground DIY thing has yet to happen. Anyone organizing a gig in a bar has to do a bit of sweet-talking with bar owners for venues and labels—there are only mainstream businessman-owned labels, apart from whatever one releases oneself and gives out to friends. As mentioned before, kids don't care where they organize a gig, as long they can make back the venue rent money with ticket sales. So you get these bands playing at the police club with an entrance of sometimes 50, sometimes 100 rupees. We refuse to play at such a venue because they hold political prisoners around the compound and torture people there—how can we organize a gig in such a place? These kids say they do it 'cause there's nowhere else. This is what we call an excuse and being totally un-proactive about finding alternative venues. So, to answer the question, it is hard for a real punk band—but that encourages us to be what we are. As we said before, punk™ is selling like hot cakes in Kathmandu. Add lots of "fuck this and fuck that" jokes and you're really in with the young crowd here in this happening metropolis in the Himalayas! As for us, forget it. We're seen as weird, dangerous, aggressive, unfashionable people who don't follow the new trends of the city. Luckily we are polite and kind enough so people just don't understand why they like us. Ha ha! As for punk in Nepal, culturally, first a villager/farmer doesn't have any concept of what punk is or what it represents. In the village where Rai Ko Ris live, we talk with our neighbors and the farmers around and they get to know us personally and they seem to get along with us fine. We don't go around saying "dude, we're punk, fuck the system and fuck you." They see/hear us playing this 'scary' music—they don't understand it and laugh or cover their ears. But because we go out of our way to get to know them and vice versa, it's not an issue…and their kids always come round to play in our house. You know, if you don't like certain people, one of the first things people seem to do is keep their kids away from them. That hasn't happened as yet to us! They go pray at their temple and we go play music. In the end, we live together in this village and it's much better than the anonymous heart of Kathmandu city. We choose where we live. We're definitely not surrounded by punk appreciators in our village. Our fans or kids who like punk and people who 'accept' this style—all these are the educated elite living in the city of Kathmandu.

MRR: Is punk rock a luxury for those that can afford it in countries like Nepal, as the country has virtually no cash economy since 80% is agricultural subsistence farming? On that note, have you played out of the urban areas in the rural hinterlands?

RKR: Punk rock usually stems from educated, urbanized people having to live in an oppressive environment. It's not a 'luxury'—it's rather an alternative, and can be (depending on the sincerity) in a lot of cases, a struggle. Of course there are many who are in it ironically just to avoid responsibility. For us, punk is about being responsible, whether it means informing people of the lies that govern-

ments feeds you, or growing your own vegetables instead of relying on a supermarket. It's not a luxury, it's a way out of the dictated system. The next step to that would be the music part. Of course it's a slight luxury to own an instrument in a place like Nepal where not everybody has the money to buy one. But those who are already exposed to rock music, who like it, are usually urbanized people and can work hard and earn a few dollars to buy themselves an instrument if they are really motivated.

We would only go to play in the rural hinterlands if there was a necessity to and if they called us to play. We feel that people there don't need us as much as the people who are fucked up in the city. It's more vice-versa—we punks are the ones who need to hang with rural folks more in order to regain our own sanity. I mean, you don't just go and play in the villages because you feel it would be cool or whatever. There has to be a reason. The reason why we write lyrics about fucked up lives and systems that dictate lives is because we want young and old people to know that they aren't alone and that there are ways of dealing with it. In the villages they have their own songs depicting this...and if kids from villages one day get forced to join the city scene, they might then turn to punk music. We hope that's clear to people, what we just wrote, because it's an important point. We don't just form a band to escape things...we do it in order to deal with things and hopefully to help others deal with things. That is why it is so important to get off your arse and meet others who are on a par with you so that you can be confident together. Even Nazis do that! It is important to be informed, to inform and then to act.

MRR: Sareena, you received a lot of attention for being a female in a punk band. Didn't the local music press want to create you as a sex symbol?

Sareena: Yes, magazines and papers tried to get hold of me—front cover and interviews and stuff like that, but I didn't do it...same for the band—people asking for "a double spread on the band," etc. They don't bother anymore because Kathmandu is quite small and news travels fast as most of the sexy magazines, gig organizers, sexy musicians and bands know how we react to their bullshit...so I am very rarely contacted anymore...and they have now plenty of other girls ready to pay to be covered by them. I'm not into it. I'm not very with it when it comes to clothes and make up and fashion...I got asked for an interview once and I did it for this teen magazine. The editors wrote all this blah about being so excited to meet this musician person, etc. and wrote that they were "surprised" to be met by a very ordinary girl and went on to describe what I looked like and what boring clothes I was wearing!! Ha ha!

MRR: From talking with you, you have placed a great emphasis on creating a local scene, what with providing practice space and equipment rentals. In Kathmandu, I have heard of the bands Guy Goru and Fifthgradedropout. Can you tell how these contacts came about?

RKR: It's a tiny town, getting huge with the population, but musically it's a tiny scene. Rockers, blues bands, punk bands, metal bands, etc. all know one another. We started organizing gigs and naturally would go around looking for bands that might want to get together to organize gigs together, since we had the minimum equipment. Two members of the now-split Guy Goru are actually Sareena's nephews. Fifthgrade approached us after a gig, and so on. These bands were really good punk bands, we think. But then one of the members of Fifthgrade actually stated in one of these teen fashion magazines that he doesn't agree with or like DIY ideas. We're not a hundred percent sure what he meant, but this was strange for us because he was a friend, we were doing gigs together, and we were trying to set up a kind of collective for a few bands to be a bit active together. We even put out flyers giving an idea of cheap gigs, about being socially and politically aware of surroundings, etc. RKR was the only band purporting the DIY thing and it must have been premature, 'cause the Fifthgrade guy (now in the band Inside Two Stoopid Triangles) slammed us in this teen magazine when he never said anything to us in our faces before.

MRR: Didn't the police close down one of your gigs? Can you tell us about that?

RKR: Yeah. It was the usual cops on a Friday night filling-out-the-custody-quota thing. Our children were with us too. It was such a scene. Cops burst in and stopped us in the middle of a set. Not many people were around, luckily. They wanted to confiscate the instruments and take one of us down, as well as the owners of the place. Their reason was "noise pollution." You have to know that here, the main thing for a bar owner is to bribe the cops in order not to get shut down when he has a live band performing...but that's not all—some bar owners will even call the cops to shut down a bar next door who has also a live band playing so that they get the whole crowd at their places. Anyway, the cops stopped the music and, together with the owners of the place, wanted to take one member of the band as well as confiscate the instruments. So, because Olivier is a foreigner, therefore not at risk to be beaten up, he volunteered to be taken in to custody. They accepted and took him and under pressure took only one tom drum and one amplifier as well. After half an hour spent in the custody, Olivier was freed and given back the material. No need to tell you that if he would have been a Nepali, it would have been another story. Our first guitarist back in 2000 went missing in custody for four days once—we were just hanging out in town and they took us in the van. They placed him in custody and the rest of us were let off.

MRR: What has it been like to build up links with other countries in Asia? which countries seem to have thriving punk scenes in Asia? You toured in Southeast Asia earlier this year. Where did you reach? How did that go?

RKR: It has been great for us, especially because we need to understand and learn a lot of things related

to DIY scenes and also because we feel to be in relatively close contact/interaction with other DIY people in order to have a kind of unity, and to exchange information on our respective countries, of releases, publications, ideas, be stronger together in order to inform other bands or social activist of the existence of parallel movements (DIY, for example), and to thus be stronger together in order to keep on resisting the growing marketing of everything. We feel quite isolated here in Nepal regarding the attitude part of the band, and we strongly feel the need to keep on interacting with DIY people involved in music outside Nepal.

In March 2002, we went to play nine gigs in Singapore and Malaysia, thanks to awesome DIY individuals that set up everything for us. We had the time of our life there while touring...we really made some good friends and we really want to go back. We felt totally at home there. Malaysians and Nepalis are quite similar in many ways! There are so many bands though, unlike here. Everyone plays an instrument and many play in like three or four bands. There are solid individuals who are committed to DIY and have been involved for years and years. They are definitely ahead of us musically and, there are so many zines...it's almost like a cult!! They definitely read more there than here. We would like to see more kids being into reading some true hard facts about the system in which they live rather than the bullshit that is fed to us.

MRR: You have actually toured in France. How did that come about?

RKR: It was a mini tour in July 2001. The thing is that Olivier was going to France anyway for family reasons and we took the opportunity to play in France. All that was planned a little bit at the last minute but again, awesome DIY people there managed to find seven gigs for us.

MRR: Another French connection, you had a split EP on Tian An Men Records. What songs are on the record? Tell us a little about this release and your relationship with the infamous Luk Haas. Any recent sightings of him?

RKR: "Laureh Ko Chhori" is the song we had on it—it's long and covers the whole B-side! It translates as "A (Gurkha) Soldier's Daughter." It's about Nepali kids growing up all over the world and finally coming back to settle in Nepal after their father retires from the British army and how they are neither foreigners nor pure Nepalis in their own country. We got in touch with Luk Haas, who had already met the bass player of our second line up of RKR while on a trip to Nepal. Yes, we are in regular touch with Luk Haas and he's presently hunting for bands in Iraq as we write. We have never met the man himself, but we feel like we've known him for years because he always writes to us about what he's up to. We're finally planning a meeting sometime this year when he gets a break from work. For us, he is a name we heard everywhere we went and so he's like a kind of godfather/Don Luk (!!) of the underground scene...everybody only has good things to say about him. He just got married and so he tells us he's a happy punk!

MRR: You have recorded an LP for an Indonesian label. Where did you guys manage to find a recording studio in Kathmandu? Can you tell us about this release?

RKR: We didn't record it in a studio. We recorded it using an MD player on a mini disc and transferred it on to CD-R. I believe it was eventually released in Indonesia on tape, not on an LP. How rumors spread! ha ha! just kidding. We always use MD. We once tried, in 2000, to record five songs in a studio, but it sucked—even though it was live and not track by track, there was just not enough crunchiness...it was all smooth and really not how we sound live. So therefore, we much prefer using a condensed mic on an MD player and just pressing play and recording.

FIRE - Kathmandu is not Nepal

Yo Garib desh ma, hundai chha griha yuda
(In this poor country, there is a civil war)
Dhani leh bhanchha, "Kasari marchha hola?"
(The rich say "how do they kill [one another])?
Timi leh dekindaina, balatkaar, yathana
(You do not see the rape, the torture)
Sangatkaal bhanchha, korore roopya ko naam ma!
(They say 'state of emergency' in the name of millions of rupees)

Chorus: It's a fire, can't extinguish!

Prajatantra bhanchha, dhani leh khaan chha
(They say democracy and the rich eat it/buy it)
Kisan ko pasina dhani ko goji bhitra
(The sweat of the farmers in the pockets of the rich)
Kathmandu leh boojdaina, akas ma bhagwan khojchha
(Kathmandu people don't get it, they look in the sky for their gods)
Dhani leh boojdaina, bhagwan bhanda kisaan thulo chha!
(The rich don't get it, that a farmer is greater than god!)

It's raw and not top, but it works for us.

The Indonesian release was done by Fitrah, a friend of Luk's. Fitrah runs No Label Records. We're going to go and try to meet the guy one of these days!

MRR: Before we get onto some of the heavy stuff, perhaps I ought to ask you where or how people can get hold of your music.

RKR: Until recently we just sent stuff out to individuals who wrote or emailed us. Now we realize the costs of doing this and we just can't afford to do it anymore! So we are trying to get hold of local distros in Asia, Europe, and America for our recent March 2003 cassette release. If anyone reading this interview has a distro and wants to try selling our stuff, just contact us directly. Hopefully by the time this interview is printed, we will have some outlets and we'll let you know soon too.

MRR: OK, let's get serious. How has the post-September 11 political fallout affected Nepal? Bearing in mind that the USA has not just claimed that they will target terrorists but also insurgents (which I guess marks the Maoists active in Nepal). I recall the USA giving the Nepalese government $10 million to combat insurgency.

RKR: Post September 11, as you guessed has enabled the corrupt Nepali government to brand the farmers' insurgency movement as a terrorist one and thus get financial or military assistance from various countries like India, USA (we have to say here that we don't recognize the US as a country, but as an ongoing colonization of Red Indian land by Europeans), England, and Belgium. The result was a low intensity conflict becoming a high intensity conflict and the international arms dealers starting to make good business in Nepal...they were looking forward to it for a long time, we think.

Two months ago the Maos and the government agreed on a cease-fire that could lead to a peace process of negotiations, therefore, some Maoists leaders have recently been making public comments. One of them is that "we wanted to try and find an internal peaceful solution to the problems of the country, because we feared, more and more, the possibility of a US intervention in Nepal, which could have totally jeopardized the very independence of our people and country. We know that after Afghanistan, Nepal was on the priority list of the US government."

MRR: What's happening with the Maoist insurgency at the moment? Reading the Nepali newspapers, there seemed to be a lot of black propaganda against the Moaists. Has this been successful—are the Maoists losing popularity, or is their support base holding firm?

RKR: Yes there is a lot of black propaganda, as you say. The Maoist movement is very, very popular here...except with the rich intelligentsia of Kathmandu, because they are scared as shit to lose their enormous fortunes or to have to explain to the Maos one day how they made their money...the revolutionary farmers' movement here started around 1996 with around 300 members, they now control more than half of the country, have a political structure and an army of guerrilla hardly beatable in their hills. In recent years, the support of the public has been growing, in part because the government forces (police and army) have committed loads of atrocities in villages all around the country, therefore, a lot of people have been taking the arms in revenge for their raped or massacred relatives. So *yes*, their base is holding very, very firm.

MRR: India and the USA have been providing training and financial assistance to suppress the Maoists. Has the suppression of the Maoists led to a suppression of general popular movements of opposition, or has the Maoist armed struggle opened up political space in Nepal for social movements, as has happened in Mexico with the Zapatistas?

RKR: Well, related to the suppression of the movement, it has increased since mid-2001. The main reason was the organized crime of the whole previous royal family. The plot was probably orchestrated by the Nepalese army with support from the Indian army and green lights from Indian and US regimes (ah aha ah). The previous king was against the use of the army against the Maoists, so he was assassinated and replaced by his brother, who is scared as shit now and just does everything he is ordered to do—from who precisely is not all clear. You can speculate. Otherwise, the suppression of the movement is done in such a way that the security forces are actually killing (extra-judicial) or arresting a lot of leftists, journalists, human rights activists, and non-active Maoists sympathizers—all this on suspicion of activities against the monarch or the government.

Together with the monarch, the Maoists have been targeting the "general" opposition movement, which has been so corrupted and stays only in Kathmandu, far from the preoccupation of the Nepali rural people. You have to understand that there is more or less two Nepals now, and since 10 to 15 years ago: the one of Kathmandu, which is comparable to the West (with a society established by the rich for the rich), and the rest of the real country, which is still quite far from all the modern societies' concepts of earning and spending. So basically most, if not all the organizations or individuals opposed to the present legal governing bodies, have joined the Maoists' revolution. I want to add here that even though the insurgents have called themselves "Maoists," very few of them have a real political line. It is poor people fighting the rich, corrupted establishment more than anything else. Maoists would almost prefer to be called "junglebadis"—"badi" meaning "activist" in Nepali.

MRR: How safe do you guys feel today? Do you feel you have a police state? Will that directly affect Rai Ko Ris?

RKR: We don't feel very safe. Yes, we feel we have a *police state*. It is directly affecting us in the sense that we don't print and diffuse information or our lyrics very much here in Nepal. For example, there are two versions of our second album, *Guerrilla*, that we just released—one without lyrics, for Nepal, and one with, for outside countries. We feel really shitty about that, because our lyrics are meant to be first of all a voice inside our country—at least it is still going outside, and that's better than nothing…maybe. We of course do give the lyrics to some people here. If somebody reading this has some practical suggestions to us regarding that, they would be welcome. In the end, we are still giving the lyrics version to some people here and we already hear some people talking about it and saying how crazy we are to expose ourselves like that, and that the army here would be very, very unhappy if it got to know our lyrics and Nepal's information paper we are giving with our album. We'll let you know if any negative development occurs. Or maybe you won't hear about us, which means negative development has occurred (!)

MRR: Has there been a change in attitude toward the Maoists from the establishment since your country has had a change of head of state?

RKR: To be precise: since 1990 and following a national uprising movement, the king in Nepal is not the head of state anymore. There is, since then, a parliament, a cabinet of ministers, and a prime minister—something like in England. The king is still the chief of the army, but otherwise doesn't have executive power. But in 2001, the king was killed, his brother took the succession, and a few months ago, he dissolved the parliament and appointed his own prime minister and cabinet. So these days, it is all confusing, and the political parties don't recognize the present government because it is unconstitutional (a new constitution was made in 1990, giving power to the people through elections), since it is not an elected one.

MRR: With Nepal under structural adjustment under the auspices of the world bank and the IMF, have you noticed the creeping privatization that follows? How far has privatization permeated society?

RKR: Privatization hasn't really started yet, even though there have begun to be talks about it. Again, here, these issues are going to be dependent on the Maoists as well, because now the country is in a state where nobody is going to be able to decide Nepal's policies without a kind of agreement with the Maoists, who are now "the main movement representing the views of the majority of Nepalese people." Even though as you said earlier, Maos have a lot of black press outside, it doesn't change the reality here on the ground. Addressing the fears of a lot of industry owners here, a recent statement from the second leader of the Maoists said, "we are not going to nationalize all industries." We guess you are better able than us to properly interpreting all that!

MRR: I heard that there is a thriving NGO/development community in Kathmandu? Is there opposition to these NGO's, which seem to have created an industry within themselves?

RKR: I would say more or less what I already said. Kathmandu people love it because they make most of their fortunes out of it, but the real people of Nepal, more than less represented by the Maoists activists, are opposed to it because almost all the aid's resources remain in Kathmandu, be they human or financial resources. A lot of Nepalis think that foreigners are "good people," but it is the Nepali corrupted officers and ministers that "eat" all the foreign aid. We don't agree with that, and think that both foreign aid agencies run by rich expatriates (paid around 3000 to 5000 bucks per month), as well as their Nepali staff (paid up to 20 times more than any normal Nepali salary), and the ministers giving them the rights to work in Nepal, are all the same, all in Kathmandu, and all making money on the backs of poor farmers for whom, initially, donors abroad have been giving funds.

MRR: I recall hearing good things about an organization called INHURED (International Institute for Human Rights, Environment and Development) based in Kathmandu, which questions the role of NGOs and multi-nationals, the IMF, dam-building, and helps indigenous people fight back. What is the state of grassroots resistance?

RKR: There are very, very few human rights organizations run by Nepalis (and helped as well by foreign donors) that are really doing a good job, and especially, as you mentioned, raising good questions about the influence of multi-nationals in Nepal. Unfortunately, the people you mention are most probably "at risk" these days, as they are on the same line as the Maoists, and a lot of other human rights activists are in the same difficult position these days. Funny acronym, but HURPES is also a very active organization here doing this kind of human rights work.

MRR: Sareena, you lived in the UK for several years. What was your view of the punk scene there?

Sareena: I was eight and a half years old and didn't know where the hell I was! I went to this little all-girl private boarding school on a hill in the middle of nowhere because the army was paying for most of it, so being Nepali, it was thought to be a privilege and honor to go. It was not until I was a teenager that I went to London one day on a school trip and I saw some fashion punks and I just stared and stared like most Nepali tourists would, I suppose. It was through my cousin-brother, an anarchist punk who lived in London and used to look after me sometimes when I had holidays, that I first really got to know about activists living the other life! Milan Rai, my brother, is part of Voices in the Wilderness—they were doing actions against sanctions in Iraq way before this war. He has also written a book called *Chomsky's Politics*. He really was a good influence to have around while I was a teenager into music and only surrounded by girls into make-up and boys! I really didn't know anything about the punk scene then (or boys! ha ha!) But as I said, my brother and his activities in his dingy London flats were the first "punk" activities I came across, and I felt more at home there than with the yuppies in school. It would be funny if any of my old UK acquaintances read this…but I reckon most became bourgeois and will never read this anyway. My brother sent me a toothbrush from HM Prison in the UK once when he was locked up for some actions and said they had good peanut butter there.

MRR: Olivier, a Frenchman living in Nepal…How did you get here?

Olivier: By plane …ah ah ah. I just came to travel in 1988 and again soon after in 1990, and I found the Nepali people so happy, friendly, alive, and without all the heaviness I could feel from people in France, that there was no question for me of what to do. I thought "I am not a masochist, so no way will I go back France," and I just stayed in Nepal where now I feel more than at home. I think I am kind of a "system refugee" here in Nepal. I don't miss France or anything like that. I have no special feeling for France or French at all, but I miss Nepal and Nepalis as soon as I am out of Nepal for more than two weeks, like on tour for example.

MRR: How do you guys survive? What do you do outside the band? I heard you were trekking guides—what else do you get up to in order to survive?

Sareena: I have been a trekking guide, going on trips around the mountains here and in Tibet. It was fun and I want to do it more, but it is not fun always hanging out with tourists and doing the same stuff all the time. We'd like to do this stuff more together, not as a job. I am presently an assistant editor. It's very technical work and I am a freelancer, so I am not working five days a week full time all the time. Sometimes I have interesting stuff to edit, such as a soon-to-be-published book on the Sherpa ethnic group from the Mount Everest region. Once I did stuff for a book on hidden valleys in Tibet (sacred valleys). Stuff like that. I can make enough money to save for a ticket somewhere once a year if I really get enough work, so I am very happy about it. Olivier has worked so had for so long, I want him to have a break also! We both have a little vegetable garden and during the monsoon we have to keep cutting overgrown grass to feed the cows.

Olivier: I have been a translator (Nepali, French, English) and right now I freelance teaching Nepali.

MRR: If punkers and anarchos are coming to Nepal to go trekking, rafting, or climbing, how can they get in touch with you and what can they bring for you?

RKR: We don't need anything but music and zines!! We like to read what is going on out there. We like to get ideas. We are very happy to help you figure out trips around Nepal as we are experienced in this.

MRR: Anything to say to the readers of *Maximum RocknRoll*?

RKR: Do the readers want any other info on Nepal? You can write to us and we will be happy to answer anything. Hello to everybody. Namaste, as we say in Nepal! Nepal is a beautiful place—the mountains have beautiful people who will change your lives!

Also: Thanks a lot to Nick, as we are really happy to send some news outside about the political situation here in Nepal, especially since we know that most of the information you get out there is almost 100% lies and bullshit. Thanks to Nick for giving us the opportunity to rectify that bullshit. And big hi there in the US, especially to the Native people there who still fight for their land. See you one day when we come to play there. Last word to say that we really like some US bands, especially Fugazi, and also the Krays who we shared a stage with once—they play really good live. OK, that's all. Bye.

Our releases till now:-
Rai Ko Ris CD album, December 2001
Split 7" on Tian An Men Records, France, 2001
17-song CD on No Label Records, Indonesia, 2001
Split cassette with the Russian band Jazzilla, 6 songs from Rai Ko Ris, 2000
Split cassette with Malaysian band Relationsheep, 2003.
Guerrilla album cassette release of 16 songs, March 2003.
Also, some informal releases in Israel and Turkey, plus comp tracks on *No Front Teeth* zine comp CD, UK; *Wave Magazine*, Kathmandu comp CD; *Todo Es* #3 comp, 2001 CD.

raikoris@mail.com.np
http://www.geocities.com/raikoris/

The experience of listening to BOXED IN is akin to having the fuck beaten out of you round the back of the youth club by a bunch of local ruffians.

BOXED IN

Ex- every half-decent hardcore band to come out of Blighty in the last 15 years, they deliver short, sharp aural kicks to the face and neck then get the fuck out. If you haven't picked up their first 7" yet, then you are a complete twat with your head up your arse. I tracked down drummer and band's token old duffer Sned for a quick grilling as to what makes the band tick.

photo by Toni Terror

MRR: You folks all have a long history of being in two-bit punk bands. Why start Boxed In? Why do it all again? I seem to remember Sned telling me he was never going to tour in a band again! What has Boxed In got that the other bands you were in didn't have?

Sned: Our various two-bit punk bands fell apart, and from that we started another two-bit punk band, and why not? I quit playing in bands in '96, after Suffer did our US/Canada tour. We'd taken things as far as we could and that was the end of that. Alec hasn't played in a band since. I, however, got tempted into a new band some friends were forming a couple of years later, which became the band John Holmes. This was fun for a while, but I have very different aims/goal/ideas from those guys in some ways, so I quit. They got Mick in on drums, who's more into the same stuff, and they are a much stronger band now than when I was fucking it up for them! While all this was going on, the remnants of Sawn Off were looking for a drummer. It was fun to hang out, I booked their tour and released their split 7" with our old band Health Hazard. It was good to be playing fast and D-beat again!! People kept leaving Sawn Off and Waifs and Strays' Chris (who was in Suffer and Health Hazard with me, then in the last incarnation of Doom), then Dingo (from Minute Manifesto, the south coast banjo thrasher relocated in Leeds) got drafted in. When vocalist Scalezy quit Sawn Off, it was all over; Ash was the only original member. The same band wrote some new songs, our other singer Graham didn't want to continue with the band, so we asked Nick from Ebola and Shot to Fuck, and here we are! A long answer and I ain't even answered the question yet!

Why do we exist? Sometimes I don't know! It's simply in our blood. Meeting people and going places can actually be fun sometimes, too! We don't tour so much as bands gone by, and that probably helps preserve some sanity. We're more experienced now, obviously, so we look at it all a bit differently, practice regularly, and have bigger amplifiers, but we're never going to be "professional" or, indeed, anything more than a tenpence collection of buffoons in a two-bit crap punk band!

MRR: Do you think you have an advantage over other bands since you have all served time in other bands? Didn't you do a tour of Scandinavia on the strength of a demo? How did that tour come about?

Sned: The tour was gonna be for Sawn Off. We toured in Scotland and did the split EP with our Finnish friends Unkind, and we thought it only proper to go to Scandinavia and hang out with them. When Sawn Off ended and Boxed In began, the tour was something to look forward to, between my and Nick's contacts it was possible to play 17 gigs straight. To Finland and back, that's a lot of miles and ferries. If we'd only ever done that tour last year we'd have still been winners. The first EP was supposed to come out in time for that tour but didn't, so we knocked

BOXED IN

some copies out on CD-R for one euro. We traded heavily on our "ex-this, ex-that" tag, it's true. The list of our old bands gave a fair indication of what we'd be like, I guess. It's not like we were cashing in on it—hell, we lost money! The good times more than made up for that, though. The network of friends is what really made this possible: all the great people who went out of their way to accommodate us. To survive the tour without killing each other means we can do it all again. Finland rules and I can't wait to get back there!

MRR: Your lyrics are definitely on the pessimistic side ("World Stops Turning," "Shit Sandwich") Is it really that bad, is our world going down the pan? Do you view yourselves as a political band? Or just a bunch of old pessimists?

Sned: The "World Stops Turning" line was taken from Black Sabbath's "War Pigs" from 1970; over 30 years strong of pessimism there! The first EP's lyrics were written during the post 9/11 media frenzy—has that ever ended?—and it just seems so hard to be positive about anything when the world is truly going down the toilet. Is it political to comment on the bleedin' obvious? You decide. I think we are a political band, yes, in the way we do things (benefit gigs, DIY records/tours/attitude), as well as through the lyrics. But we're not harboring any illusions about changing the world to any great degree with our racket.

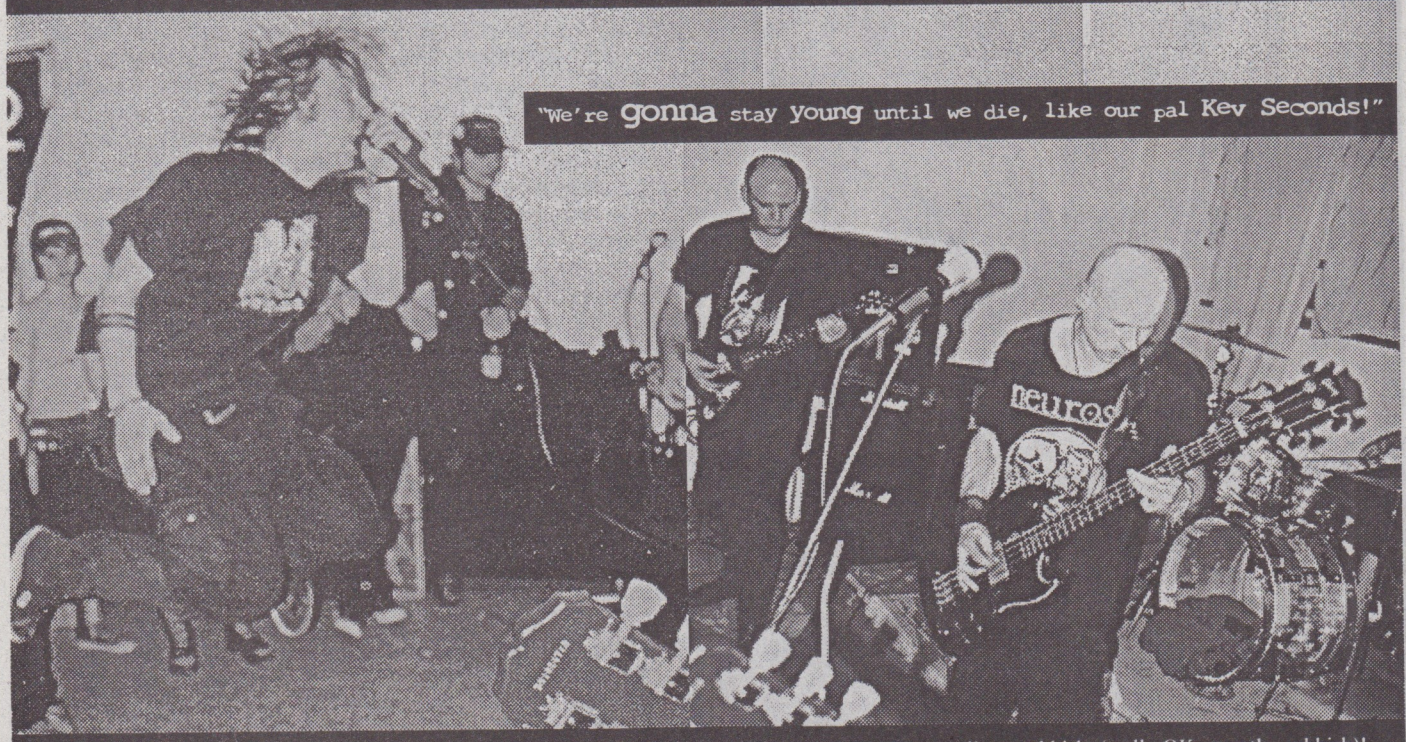
MRR: You're not quite pushing up daisies, but you're no spring chickens. As the "punk scene" or whatever it's called these days gets younger and the divide between the youngest and oldest gets bigger do you still feel a connection with the young whippersnappers just getting into it all?

Sned: The "old" question! Age should not be a barrier. It's surely one's attitude that counts. Some fuckers are like winging old men before they've even hit 25. We're gonna stay young until we die, like our pal Kev Seconds! I feel a connection with kids starting bands 'round here and keeping it political. Now there's the "War Against Terror" as fuel in the way we had the Falklands war, the miners' strike, Gulf War part one etc., etc. Dubya as the new Reagan. Fuck yeah. The punk scene comes and goes and most people move on, hopefully taking some of the ideals with them. We'll do what we do regardless of what the fuck else is going on. There have been quite a few mixed gigs lately with young and old crowds hanging out, as well as the different strains of punk rock, hardcore, or whatever it's called these days. To meet new people and break down barriers can only be a good thing, right? The punk scene has come full circle here and there are some amazing new young bands. We're all part of a tradition of counterculture and resistance, ancient relics like myself. Maybe show people the future doesn't *have* to be Holidays in the Sun!

MRR: What other aspects of the DIY punk world are the members involved in other than the band? Since you have all put a fair amount of time into the UK scene, how do you think things have changed over the past ten years? Better or worse? What new bands from your fair isle have excited you recently? Do you find it easy to remain enthusiastic about bands that are rehashing stuff that came out decades ago, or is it all just as vital as it always was?

Sned: Me and Nick run record labels/distributions, as you know. I used to help out with *Reason to Believe*, which is a free zine with a circulation of 6000 based in punk/HC, but often looks a bit further into the mechanics and ethics of the whole DIY thing, and taking back control of our lives in every way possible etc., etc. (For more info: check it out at www.rtbzine.org). It's an interesting experiment in having a lot of different people and different opinions all trying to put something together; a social experiment as much as the finished product. I think the UK hardcore/punk scene is ready to get a lot better. I've been pleasantly surprised after a few years' lack of inspiration. Some of those amazing new bands to watch out for include Indicator, the Mingers, War Against Reason, Broken Access, Narkotix, Valhalla Pacifists, Shit the Bed—and that's just the young locals. The way things are going, there'll be a whole new crop by the time this goes to print. Also kicking arse are The Horror, Army of Flying Robots, Narcosis, Stand, Pilger, Fuckhate Propaganda—the list goes on. About rehashing: it depends on your perspective—everything is rehashing! We take cues from 80s hardcore, as do the Horror; they're Boston-influenced, as was their previous band Voorhees. We're Scandinavian-influenced, as was our previous band, Sawn Off. But it can sound all new to someone else! So I suppose it depends *how* you rehash something! I can even understand why old Holidays in the Sun bands carry on, playing to kids who never saw them "back in the day." It *can* be valid as well as rubbish (well, OK, mostly rubbish)! Certainly nothing to get too worked up about when World War III's about to kick off.

MRR: I'm pretty sure all of you have toured Europe and some even further afield. Is there still a huge difference between the scene in mainland Europe and the UK, as there was a few years ago? Bands always used to skip the



UK 'cos it was so crap. Have things improved any?

Sned: The UK can be a great place to tour and I'm sure many foreign bands would agree. One thing is it costs a lot more to get here than it used to and petrol is expensive as hell, but in another way, the scene is small and friendly enough to make it a fun holiday, I think. So you've got to treat it like that, let the lame bands miss the UK, fuck 'em, we can call our own tunes! (Now that's island mentality!) I understand why American bands especially don't go that extra distance if they've only a few weeks to tour Europe, but whatever. You should experience all you can in this life, so a few nights less at German youth centers and a hefty ferry bill to old Blighty may or may not be a good plan, depending on your motivation, I suppose!

MRR: I know both Nick and Sned run record labels. How are things going with those, and how has the world of exclusive distribution and glossy metal mags affected your labels? Are the labels able to support your enormous appetites for drugs and booze, or do you have to don suits and ties and battle the real world to pay the bills?

Sned: Real world all the way, hold the suit and tie! Exclusive and glossies can fuck off—quality not quantity. We both get sent lots of promo crap from those who don't get DIY (even though I've always said "Don't bother!") In years gone by, people would write and ask how they could put out their own stuff. The label keeps me in a modest quantity of Special Brew thank you, which I feel I deserve to offset the stress. The label, the way it has been/is, could never make me a living. The only way to manage that here would be to compromise in so many ways, and then the whole point of it would be lost. In the US, I possibly could have managed it in a way that would have satisfied my high moral standards (based on the Neil Tribal War model), but not here. Nick and I both looked into it some years back and it just wasn't viable. I'm not releasing new stuff now, only some reissues; then I'm done. I've been able to work at my own pace, something I couldn't do if it had to pay the bills.

MRR: Do you think that the political aspect of punk is being marginalized by the whole pretty-boy, big business MTV side? Is the punk movement really a force to be reckoned with in terms of changing opinions and sharing information, or is it just another fashion train to jump on? Is it enough to sing the songs and mouth the slogans without actually getting out on the street and physically making a change?

Sned: Oh god, all I can think of is that band Busted that's constantly on MTV—now they're number one in the UK charts! Do you have them in the States? They're like a manufactured boy band with spiky hair–arrghh!!! Time after time, the mainstream will co-opt original ideas, neuter and water them down, etc. It's gone on forever. These vultures will fuck off to the next "big thing" and the people who want to find out more about the grass roots punk scene will find it. Of course it's irritating and frustrating, they took our word off us! They changed the meanings 'round. Counter-culture not subculture, all the way. Actions speak louder than words, so if you're gonna sing "Take the fight to the streets," then that's how it should be. We're not telling anyone what to do, simply pointing out how the world is fucked (and in recent lyrics how we are fucked in the head too): happy happy happy!

MRR: Since the UK is reluctant to really be part of Europe (Blair seems more interested in being part of the USA), do you feel European? How do the British people feel about Blair being Bush's right-hand man, ready to send the troops in again? Is there much anti-war activism going on?

Sned: Anti-war feeling is running high, but people are still feeling helpless and uninvolved in the so called "democratic process," which is to be expected, and that's so good, to see as so many erosions of civil liberties seemed to fly by unnoticed. Blair is sweating right now. This second resolution shit is kicking off. This interview will be so dated no matter what I say here. Some truths will unfold but we'll never get to the bottom of it. The leader does not represent the people's will; you need some kind of faith in "democracy" to be shocked by that, though.

MRR: The North of England seems to be having a resurgence in Nazi scum, like the NF and BNP marching and causing trouble. In fact, in the past few years, there have been a number of riots by Asian kids protesting. Why do you think this shit is on the rise again and where are the punks rioting?

Sned: As profit capitalism and successive greedy governments suck the life out of working class and poor communities, then this kind of shit is able to fester, helped along by a sensationalist press. The NF and BNP organizations are a joke, but they're getting a buzz from the impact they're making in such an environment. It's a fucking mess and ignorance is rife. There have been riots in Bradford many of the years I lived there, but the most recent ones in 2001, where there was an angle of it being perpetrated by far-right groups, which was the one that got media coverage. Makes a good story, don't it? The rioting there had fuck-all to do with the fascists. It was Asian youth tearing up their own neighborhood out of frustration at the police, mainly (and 'cos everyone goes nuts as soon as the temperature rises above freezing). Punks rioting? It ain't happening.

MRR: Do you feel that the DIY punk subculture is a little self-contained bubble that sometimes has little connection to the "real world"? Are your day-to-day lives inextricably linked to punk rock? Aren't your parents deeply disappointed that you never grew out of it?

Sned: I'm linked to punk rock 24/7. The "real world" doesn't sound too good from what I've heard about it. The rest of the band work jobs and have real-life interaction with (gasp) non-punks! My mum is proud that I've chosen my own path; at least ten years ago it was clear I'd never grow out of it! Don't know about the others, none of them answered any questions for this interview; they have to get back to work!

MRR: There seems to be a fair bit on the horizon for you folks. Give us a rundown of what you have coming up and where the eager punters can send their hard-earned greenbacks for your gear.

Sned: The second EP will be out by the time you're reading this. It's on the Busted Heads label of Umea, Sweden. Next up is an LP on Crime Scene records of Bristol (tentatively titled *It's War and We're All Going to Die*). We've about six songs towards that, i.e., four minutes. We're knocking out about ten minutes of thrash a year, so it could be a while with that LP, unless we write some concept dirges of over two minutes long. We're off to Finland next week (July), where the horizon and everything else will be bright all the time, a week-long tour of Europe in September, and that's everyone's holiday quota used up till next spring. Check the web page for the latest blablabla and some mp3s: www.flatearth.free-online.co.uk/boxedin.html.

email: boxedinhc@yahoo.co.uk

Boxed In, c/o PO Box 169, Bradford, BD1 2UJ, UK

"21, but it ain't no fun,
Life's goin' by,
but it's just begun..."

"I'm A Pretender"

THE EXPLODING HEARTS

All photos by Chrystaei Branchaw

Three in Portland band killed in I-5 wrec

07/21/03
DAVID AUSTIN

A van carrying a Portland punk rock band back from a San Francisco concert flipped twice early Sunday on Interstate 5 near Eugene, killing three people and injuring two.
From Our Advertiser

Members of the Exploding Hearts, a band that had played on the small-venue circuit in the Portland area, were returning to Portland when the accident occurred just north of Eugene, said Sgt. Lang Hinkle of the Oregon State Police.

Hinkle said the dead were identified as: Matthew Fitzgerald, 20, of Portland; Jeremy Gage, 21, of Beaverton; and Adam Cox, 23, of Portland. All three were ejected from the van when it rolled. None was wearing a seat belt, authorities said.

Injured were Terry Six, 21, and Rachelle Ramos, 35, both of Portland. Ramos was the

they have them on. It's a terrible tragedy."

Hinkle gave the following account of the crash, which happened shortly before 6 a.m. in the northbound lanes of I-5: Fitzgerald, who owned the van, was driving in the left lane when the vehicle veered onto the gravel shoulder toward the median, witnesses told police.

The van turned sharply and came back onto the highway, where it rolled.

When emergency personnel arrived, they found Gage and Cox dead. Fitzgerald was taken by ambulance to Sacred Heart Medical Center in Eugene. He died shortly afterward.

Six and Ramos, the band's manager, were taken to Sacred Heart, where they were treated and released.

Hinkle said police think fatigue may have played a role in the accident.

one-vehicle accidents. When you' the reaction or reflex is to turn s overcorrect to get back on the roa just a series of unfortunate event

The band had played a concert F Bay Area before hitting the road return home. The Exploding played a number of shows at Sa other area music halls. In May traveled to Boston to play University, according to the banc

Band members put out their fi album -- called "Guitar Rom March. Their singles include Teenage Faces" and "Mod Reviews from The Oregonian s patterned itself in some wa Ramones and exudes "power p steaming glory."

The band hit a snag recently, lo mer before leaving for San F Web site listed a plea for s could fill in to play for the bar nationwide tour.

As the news of the deaths of Adam "Baby" Cox, Jeremy "Kid Killer" Gage, and Matt "Mattlock" Fitzgerald, three members of the Portland punk / power pop band The Exploding Hearts spread, a palpable sense of shock and disbelief could be felt in the Portland music scene. It seems almost surreal to think that three of my friends, three members of one of my all-time favorite bands, could be gone all at once. It was too shocking to be real. It wasn't until I read the Associated Press story, with their names and very young ages printed in front of me, that I really believed it. My heart, like so many others in Portland, throughout the Northwest, (and if the Dirtnap Records messageboard is any indication, the world) is broken. "Shattered," to cop a Hearts song title.

As a band, The Exploding Hearts were an amazing force. Power pop perfection, with plenty of punk snottiness and rockin' energy intact. I saw their first show, and I was hooked from the first chorus. They wrote hooks that you could hear once and never forget. They wrote lyrics that straddled the poignantly emotional / completely retarded line brilliantly. Something I liked about so many of their songs was that they could write the catchiest, bounciest, happiest melody and put achingly bittersweet lyrics over them. Listen to "Throwaway Style" for an example of what I'm talking about. They made you dance, or pogo, or sing along every time they played. There was no sitting down during their set—that was not an option! Every show was exciting, every song a gem. These guys threw away songs that were better than anything that most bands will ever write. They were definitely on their way up in the world, and the future held very bright things for the band.

I have known Adam and Jeremy for about five years. I would see them at Automatics shows, or playing with their band at the time. For the first three years I knew them I thought they were brothers, and I was genuinely surprised to find out that they weren't. They looked so much alike to me, and seemed to have a true brotherly bond. They stuck together like glue, but also had the somewhat adversarial relationship that only kinship seems to provide. How many times did Jeremy quit the Hearts, only to save the day by giving in and rejoining?

Adam was a creative genius. Not only could he write these incredible, unforgettable songs, but he was a talented graphic artist. He had a true vision with the Exploding Hearts—look at their records, or website, and you will see a continuity of style. I'm told that he was always telling the other band members what to wear, and was largely responsible for the overall aesthetic that was uniquely theirs. Think about it—who else have you seen walking around in pink and yellow denim? One of my favorite things about Adam was his enthusiasm for his passions. When he talked to you about music, or something that he was excited about, his smile would be huge, and his blue eyes would be open super-wide. He always reminded me of a hyper little kid when he was like this, a trait that I found tremendously endearing. He was always coming up with new phrases and ideas. The most infectious phrase in the Hearts lexicon was "it's genius!!" which later got shortened to "it's gene!" One of the last times that I saw Adam, he told me that their idea for their next album title was going to be either *Nervous Burger* or *Thrash Beach*. I guess I'll never know if he was just pulling my leg or not. I thought he was joking when he told me that their first full length would be called *Guitar Romantic*, but now I can't imagine any other title for it.

Even though I hung out with Jeremy on his 21st birthday just last month, I always forgot how young he was. I think it was from seeing him around at shows for so many years—he seemed like a fixture, and that made him seem older to me. Not that he looked old, not at all, in fact he had the permanently-16 look about him. I saw Jeremy play in lots of bands, including great trashy garage punk bands like The Bedpans and The Silver Kings. When he played with those other bands, he had this huge Olde English 800 decal on his bass drum that always cracked me up. Here was this precocious underage punk kid, sipping from a 40 ouncer that he snuck into the bar, playing a kit that looked like it was sponsored by a malt liquor! His nickname in the Hearts was "Kid Killer," but I have learned that a much earlier nickname was "The Prince Of Sweetness." He tried to look tough or menacing in band photos, but would always start laughing at himself. I remember seeing Jeremy at lots of shows, with a baseball hat covering up his curly hair, and his skateboard in hand, rocking out. He usually had a sarcastic looking grin on his face, and there was often a wisecrack coming out of that grin.

Matt I knew least of all, unfortunately. I know that aside from "Mattlock," his band members also liked to call him "MattGyver," for his mechanical aptitude. The Hearts briefly had a mammoth, but very old and dodgy motorhome as a vehicle. On its maiden voyage to Seattle, it broke down. Instead of just getting it towed back to Portland, Adam, Jeremy, and Terry left the vehicle there, leaving Matt behind to figure it out. While the specifics of this story are vague, Matt returned a few days later with the motorhome. I heard that he used part of a ballpoint pen to make the necessary temporary repair! I wish that I had known Matt better and had more to say about him.

A memorial was held on Wednesday, July 23rd in Portland for all three of the fallen Hearts. Jessica Troutman, who was a very close friend and associate of the band (she duets on the song "Thorns In Roses" on their LP), did an amazing job of organizing the event and getting the word out. Chrystaei Branchaw, who photographed the band extensively, very generously provided hundreds of photographs, tacked up on boards for the families to take home with them. She also reprinted several hundred copies of issue #4 of her photozine *This Time Last Year*, which was an all-Exploding Hearts special that she had originally released a month prior, for people to take home with them. The church was decorated with pink and yellow balloons and hundreds of flowers. The church was filled to capacity with family, friends, and fans. Before everything got started, I played records and songs that were favorites of the boys: Nick Lowe's "My Heart Hurts," Badfinger's "Baby Blue," The Zeros' "Beat Your Heart Out," Small Faces' "Come Back And Take This Hurt Off Me," The Box Tops' "Cry Like A Baby," and lots and lots of the Supremes.

For the next three hours, people came up to the microphone and shared their stories of the boys and their band. There were some hilarious stories told, and some heartbreaking memories shared. Terry and the band's manager and close friend, Ratch, were there. It was good to see them, and most people took the time to hug them and tell so. They both survived the accident with what the newspapers have called "minor" injuries. I guess the journalists are only taking the physical injuries into account. All three sets of parents took turns at the microphone, and said that they were extremely moved by the outpouring of love and support that people showed for them. Nothing will ever replace what they have lost, but I truly think it helped them to hear what an impact their sons' lives and music had on so many people. Adam's mother said that all her son wanted to do with his life was to touch people with his music, and from the things that we had to say, she could tell that he had succeeded.

I did a special tribute to the Exploding Hearts on our radio show that night. I played lots of their recorded music, plus a live set that they had recorded in our radio studio in December of 2001. I also played more of the music that they liked, and let people call in who wanted to share thoughts and stories. I think the most moving call was when someone called from a wake, and had everyone there give out a long resounding cheer for the boys. It was a cathartic moment that plenty of us needed.

I am eternally grateful for all of the good times, fun shows, and amazing tunes that the Exploding Hearts have left us with. I will cherish their music and their memories forever. Speaking for all of their friend and fans, Adam, Jeremy and Matt, we miss you, we love you, and we will never forget you.

Thank you.

—Fred Landeen
July 24th, 2003

Vinyl Warning/PO Box 2991/Portland, OR 97208-2991
http://www.vinylwarning.com

THE UNSEEN

ThE nEW AlBum

In Stores Now
available on cd/lp

EXPLODE

ON TOUR WITH THE DROPKICK MURPHYS
SEPT. 9-19

BYO RECORDS • POST OFFICE BOX 67609 • LOS ANGELES, CA 90067 • WWW.BYORECORDS.COM • WWW.UNSEENPUNKS.COM

OVER 20 YEARS OF QUALITY PUNK ROCK - EST. 1992

THIS MONTH

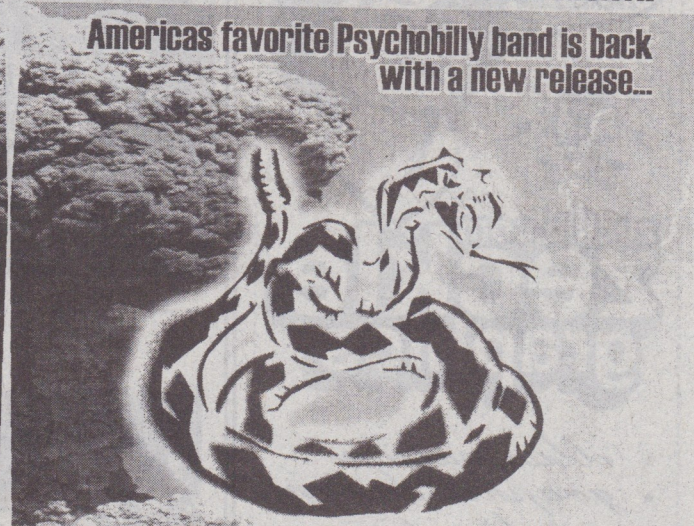
From the creators of Leftover Crack, Nausea, World Inferno Friendship Society, lnDK, & The Stockyard Stoics...

MORNING GLORY "The World is Watching" - out now!

BLACKNOISE red 1

NEXT MONTH

Americas favorite Psychobilly band is back with a new release...



The Slanderin

THE SLANDERIN "A Rhumba of Rattlesnakes..." - soon.

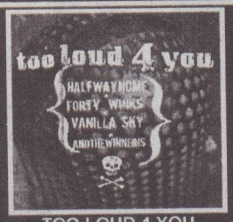
P.O. BOX 26806 - LOS ANGELES, CA 90026

ROAD TO RUIN DISTRIBUTION
521 W.Wilson #C103
Costa Mesa, CA 92627
roadtoruindistro@attbi.com

For wholesale info go to:
http://www.roadtoruindistro.com/road
R2R is the exclusive distributor of the labels we carry!
Retail customers may buy these titles @ www.punkrockmailorder.com/punk or

The ENDS xoxoxo
PELADO RECORDS
Debut full length out now! Similar to SLF, Boys, Generation X, Stitches, US Bombs

The KICKZ 7" single
PELADO RECORDS
Debut single from these youngsters. The bastard sons of the Clash, SLF, Rancid & early Mats!

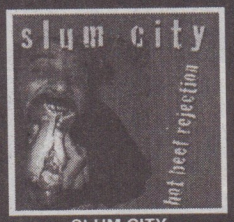


TOO LOUD 4 YOU
WYNONA RECORDS
HalfwayHome, Forty Winks, Vanilla Sky, AndTheWinnerIs. 3 songs each!

STRUNG UP
BLAZING GUNS RECORDS
East Bay Hard Core at it's finest! Fans of MDC and 83-84 style hardcore pick this release up!

RIVERDALES Phase 3
145 RECORDS
They're back!! The release most people didn't think would happen. Classic Ramones punk!

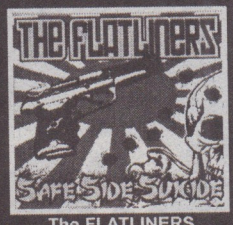
DARLINGTON
STARDUM RECORDS
Moron A Thon the latest CD from this great Texas pop punk band! Their best releases to date!



SLUM CITY
Super Secret Records
These ladies & guy rock like there's no tomorrow! Pure Punk Rock, no wimpy pop here!

MANIKIN s/t
Super Secret Records
Mix early So. Cal Posh Boy Records with hints of art punk you get one great band!

CLIT 45 kids aren't alright
GHETTO BLAST PROD.
Brand new single from CLIT 45! These guys prove why they are one of the best bands going!



The FLATLINERS
ADD RECORDS
East Side Suicide is the brand new full length from this up & coming Texas street punk band!

Sid Says:

zeckle.com
zeckle graphics

- illustration
- graphic design
- art direction

201•656•5371
CLIENTS INCLUDE: AGNOSTIC FRONT EPITAPH, & UNION 2112 RECORDS

CUT AND GLUE

BCT Presents:
SENZA TREGUA
Granducato Hardcore LP

Featuring: I REFUSE IT!, PUTRID FEVER, CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, STATO DI POLIZIA (SDP GR), TRAUMATIC, JUGGERNAUT, and WARDOGS. 40 minutes of raging Italian Hardcore circa 1983. Also comes with an insert booklet jammed full of lyrics, logos, rare photos, etc. Cover art by Mr. Winston Smith (Dead Kennedys). This is a one time only pressing of 1000 LPs, 200 colored available thru mailorder only. The cd version won't be available until late fall/winter. from cassette #16 - Senza Tregua.
$12 ppd / $15 world

BCT Presents:
HARDCORE AMERIKA
the Reagan Years CD
Featuring: LOVE CANAL, EAT THE RICH, NO RESPONSE, the UNEXPECTED, PSYCHO, the ACCELERATORS, DERANGED DICTION, WHITE FLAG, and more. 13 bands, 57 songs.
$8 ppd / $11 world

GODSTOMPER
HELL'S GRIM TYRANT CD
2 man bass and drum hardcore/grind, power-violence & distortion wrecking crew. 22 songs in 20mins. Also includes their 10min live set from 924 Gilman St. 12.31.00
$7ppd / $10 world

Amerika needs a regime change!!
Registered voters go to www.VoteToImpeachBush.org for more info.

COMING SUMMER 2003:
LANA DAGALES CD/LP
Bass and Drum Brutality. Their first full length. (check out the Iron Lung/Lana Dagales split 12" thru BoredomNoise.com. Total Devestation from both bands!!)

postage paid prices are based on media/surface prices. if you want yr order faster then contact us first.

make checks or money orders payable to Enterruption. money should always be overly well-hidden. sign up for our email list @ www.enterruption.com

enterruption
pobox 884626
san francisco, ca
94188-4626 usa
www.enterruption.com

PINOISEPOP 8

asian-american music festival sept 4-6, 2003

Sept 4, 7pm: The Invisible Cities, Green Preservation Society, Secret Janet, Show Me State, Shinobu, Parting Glance, + independent films/animations TBA
Sept 5, 7pm: Bobby Banduria, Highwire, Jack Killed Jill, Sweetness, The Skyflakes,
Sept 6, 6pm: Days of Ire, Eskapo, Friday Knights, Charmin, Flatbush, From Monument To Masses, Whysall Lane, + independent films/animations TBA

Bindlestiff Studios 185 Sixth Street, San Francisco (415) 974-1167, bindlestiffstudio.org
$10.00 each night, ALL AGES, Info: pinoisepop@yahoo.com, pinoisepop.cjb.net

---

nice & neat records
po box 14177
minneapolis,
mn 55414

nnr005
Kill-a-watts
sweet j.a.p.
split 7"

nnr006
the havenot's
the soviettes
split 7"
http://www.nice-neat.com

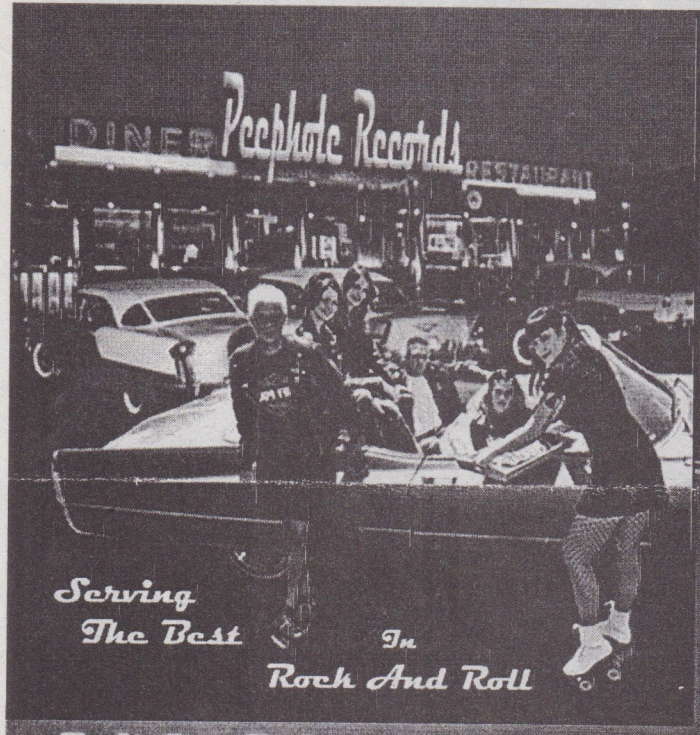
FLOWERVIOLENCE
RECORDS

OUT NOW:
ARTIMUS PYLE – inheritance 7"
HOLIER THAN THOU? - we come in peace 7"
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? - euro trash 7"

OUT SOON:
ASSCHAPEL -fire and destruction LP
BETERCORE / MY OWN LIES - split 7"
DESTROYER - s/t 7"

FLOWERVIOLENCE REC.
KAPELLENSTRASSE 16
69469 WEINHEIM. GERMANY
WWW. FLOWERVIOLENCE DE

STILL:
ASSEL / MY OWN LIES - split 7"
POTOMAC - synaptic syntax error LP
DESTROYER / SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA - split 7"
SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA - never stop attacking CD
THE NOW DENIAL - truth is on fire LP/cd
PRONE - s/t 10" Y / MY OWN LIES - split LP/cd
And many other stuff for distro and mailorder.....



Ready for a FRESH and INNOVATIVE face in the music industry?
Check out the debut compilation called

"Serving The Best In Rock and Roll"

from

PEEPHOLE RECORDS!

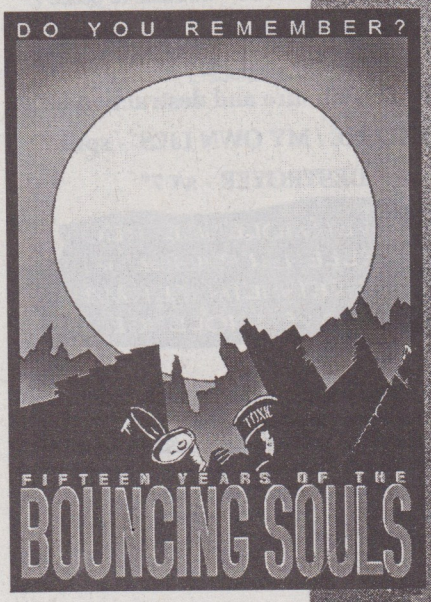
www.peepholerecords.com

IN STORES AUGUST 12th!!!

- The Starlits
- The Dead Heroes
- The Queers
- Cookie
- The Coffin Lids
- Squirt Gun
- Oppressed Logic
- The Norma Jeans
- Drowning Fish
- The Apers
- Moral Crux
- Citizen Drake
- Flav Giorgini
- The Prozacs
- The Groovie Ghoulies
- The Green Goblyn Project
- The Cryptkeeper Five
- The Guts
- Still Waiting
- The Vermin
- The Antics
- Teen Idols
- Brilliant Zero
- Car Bomb Driver
- The Beatnik Termites
- The Copyrights
- The Gamma Rays
- Die Cheerleader Die
- No More
- Time to Fly
- The Anchorite Four
- Ballistic
- The Manges
- The Cockroach Candies
- The Spitvalves
- Crizzy & The Punx
- Five Radio
- Gatsbys American Dream
- The Tim Version
- Mississippi Leghound
- Sugardish
- The Derita Sisters
- The Set-Up
- The Independents
- The Clarendon Hills

CHUNKSAAH RECORDS

www.chunksaah.com
distributed by mordam



THE BOUNCING SOULS DO YOU REMEMBER?

This double DVD set includes the feature length documentary, 50 song "set list" of live performances, six music videos, and over an hour of deleted scenes, tour stories, and archival footage. Nearly six hours of material in all. Available everywhere!

other titles by...
The Bouncing Souls
Go! For The Throat
Worthless United
Sticks & Stones
The Bosstones
Wanted Dead
Paint It Black
Rob Santello
Knives Out
The Arsons
The Curse
Zero Zero
Johnny X
Madcap
Felix

Available now!!!
The Bouncing Souls "Do You Remember" DVD
Coming soon!!!
Sticks & Stones "The Strife and Times" - 9.9.03
Vision "Detonate" - 10.7.03

CHUNKSAAH RECORDS
P.O.BOX 974
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ 08903

VISIT US ONLINE
WWW.CHUNKSAAH.COM

RAVING MOJOS

The Raving Mojos were part of one of the original waves of punk bands in Toronto. They had a legendary five song demo that was released in 1982 and that seems to have initiated their reunion. On Friday January 24th, they played their first show in a couple of decades and it was in support of a recent recording released as a CD entitled *The Last Rock and Roll Show Ever!!* The title has a story, as does their reunion.

Interview by Greg Dick. Photos by Matt Bickle.

MRR: Welcome Kurt Schefter and Blair Martin of the Raving Mojos. Congratulations on the release of your great new CD, *The Last Rock 'n Roll Show Ever!* and an amazing show and a great turnout at Lee's Palace last Friday night. We are going to try and whip through the history of the band, as quick as we can. Blair, you were born in Newark?

Blair: No. Where did you get that information? I lived in Newark when I was a kid, when I was six.

MRR: Oh, OK.

Blair: No, I was born in Toronto.

MRR: So you're a Toronto boy. The first band that I knew you were in was the Androids in 1977, playing drums with Sally and Bart. How did you meet them?

Blair: You know early in the scene I was hanging out with a friend of mine, Danny Levy and, I don't know, we were meeting people in bands and they needed a drummer. I knew how to play drums and I wanted to be in a group, so I got in their group.

MRR: So you were getting out of high school. You went to Jarvis Collegiate.

Blair: For one year, a short time.

MRR: I heard you only attended the smoking area sessions, though.

Blair: Yeah.

MRR: I don't know how many classes you actually showed up for.

Blair: That's true, I kind of lost interest in school by that point.

MRR: Yeah, you've said that Toronto was the second established punk scene in the world after New York City, starting with bands like the Diodes and the Dishes.

Blair: Yeah, I think so. If I remember things, that's the way it seemed to me. There were groups, certainly starting out I remember...which bands did you just mention, the Dishes?

MRR: The Dishes, the Diodes, the old Ontario College of Art bands.

Blair: One of those groups had the first punk gig that I ever remember in Toronto, which was in the basement of a church. I can't remember where the church was. The band that played was called Oh Those Pants and I think that band became the Diodes. I may be talking through my hat, but I think that's true. That would have been 1976.

MRR: Okay, so that was right in the beginning right before the "Crash and Burn" started kickin' in. You've expressed a liking for a band a lot of people originally dismissed as marginal and that was the Scenics. I know one thing that kind of caught your attention was that they used to leave the D strings on their bass and guitars out of tune on purpose.

Blair: They used to do jazz, classical, and weird stuff. They

were a contemporary group of bands like Television or Talking Heads from New York; they did that kind of sound. Oh yeah, they would have a song where there were particular strings on the guitar that were particularly out of tune in a particular way. It was a very musical thing that they did. Yeah, they were wildly good and people just really didn't like their sound.

MRR: Yeah and you were saying earlier they were on a bill with the Troggs and the Viletones at the Horseshoe and got kicked off before they...

Blair: Or it might have been a group called the New York Niggers. Do you remember that group?

MRR: I don't remember that group. I think I would have if I heard that name.

Blair: They were a multi-ethnic group that played a Rolling Stones punk thing. I remember that was from 1976.

MRR: Sounds like a Neon Leon kind of a venture there. Unfortunately to this day, the Toronto scene is poorly, if at all, documented. It's a shame, because it was truly one of the first scenes to emerge in punk rock definitely. Years ago, you expressed a dislike for the English bands. You said that Brits missed the point of punk rock. They couldn't sing or play as well and actually emphasized the fact they couldn't.

Blair: Yeah, that was at the time. That really...like Joey Ramone was really studying to be a pop singer. He was really studying to be Tommy James. He really was into a form and he was sort of studying it. When I heard someone like Johnny Rotten, he was doing something artsy that was essentially different, not a rock and roll thing and that's kind of what I mean by that.

MRR: Yeah, yeah, and for instance Mick Jagger. I mean that is obviously pre-punk, but a lot of them did sing in overdone English accents. As far as influences went, Roxy and Eno would have been copying the Velvets, or the Sex Pistols copying the Ramones. Where you think the American bands...

Blair: After the 1960s, I think the really important bands that if you look at the long term influence of things, the American groups that we all remember and we all name off in a row like the New York Dolls, the Ramones, the MC5, the Velvet Underground and the Stooges. I think if you look at the long term influence of those groups it's...I always felt that the Americans did something first as an art thing and then the British sort of interpreted it.

MRR: They introduced the clothing line.

Blair: Yeah, probably what I was looking at during this time was an interesting interplay which was, OK, what happens when American rock 'n roll goes to Britain? Is it interpreted this way by the British and comes back after a long time. And what the British have done with it is like the model of every punk band that I ever thought of and was around from1976 onward." Were the Rolling Stones models for those groups? So to me, I thought the punk thing felt like a re-interpretation again. Okay, now that you have given us this reflection, now there is another reflection going back in a cultural dialogue between Britain and the United States. That's what I thought rock 'n roll was, but in 1976, the British really eclipsed a lot of the American groups at the time. I thought the American groups were more about what I was in to.

MRR: Yeah, yeah, I feel the same way. Did you quit or were you fired from the Androids?

Blair: They fired me for sure. They called me up in the middle of the night and said they didn't want to play with me anymore.

MRR: You said that after two years, because of a pressure, which you've described, that existed in the scene due to bands expecting to get into the punk/new wave frenzy to get signed by labels, there was a bit of a vibe in the air of who was going to get signed first. Would it be Teenage Head, the Androids or the Viletones?

Blair: I think it was a really exciting scene. I think it was competitive. People wanted to be successful and people were hoping to see some success in this endeavour.

MRR: Yeah, yeah, I mean Sally and Bart ended up moving to New York

along with Cynthia from the B-Girls and a lot of musicians from Toronto, because I guess they felt that Toronto wasn't a place where they could further their careers. That there was something holding them back. That the scene was being ignored here.

Blair: Or it wasn't going to happen here? Yeah.

MRR: After that you met a drummer, Myles, who was in the Tools. They broke up and the two of you formed the Heartbeats, where you moved up to vocals and Myles on drums. Then you quit the Heartbeats because your elder bandmates were jerks.

Blair: Well, they broke up the band. It was the sort of band that you wouldn't do without key guys and one of the really key guys said that he didn't want to do it anymore. I was very disappointed at the time.

MRR: You and your girlfriend were kicked out of the house back in '79. You moved in with original bass player Ken Fox, who is now in the Fleshtones.

Blair: No, my girlfriend kicked me out of the house, that's what you mean there.

MRR: Oh, OK. You were only going to stay three days, but you ended up staying a year and a half. You got a job in a warehouse earning $115.00 a week, which was spent on beer and pot so you could get high and have a rock 'n roll band. Ken Fox had a 15 year-old friend, who I think is sitting beside me here. That would have been around 1980.

Kurt: 1981.

MRR: And that was Kurtis. You guys met a guy named Max and the Mojos were a complete line up.

Blair: We had known Max for years. He sells songs in Nashville. He peddles songs in Nashville, something like that.

Kurt: I don't know what he does, but he is in Nashville.

MRR: Kurtis, you guys hung out in Rosedale. Rumour has it that you used to walk down the middle of the street and make cars move aside. Your slogan was "the Mojos stop for nobody."

Blair: I think you are going into a deep thing. I think I said something that was along the lines of our attitude. Our attitude was "Yes, we walk down the middle of the street," because in Rosedale it is pretty easy to walk down the middle of the street. (lots of laughter) (ed: Rosedale is an upper class neighborhood in downtown Toronto and consequently not a lot of traffic goes through there.)

MRR: I guess around 1980-1981; some of your Rosedale friends rented the Masonic Temple for a party. The Mojos were to go on first, out of three bands. The other bands were KLO and the Other Side. What ended up happening there?

Blair: You know at this rate, we are going to be here for about a year.

Kurt: Yeah man.

Blair: This is going month by month here, but go on. That's our first gig.

MRR: Okay, how did you guys end up headlining the show?

Kurt: KLO didn't want to go on after us for some reason.

Blair: No, the Other Side.

Kurt: The Other Side was headlining that day?

Blair: No, we were going to go on first and then the band that was going on second said "We don't want to go after them. We'll go on first. They can go on second." Then the headlining band, who was KLO, said, "Well why, what are these guys doing?" Then the Other Side said, "I don't know. We are just afraid they might be kind of crazy," so KLO said, "Well maybe we will go on second and let them go on third." And so our first gig, we sort of intimidated everybody into getting the headlining spot.

MRR: That's a good rep. Obviously the photo in the inner CD sleeve was taken at this gig.

Blair: No, no. It looks like it was taken at the Turning Point.

Kurt: Are you talking about the one where Blair is about jump off the balcony?

MRR: That looks like the Masonic Temple.

Kurt: Yeah that was a different gig at the Masonic Temple.

MRR: OK, two weeks after that gig you started playing the Turning Point, which is where I remember seeing you the most times. That was a pretty regular Mojo venue. Around this time, Jonathon Gross, from the Toronto Sun reviewed a Nazareth/Joe Perry Project gig at Maple Leaf Gardens. You guys wound up getting your first unexpected press, as he unexpectedly showed up at Jarvis Collegiate. He ended up slagging the Nazareth/Joe Perry gig and was going on about what a great show you guys were.

Blair: Yeah, we got a write up in the Sunday Sun that week.

Kurt: I was in the same class as his nephew. I think his name was Paul. Not the actor.

MRR: So he would have taken him to the gig?

Kurt: Yeah, he took his nephew to Maple Leaf Gardens to see the Joe Perry Project and they hated it. So Paul said, "Let's go see the Mojos at Jarvis, man. That should be cool."

MRR: How did you find it? Did you guys get much media time back then? Did New Music or anybody come by with cameras?

Blair: There was always somebody around who was really supportive. You know there was Bruce Charlap, who wrote an article in the Ryerson paper about us. We got that New Music magazine to come out a couple of times. I think it was sponsored by CFNY. We had an article in there. And I think we were mentioned in the Star once. We opened up for Hanoi Rocks.

MRR: You played with the Cramps at Larry's, opened for the Ramones at the Concert Hall in '82. You guys also did a lot of gigs for Shawn Pilots Club, Frankenstein's and the Upper Lip.

Blair: The Upper Lip was a favorite of ours.

Kurt: We lived there.

Blair: That was after the Turning Point. We had a great time.

MRR: My old band, the Dream Dates, our last ever gig, you played drums for us there.

Blair: Was that the last ever gig?

MRR: That was the last gig we ever did, yup. And you guys did really well in Hamilton too, after getting ringing endorsements from Slash Booze, all of a sudden you guys had a new pretty heavy duty crowd in Hamilton showing up for gigs.

Blair: We had a good solid group from Hamilton who really liked the music.

MRR: Hamiltonians are definitely known for appreciating good rock 'n roll. Did Ken Fox quit or was he fired? What happened there?

Blair: He quit. He went to New York to join Bart and Sally, who you mentioned earlier, and they got into a project called Smashed Gladys.

MRR: I didn't realize he was in Smashed Gladys.

Kurt: Why did you ask if he was fired?

MRR: Oh, I just wasn't sure.

Blair: No, he left the group to go do this other project, because they were doing a record with Gene Simmons, and it would be a dream of his to work with Gene Simmons. You know he wasn't going to give up the opportunity.

MRR: You had problems finding a bass player because of your high standards of musicianship. I recall you guys having a guy from Winnipeg playing bass.

Blair: Yeah, Sandy.

MRR: How did you hook up with him?

Blair: He just came in the door. Beep, beep; like the roadrunner.

MRR: You said that the first two years were great and the second two years were a little frustrating.

Blair: Ah yeah, well you know, I guess like anybody we wanted to see some success. I think a lot of people at that time in the 1980s were confused as to how to go about gaining success. We had sort of run out of inspiration, we had reached a certain level, and it seemed very difficult to get beyond it.

MRR: Yeah, you guys were always very under-appreciated in the Toronto scene. I thought you guys came out right when hardcore was started to emerge, you all had really long hair and I think that confused a lot of people.

Blair: I think we had a group reaction. What we thought of punk music and what punk music was, it wasn't a rock and roll kind of thing anymore. It was going off into something else that I didn't all together recognize or want to be a part of.

Kurt: But also, even as the youngster in the group...I mean the first time that CBC did this thing about the London punk scene over the next week, all these kids I know started to have purple fucking huge spiky hair. They took the wrong aesthetic from it. It was an aesthetic thing to us, wasn't it? We had long hair and we were rock and rollers. Blair didn't always have long hair, you know. Sort of a mutating persona. It was an artistic thing.

Blair: But we did have long hair at a time when long hair would have been a confusing statement.

MRR: You guys have taken your time releasing your debut. What inspired you to get back at it?

Blair: I found myself at a point where I wasn't doing anything else and I found that getting another project together after Klave y Kongo, in that vein of music, would have been too much of an ordeal for me. I couldn't sort of face it again. I had done it and you know I got to a point where I had to re-assess what I was doing with my life. One of the things I wanted to do with my life is to be with the people that I really like, which is Kurt here. He had always said that these bed tracks that we had done in 1993 were kind of worthwhile to explore. We had our reservations about them, lets just say, but we knew we might be able to do something with them. Anyway, after talking to a few people like yourself and other people, I called him up and said, "Hey you know, why don't we put out that old tape from years ago?"

Kurt: I was always into archiving, so I had all the tapes and all the crap from years ago.

Blair: What really happened is we went about restoring that old tape that we were listening to earlier and found that it had been in a box in New York for ten years. It had also been in that same box in Toronto for another ten years on top of that. So twenty years and it's an old 1/4" tape that is going to rot and it has got mold on the box, so we went to restore it. At the same time that we restored it, we moved the bed tracks from 1993 from the format they were on, which were ADAT tapes to...

Kurt: By the way kids, get rid of your ADAT tapes.

Blair: To a ProTools format. We started working on it with the intention that we would come up with enough tracks for an album between the two sets of recordings. We still really didn't regard these bed tracks very highly. We started working on the bed tracks and heard something really kind of exciting happening. I was coming back into this after a long time, doing a lot of more challenging music and I was singing pretty good there. I liked the way it sounded and we were having a real good time working together. The bed tracks started to sound pretty good. It got exciting because this is someone that I really want to work with and it was fun. We had fun doing all the vocals for the bed tracks and we thought there was a great deal of interest in this kind of music right now. I have heard these new bands. I don't know much about them still, but they are obviously referencing the MC5, the Dolls, and the Stooges. We are having such a great time being together. It's been really good this last couple of weeks getting this record out. We did a great show at Lee's Palace, coming here tonight and grinding it out on the late night radio.

MRR: Yeah, the turnout at Lee's was just incredible. I mean it was 250 to 300 people. That's quite a large crowd. I was surprised by the turnout. A well deserved turnout nonetheless. Will any of the old recordings ever surface, perhaps the '82 tapes?

Blair: You know, the thing was, we got to a point with the bed tracks where we had twelve of the new bed tracks or the most recent bed tracks from '93 where they really sounded good. So we kind of lost interest in putting out the old tape. We have toyed since with the idea that as soon as we have dealt with the first record's release and we get some time, we would put out some kind of a limited edition thing for people like yourself and other people who remember. For the sake of nostalgia, at least anyway and anybody else who has got to hear it, but that would be another project. We are committed to the record that we have just put out.

MRR: Yes, one thing at a time. Will there be more gigs coming up?

Blair: As many as we can find, we are really anxious to work and really anxious to play as much as we can. You know, like I said to Kurt when we decided that we were going to release the record and put a serious effort behind it, I said, "Are you with me, even if it's on a Tuesday night in front of eight people, at the worst club in town?" and he said, "Yeah."

Kurt: Of course, with all my Johnny Carson show experience that kind of spooked me a bit, but of course. There must have been at least eight people in the studio that night. The new disc has a mixture of older standards and newer country inspired stuff that's just great.

MRR: Were the bed tracks for the more country-flavored stuff recorded back in the day?

Blair: All of the bed tracks were recorded in 1993, one evening at the Opera House.

MRR: It sounds kind of like a *Beggars Banquet*, *Let it Bleed* sort of thing.

Blair: Probably. I had been doing something like that. I had written those songs over the previous three or four years to that so when we got back to trying a Mojos thing, which we were trying to do, those songs came up because they were my current songs. The Mojos was always about my songs, among other things.

MRR: Now you did most of the song writing.

Blair: About ninety percent of it.

MRR: I think that Myles wrote a few songs.

Blair: Myles wrote other songs that came in from other bands, which were initially a really big influence on the style of the group.

MRR: What's Myles up to now. Is he playing music?

Blair: Not at the moment.

Kurt: No, we tried to get him back into this. He was not interested in the project at the moment, but he came over and listened to the bed tracks. He wished us all luck.

MRR: I am sure he is glad to see it come out. Where can people buy the CD? Where can people buy it in Toronto and where can anybody that is listening outside of Toronto buy it?

Blair: Right now we are just settling that issue, but you should go to the website where there will be information about ordering that CD.

Kurt: God that sounds cheesy though, just saying, "go to the website."

Blair: Well listen, we didn't get our distribution straight this morning. (laughter) But we had something that just didn't work out for us. If you look at the website over the next few days, we'll have some information about where you can order online.

Kurt: Thanks to the Raving Mojos, the other guys in the band that played downstairs tonight.

MRR: Who are the other guys in the band tonight?

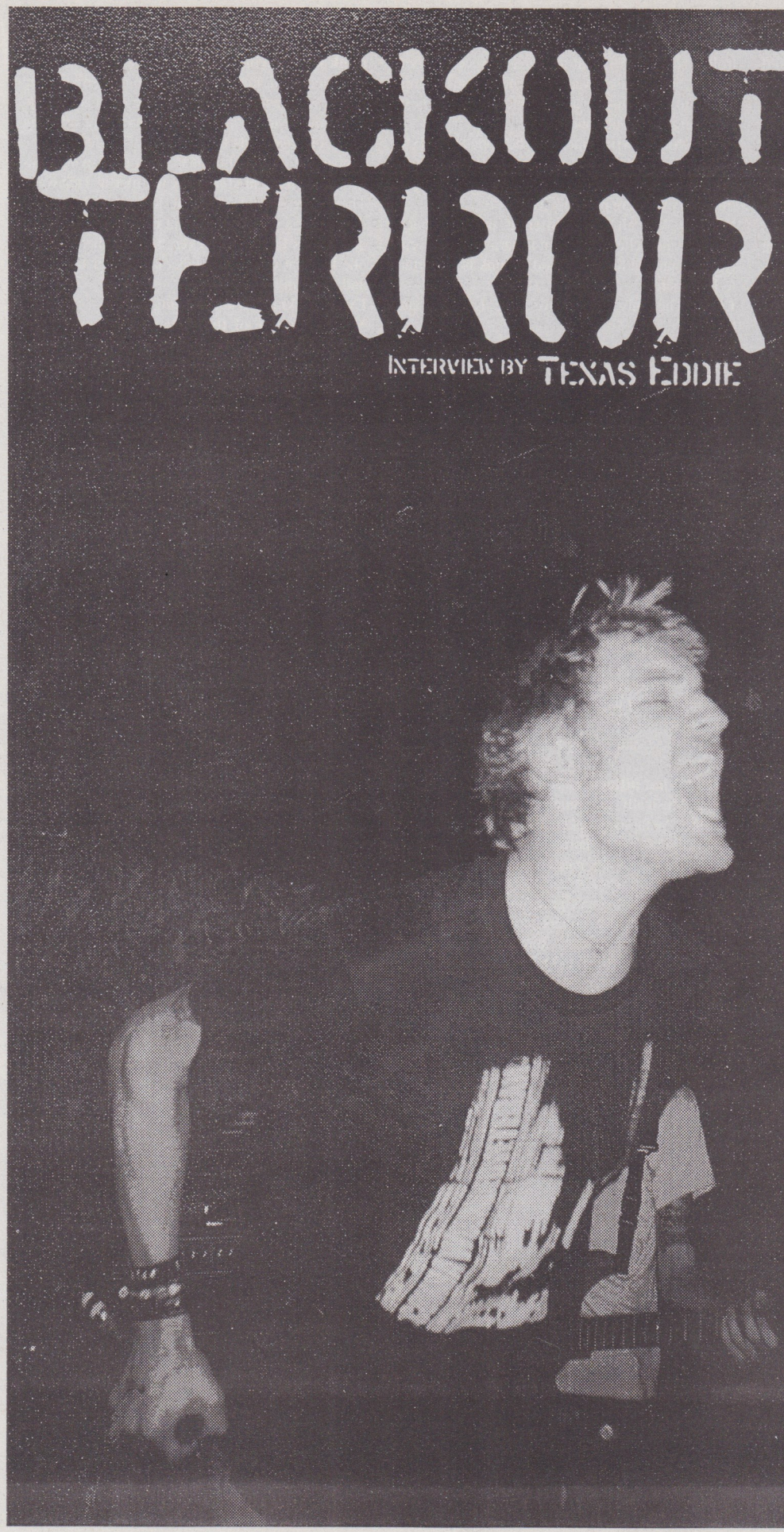
Kurt: We've got Smash Hitley on keyboards, Al Miller is playing bass and singing backup vocals, and Sean Kilbride is playing drums. These are our Raving Mojos.

MRR: Long Live the Raving Mojos.

www.ravingmojos.com

BLACKOUT TERROR

INTERVIEW BY TEXAS EDDIE



MRR: Give me a rundown of what everyone does, and a brief history.

Robbie: Well, I sing, Greg plays drums, Miles plays bass, and Evan and Tyler play guitar. It started when I called Tyler a Richie Rich-looking motherfucker, and we started hanging out, going to punk rock soccer. Then he said "Hey, I'm in this band with Mike O'Neil and Greg," and I started singing and it was fun as shit, then we got Pat to join. We went on tour in 2000, broke up when we got back, went through a couple members, and then got Miles and Evan to join permanently.

MRR: What do you think about hardcore in Tampa?

Tyler: Tampa's hardcore "funness" is waning.

Robbie: There is no more heckling.

Tyler: When bands play in Tampa, the first band that plays has fifty percent more people watching them than the next band that plays and so on, and so on, until the last band, and that band that plays has just their roadie watching them. It's really depressing.

Greg: Unless you are plus-core.

Evan: Yeah, the scene is overrun by neckless crew mosh-goobers.

Robbie: And club kids.

Evan: And Jesus kids.

Greg: Yeah, plus-core.

Miles: It's not as bad as they say it is.

MRR: What do you think about the rise of "plus-core?"

Robbie: It's bogus.

Evan: Who ever heard of republican hardcore?

Robbie: I think that spirituality or having beliefs is one thing, but when you bring into punk it can become a problem. I don't hold a monopoly on what is right or wrong but I definitely think it doesn't have a place in punk.

Greg: There is definitely a big disconnect between hardcore and punk. Four or five years ago, punk and hardcore were synonymous. Now it's just like "I'm not punk rock, I'm a hardcore kid," which means I can ask for a guarantee even though I live 20 minutes away and write songs all about girls with no political content.

MRR: What do you think the cause for that growing rift between punk and hardcore is?

Evan: I think it is because the music industry has kind of entered the hardcore scene and made hardcore kids stars winding up on MTV. Now the temptation is there to sell out.

Greg: They don't even get into it for…

Evan: They get into it to get laid.

Robbie: A lot of the kids coming up now grew up in an economic upswing and maybe are not as interested in left-wing politics. I don't know, maybe not. We'll see what happens now with the war and the economy, maybe things will start changing soon.

Evan: With the popularity of bands like Tragedy and From Ashes Rise, kids will eventually read the lyrics and be forced to use their brains.

Robbie: Tragedy is becoming a huge band; mosh-core kids are listening to Tragedy.

Miles: Or eventually those kids will just move on to the next fad.

Evan: Less fucking posers.

[laughter]

Robbie: I don't think there is anything wrong

with what those types of kids are moving on to, it's whatever makes you happy, I guess. But just don't break down what other people are trying to build up.

MRR: Do you think that the rise of the popularity of hardcore has led to the increase of these Christian or right-wing values? Because hardcore right now is more popular than it has ever been.

Greg: You wouldn't know it by going to a real DIY show.

MRR: But even that DIY sound is becoming more popular.

Miles: I think a lot of kids are drawn to it because it has a lot of emotion to it. Kids are really angry right now, or maybe they just feel stoked about God and the best way to express that is to…

Greg: …punch the guy standing next to them.

Robbie: To be honest, on tour we have met some really cool, I wouldn't go as far to call them Christian hardcore kids, but Christian kids involved in punk. We talked to them and exposed them to a completely different scene that they hadn't had exposure to.

Evan: They one thing that bums me out is that the Christian kids seem to be the most violent, and they seem to use hardcore as a way to cut loose.

[laughter]

Tyler: Christianity sucks, no one wants those kids at the show. Next question!

[Laughter]

MRR: What issues do you as a band feel are important to bring up?

Tyler: We deal with specific issues in our songs, like the problems presented by international monetary institutions, the recognition that placing your career as the central focus of your life will not lead to happiness, basically that there can be no price placed on free time. We also have a song that deals with sexual assault at punk shows, which while it may not be an epidemic, is still a problem, specifically at larger shows that draw a more diverse and often less enlightened audience.

Evan: As disgusting as it sounds, sexual assault is shrouded in acceptance.

Tyler: I don't think it is accepted, it's just that it happens and sometimes it is difficult for people to do anything about it. They don't know how to react to something like that.

Robbie: We have a song that deals with time as an abstract idea and that mechanical time really doesn't exist. The way we measure time today is only the result of a hierarchical, employer-controlled society. We want to be really specific about things, but we also want to write about different things to be inclusive as possible. Stuff my next-door neighbor could understand.

Greg: Robbie writes most of the songs and Tyler helps out with that. But even though Robbie writes the songs, they express how we all feel and are pertinent to everyday people's lives.

Robbie: We all have different political backgrounds and beliefs. I think it is hard to have a really strict agenda for your band. I think is important to be general.

Evan: The only agenda we have is to rip and thrash.

Robbie: No! Our agenda is Bowers! Next question!

Evan: We really…

Robbie: NEXT QUESTION!

MRR: Do you think punk and hardcore should be more sarcastic and funny or is it, at its roots, something that should be taken more seriously?

Tyler: Well, if you look at all the old bands like Conflict and Crass they were singing about things that were dead fucking serious.

Robbie: I agree with Tyler, there are a lot of things in punk that should be treated seriously. But there is also something to be said for finding ways to add humor to serious politics. If you go to shows in Tampa now they aren't as fun. Tampa used to be known for heckling, Mr. Bean masks, and cardboard mohawks. Grade, they hated our asses because we used to sing "Three Hot Tubs" while they played and we were louder than they were.

[Laughter]

Tyler: The Dead Kennedys were funny, and they are old.

MRR: What influences you guys as a band?

Tyler: Musically, anything from Scandinavia.

Robbie: As far as lyrics go, there are tons of things that influence us. Mainly just things happening around us, but I think part of what makes Blackout Terror different is all of our different backgrounds. The range of influences go from mid- to late-90's metal-core, old folk singers like Utah Phillips, to bands like Team Dresch, and more recent punk bands like World Burns to Death and Wolf Brigade. And Bread and Water. They rip.

MRR: That brings up a good point. You guys don't play the typical style of music associated with your politics. You guys seem to be punk kids playing metal music.

Robbie: Yeah, that has been such a positive thing for us as a band. Playing the style of music we do has brought us in contact with so many different kinds of kids. Kids that normally would never be exposed to any kind of anarchist or left-wing politics. Like the Christian kids we met in Delaware. They were so stoked on the idea of DIY punk. I don't give a shit if 99 percent of the kids yell at us and call us fags or whatever, because there will be one kid that comes and talks to us after the show, and that shit rips.

Evan: Kicking ass and burning rubber.

MRR: Because of the state of the world right now and things like the war, protests are increasing in not just numbers but also media exposure. Do you think protest is still a viable means of world change?

Greg: I definitely think it is viable. The main thing I was impressed about is that it hasn't been getting all negative coverage. Typically, with protests like the World Bank and IMF protests, they find the dumbest person possible to interview. They find the one guy that can only say "Yeah dude, I came to fuck shit up!"

Evan: "I came to the protest to get laid man!"

Miles: And then there are republican analysts out there saying: "Well, all the people at this protest are tied to communist or socialist groups and are probably terrorists, so there's no reason to pay attention to what they are saying. They aren't real American citizens." And they make it seem like a mockery.

Robbie: I think whatever you do is important. I think it is just important to communicate with people and to not ostracize people. Just relate to everyday people. Working class people don't really care about the "isms." Just do what you are good at and put your politics into it. Make your life reflect your politics.

Greg: I think it is also important not to blame working class people for not having the same views as you. We need to recognize that poor people are too busy trying to work their two jobs so they can scrape by. They don't have the time to think about international politics and that's not their fault. They haven't seen protest make their lives better so why should they care?

Tyler: There's no question: I definitely think that protest is important. It stopped the Vietnam War. It can stop this one. I mean, even though at the time they said it didn't. In Johnson's memoirs, he talks about how he knew the war would have to end when he saw so many people out there, and it took a little while after that, but people kept it up and it ended the war. But then again, President Bush is saying he doesn't care if every single citizen of the United States was in the streets, he wouldn't care, because it's his job to protect the American people and "That's what I am going to do whether you like it or not." That's what happens when you live in a republic. You elect people to do what they think is best for you, not to do what you want them to do, so I don't think anyone should expect anything else.

MRR: Do you guys have anything else to say?

Tyler: We are going on tour this summer. If you can help us out, go to our web site and email us.

Robbie: See you motherfuckers in the pit.

www.theblackoutterror.com

OVERDOSING WITH MORTICIA'S LOVERS

INTERVIEW BY BOBBY MANIC

MRR: OK guys, you can start with your names, what you played in the band and some personal info!
Gil "The Violator": Guitar and vox.
Bebe "Electronic Stripe": Guitar and vox.
Nikola "Dr. Molecola": Bass and vox.
Mirko "Double K": Drums and vox.

MRR: Let's start with a bit of history. Can you give us a small bio of the band? How did you get together?
Gil: Yeah, I can remember, it was 1994 and rock'n'roll scene in Italy was the worst putrefying heap of overblown bovine excrement imaginable. So, during the summer of that fuckin' 1994, Gil "The Violator", Bebe "Electronic Strap", Dr. "The Bone" Luxor, and Mr. "Broken Glass" Mirko met the Lord of R'N'R. He gave them bad bad news: Elvis was dead.
Mirko: On September 2002, Luxiano abandoned the Lovers cause he want to dedicate his body and his dirty soul to the Titty Twisters' Orchestra, the awesome frat swing rock'n'roll orchestra. Nikola "Dr. Molekola" is the substitute. That's it.
Bebe: Meanwhile, we've released three LPs, three seven inches, and we've played around Europe.
MRR: How's the garage punk rock'n'roll scene in Italy? Are there some other bands from your scene that we should watch for?

Gil: Italy's rock'n'roll scene isn't so bad. You're not a freaking genius if you buy an airplane ticket from Canada to Italy to see just one show. Only The Morticia's Lovers are worth the trip—just shittin' you. Our favorite local bands are the Kim's Teddy Bear (psychobilly, rock'n'roll), Atomsmashers (punk'n'roll on Rip Offs Records), the Alleygators (rawk'n'roll), the Homoplatik ('77 punk), and Killer Klown (garage punk).
Mirko: The Titty Twisters' Orchestra...
Bebe: The Shakedowns from Florence are up and coming too.
Nikola: Hey, my old band, Liquid Germs.
MRR: Are you well known in Europe?
Gil: "Well known" is a big word, but when we play the clubs are packed with plenty of drunk people who know what rock'n'roll is. You know what I mean: beer, suede, smoking, people on their knees, wine, crashing bottles, moshing, chemical smiles.
Bebe: Damn, Morticia's Lovers—*own* the chaos!
MRR: How much touring have you done so far?

What's been your favorite place to play?
Gil: We've performed everywhere in Italy: North, Center, South, and everywhere in between, and we've had two European tours. During the first one we went to Germany and Belgium and England, where we played at the Wild Weekend Festival #2. It was really cool. We lived on beer, brats, and potatoes for an entire week. We slept with a mouse and then we killed it. We were attacked by a pack of dogs that thought Bebe was a chick and then fought for him. We drank all we could, as long as it was free. We slept in Geniep's place and drank Ricard with him at 4 in the morning, then someone "accidentally" spilled it 'cause he didn't like it but didn't wanna offend Geniep . We ate spaghetti in Belgium. We paid for the highway in milky Switzerland. We loaded up on painkillers and tried to get porn flicks on TV in Germany at 7 o'clock in the evening, there was only the news on. So, unfortunately, it's not true, in Germany you can't enjoy a good porn flick while your eating dinner, even though Mirko says one time he really watched one at 6:30 p.m. But we think he took too many painkillers, and nobody knows what the hell he was really watching. We met the guy who runs Incognito Records, Reverend Reichsstadt and Super 7, Dr. Disco and the Bobbycars, and Ritchie of Screaming Apple Records, the Hot Rod Honeys, and Kris of Demolition Derby Records.
Mirko: They're all normal, cool, people, they've got their jobs, and at night they go back home and do their manly duty with their wives. And after that they lock themselves up in their rooms and play the Kids and the Hubble-Bubble. No gimmicks! And we're still around to tell it.
Bebe: The second European tour was in Bloody Belgium and we played in a prison near Anverse as the Crime—amazing!
MRR: What happened during your set at the Wild Weekend?

DAMN, MORTICIA'S LOVERS—OWN THE CHAOS!

Gil: First of all, Wild Weekend was the biggest European garage/rock'n'roll/punk event. The Wild Weekend was quite different from the other dates, the crowd was from all around Europe; there was a helluva mess with the languages, you'd speak Spanish to the Germans and English to the Italians and you couldn't understand anything at all, even among us Lovers. Mirko was messed up, and Luxiano spoke French like it was his mother tongue, one night he got into trouble—remember the labyrinth, that night in Koln when he entered a billiard-room with his bass and he couldn't get out? Anyway, when we got on stage we were OK, with our cool shirts and neckties, ironed, but not too much. And then we started, and the crowd got in front of the stage, and everybody—well, almost everybody—got crazy and jumped about, and we kept pounding. We saw that some people were more aggressive, and two good friends had a quarrel. Gianni Bus One dressed as a rotten pin-up almost puked on stage and I stomped on his ankle.

Bebe: And there was Gert "El Presidente", that guy from Belgium, he ate a can. And Guagno, he lay on the broken glasses like a fakir, but he's not a fakir, so he got hurt. And there was our roadie, Tatanka; he was playing with the ladies. It was a big spaghetti party.

Mirko: The crowd stared at us thinking, "What the hell are these spaghetti-eaters tryin' to say?" 'Cause we sing in English, but you can't make anything out of it. When we started our smash hit "I Don't Speak English, Please" it was a blast, some people were crying of joy, others took off.

Gil: And what about that 39 year-old bloke who came in our bungalow that afternoon? He wore a pair of pajamas and leather moccasins, and he acted shy. He said, "Morning sirs, I'm Michael, I live with my mom in the next bungalow. Could I have one of the fantastic posters that are stuck on the walls of your bungalow?" They were our posters... So we go, "Of course, here's two, one for you and one for your mommy as well, and Merry Christmas!" That night he was at the gig, with a serial killer look on his face, dressed in a leather coat and a cowboy hat and those pointed boots. He went nuts during our set! Rock'n'roll son, rock'n'roll!

MRR: Just out of curiosity, what do you guys think of George Bush?

Gil: Damn, what a question. We've heard some rumors about Georgy Bush and The FBI from a queer hardcore punk from Washington. I know their smash hit, "USA Wanna Bomb the Bambi". Some Washington friends told me Georgy used to perform with his fingers in his back, and sometimes (when he's really had a lot of booze) with the micro too. I don't know why. Probably he likes it!

Nikola: I got a big Georgy poster with the microphone inside in my bedroom.

The Lovers: Ooh!

MRR: Have any of you ever been arrested? If so, what for?

Gil: Fuck yeah. Five or six years ago, me and Bebe were totally drunk, driving with the stereo really loud, and we passed a police car. Surprise! They stopped our car and after ten minutes we were at the police station completely drunk. I can remember it all too well, what happened was—I remember we were laughing out loud, and the pigs were really pissed off but they didn't charge us we anything. They told us, "You are disgusting, we pity you." It was cool!

Bebe: Oh yeah, amazing. And once we were arrested in Riccione too, on the Italy's east coast. We pissed on a discotheque door.

Mirko: Only one time at the soccer stadium. I was to be an ultras (hooligan) of my soccer team, Piacenza. It was fun to throw stones at the cops.

Nikola: I'm sorry, I've never been arrested.

The Lovers: You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

MRR: What things really piss you off?

Gil: Sandals, and the hippies with bongos. And the guitar solos that last longer than 15 seconds, I can't stand it!

Nikola: The women—

Mirko: Oh, Nikola and Bon Jovi—

Bebe: The cyclists on the road, I wanna kill them all.

Gil: Well said.

MRR: What are the worst and the best bands?

Mirko: The best band: Morticia's Lovers. The worst: Pink Floyd.

Bebe: The best band: Ramones and the Cramps. The worst band: Morticia's Lovers and all that metal stuff.

Gil: I change my mind every five minutes. Right now the best band is Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers or the Controllers. Duh, maybe the Sonics. The worst is the Beatles, especially that "Michelle" song. "Michelle, ma belle..." Oh gawd, makes me want to puke.

Nikola: The best is Devo, the worst is Husker Du.

MRR: Is there anything new in the pipeline we should expect from you?

Gil: At the beginning of December, our third LP, *Rock'n'roll Overdose*, will be out. On Zaxxon Virile Action Records, a cool Canadian label.

Bebe: Ten songs of pure sexual porn rock'n'roll, you know what I mean.

Mirko: Maybe next springtime we will have a Canadian and Northeast US tour.

Nikola: After that, we'll try to escalate to the World Top Ten.

Gil: And we wanna shoot a remake of *Deep Throat*. We're looking for a girl to play the role that was Linda Lovelace's. As we really care about the issue of the film, we'll try the aspiring actresses ourselves. We'll start the auditions in March/April 2003. Contact us and, with a bit of luck, you could be the star!

MRR: Last question: what's the band reputation?

Gil: We're the last heartbreakers on the planet earth. Someone still believes that we're four Italian stallions. No baby, we're so fuckin' romantic. Please leave us alone, we wanna cry now.

Bebe: You can't understand.

★★★★

Discography

1998 - Mini CD Morticia's Lovers/Amplificators (Amplificator Records) - sold out

1998- LP 'Take a Ride with us' (Violator Records) - sold out

1999- AAVV-'Zombie shake' (Rockin Bones) with Cindy Lou

2000- 7" 'My baby mmmhh/Rockabilly Drugstore (Goodbye Boozy) - sold out

2000- split 7" Morticia's Lovers/Superfly T.N.T.'S (Perdurabo Rcs)

2001- LP 'Piss and Love' (Mad Driver Records)

2002- LP 'Overdose Rock'n'roll' (Zaxxon Virile Action Records)

More Info:

www.morticiaslovers.com

morticiaslovers@hotmail.com

Thee Fine Lines

Thee Fine Lines are a rock 'n' roll trio from the mean streets of Springfield, MO. Actually, the streets there aren't so mean—perhaps covered in Hardee's cups, but not mean. Thee Fine Lines aren't mean either. They are perhaps a rare, interesting musical oasis in the culturally barren wasteland of Southwest Missouri.

After a year and a half of existence, the group that consists of brothers Jason (drums, 25) and Justin Kearbey (vocals, guitar, 23), and Trista Winn (vocals, bass, 20) is starting to scratch and claw its way to notoriety. Clad in matching black Chuck Taylors and striped shirts or sweaters, they look almost as good as they sound. They've already spread their scrappy, Brit garage/mod style of rock to other Midwest states and made an immediate splash in the St. Louis scene, and have a split 7-inch out with a band from Lafayette, IN called The Jim-Jims.

Thee Fine Lines are planning to take on the rest of the country this summer on their debut tour where nicer, newer avenues will likely open for them. Interview by Tim Brouk and photos by Chris Foresman.

MRR: What's the Thee Fine Lines sound?
Trista: Heavy Billy Childish influence—heavy.
MRR: Isn't there a more vintage sound in your music?
Jason: Yeah, but we're not psychedelic.
Trista: I think we have a little bit of many of the required garage subgenres mixed in, but we definitely lean towards Mighty Caesars, Headcoats, Headcoatees type of stuff. Of course, we listen to stuff like the Wailers and Link Wray a lot. We draw from it but I think it comes out more like Billy's music.
Jason: We might like the Sonics a lot, but I think our music is a lot more like Thee Headcoats than the Sonics.
MRR: Do you hear yourselves in newer bands?
Trista: I think that we've got a goofiness about us and a little bit more of a pop quality that makes us kind of more like …
Justin: A little more like the Ne'er Do Wells or the Hi-Fives.
Jason: I think we tend to be a little darker than The Hi-Fives.
Trista: Right. Our lyrics are almost always negative—not on purpose, but we're just a very depressed band I guess (laughs).
MRR: Tell me about the history of this band. How did it start up?
Jason: They came up with the name before we had the band.
Trista: Justin did. At the time, we were in another band called Rock 'n' Roll Nightmares and another band called Trixie and the Merch Girls, and I was in an all-girl band called the Kidney Infections. Justin and Jason were still doing what they'd been doing for the past six years in Fugue. I guess in all of the different bands, we kind of were all individually wanting to do this sort of thing, but the other band members not so much. With the Kidney Infections, I was getting frustrated because the other girls didn't really know what I wanted to do.
Jason: All of the other bands fell apart at the same time, so it was a perfect opportunity to start something new. We already had the name. We had practiced a few songs just for fun. I played bass at first.
Trista: I played drums.
Jason: But, that lasted like three practices or something.
Trista: Yeah.
Jason: We practiced for two months before our first show, Halloween 2001.
Trista: I hadn't played bass before that really.
MRR: What makes a good Thee Fine Lines live show?
Trista: Crowd participation.
Jason: Yeah, at least people being there and not sitting down. They can

just be standing there. That's fine to me. I usually don't look and see the crowd very much.
Trista: They don't have to dance, but if they do, that makes it a million times better.
Jason: We had a really good show in Springfield, which is surprising, where people were dancing.
Trista: Shows are better when there's a wide spectrum of ages. If it's all young or all 21 or over, it's not as good. When you have a mix of people of all ages it's so much better, because older people like us but younger people bring the energy. But younger people in Springfield don't know as much about what we're doing. It makes for a good mix.
Jason: Sometimes I think younger people don't like us as much.
Trista: But I'm saying that mix rubs off on each other and makes the energy positive.
Jason: It seems of all the bands we've been in, this one's the one older people always like. I'm getting old.
MRR: Me fucking too. What's this label you guys own?
Jason: It's called Wee Rock Records, and we've been doing it from '95. Mostly local stuff. CDRs and vinyl. We used to do tapes, but no one buys them.
MRR: Their loss.

Trista: More for us.
Justin: More tapes! We just make them for us and when we're done listening to them we throw them out of the window.
MRR: The 7-inch came out last Halloween. Any plans to do any more recording?
Jason: We're not playing any shows in April, and we're going to record four songs. We have about half the money for a 7-inch. Hopefully we'll have it out by tour.
Trista: If it wasn't for the money, we'd be putting out records everyday, but it's just too damn expensive.
MRR: Are you guys interested in doing a full-length on CD?
Jason: We're not interested in doing anything on CD.
MRR: Are you guys in any side projects right now?
Justin: I guess Trixie and the Merch Girls.
Trista: We still record, and we play private parties.
Justin: Once a year.
Trista: We play upon request but we don't book shows on our own.
Justin: Actually, Thee Fine Lines never really go out of our way to book shows either.
Trista: Sometimes we'll get four calls in one day of people wanting to book us. It's really odd.
MRR: Is it hard to be in a band like yours in the Midwest?
Trista: I wouldn't say the Midwest, just Springfield.
Jason: Springfield's not good. We try to play out of town more, but it's hard.
MRR: Why is Springfield not good?
Jason: It's not that it's not good …
Trista: We're just not very well received in Springfield.
Jason: Yeah, we don't have a lot of friends. We're all really depressed. No one loves us (laughs).
Trista: We have a couple. We have, like, three. I think that for what little scene there is in Springfield, there are a whole lot of bands. Since everybody seems to know somebody who's in a band of very varying degrees of popularity and experience, saying that you're in a band is not impressive at all. It's like "Oh, well, my brother's in a band who plays in the basement."
Jason: You'd think that'd be a good thing overall.
Trista: But that numbs them instead of inspiring them. A lot of places, when everyone's in a band, everybody's interested in it; but it's like everyone is sort of jaded.
Jason: Springfield's just big enough to have bars to play and places to play and bands, but not small enough where it's a big deal. And genre-wise, there's a lot of emo and Christian.
Trista: And punk either means being a drunk bigot or Sum 41. There's no in between. You have to be so offensive that nobody can really relate unless they are actually this actual redneck or racist, or you have to be a 12-year-old with a guitar. I'm going to make a lot of friends with this interview (laughs).
Jason: The country rock thing in Springfield is pretty cool. But I don't get out very much.
Trista: Yeah, I don't think we're really involved enough to make a really fair assessment.
Jason: In the past we've been really involved, but in the past year or two we've been not nearly as involved.
MRR: What about touring?
Jason: It's tentatively planned for Aug. 8 to the end of August. We're going to go to the Southeast and east and Midwest. I want to play in Memphis and Nashville. Then we'll probably head east up the East coast and then back.
Thee Fine Lines related websites: http://www.weerockrecords.com/

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, TRUST FANZINE (FROM GERMANY) IS ONE OF THE LONGEST RUNNING ZINES IN THE WORLD. THEY JUST CELEBRATED THE RELEASE OF THEIR 100TH ISSUE, WHAT FOLLOWS IS ARWEN CURRY'S CONVERSATION WITH TRUST'S HEAD HONCHO, DOLF HERMANNSTAEDTER.

MRR: The last time we interviewed you, Dolf, was in the spring of 1993, more than ten years ago! Tell us again when and how *TRUST* started operation. What was the original idea behind the fanzine?

TRUST: The idea was born at a meeting of people from southern Germany in a city called Heidenheim, in March, 1986. All these people have been active in the punk/HC scene for years doing smaller zines, distros, or being in bands, etc. We agreed we needed a medium that would differ from the sporadic fanzine, something that would come out on a regular basis. Since back then punk/HC was not easily available, it was hard to find information about it, and the mainstream music press would ignore it completely. We made the decision to go ahead, and it has been coming out every second month since then (the first issue came out in June 1986).

MRR: This summer you reached 100 issues. Congratulations! Does that mean you've been publishing continually at a bi-monthly rate?

TRUST: Thanks. We never thought we would publish 100 issues when we started out, but that is just how it happens. Yes, we have always published bi-monthly; there might have been a few three-month gaps, but only a few in the past. We did that since we believe it is already enough "work" to do a zine in eight weeks. Of course nowadays with the Internet, you need to do a zine on a bi-minute modus in order to be "up to date"—not that we need to be "up to date." But it seems like a lot of the kids don't understand the print concept anymore.

MRR: Are you the guy in charge? How is Trust structured these days? Do you rely mostly on contributions?

TRUST: We used to be six people when we started out; left from the original group is only Mitch, (who still does most of the graphics, living in Augsburg) and myself. I also used to live in Augsburg but moved to Bremen almost 5 years ago. We have a bunch of "staff writers" that do 95% of the writing, we do welcome contribution of anybody thou, but are selective. Most of these writers are spread out all over Germany: Frankfurt (Daniel, Andrea, Joachim, Al), Berlin (Dietmar), Nuernberg (Sebastian), Muenster (Sascha, Frank, Peter), Celle (Torsten), Augsburg (Mitch, Howie) and of course a bunch of people in Bremen (Stone, Jörg, Christoph, Malte, Harm), Venecia/Italy (Tom)—I hope I forgot nobody.... and there is some more people that only write occasionally. Out of these people, apart from doing interviews or reviews, Daniel and Joachim help with layout, Jörg is our webmaster. Stone, Christoph, Malte and Harm help to pack up, when the new issue comes from the printer... all the other shitwork (coordination of interviews, ads, printer, distro, financial, etc., etc.) is my job. It is not always fun, but I still enjoy doing it. I almost write a column in every issue and the news together with Stone, once in a while I do a interview, or write a book review. And I still listen to all the CDs we receive.

MRR: When we're doing the *MRR* radio show we always comment that there are so many German records—and a decent percentage of them are really good. Does this mean the German scene has matured since the early 90s?

TRUST: I'm not sure what records you mean, I surely hope you are not speaking of conservative, uninspiring "Deutsch punk". There is tons of that "deutsch punk", and actually some of it, as I like to call it "grown up - deutsch punk", is indeed very good. But there are so many bands, from all different kind of genres, that is it really hard to speak of "one scene". But you are right, there is a bunch of really good bands coming out of Germany

MRR: Do you even think of it as the "German scene," or is it divided more regionally?

TRUST: I expected you where gonna ask a question going into that direction... I think there is no more scene left. It is divided, not regionally, but in the different genres. For example here in Bremen, there is the "old school punks", that are into punk, fast, loud hardcore, then there is a "street punk Oi scene", there is a "60s garage rocknroll scene", a "new school hardcore crowd", into screamo or a lot of the emo, a more "student punk/indie bunch"..... and so forth. I don't really care for all the different genres, I like good music, preferably with a good attitude and I find that in some scenes rather than in others.....so to me there is a "German scene", 'cause I don't care about all the mentioned genres, but I know that a lot of people being in those scenes don't really care about bands from other scenes, but that is mainly their problem..

MRR: Do you feel like Trust does a good job of representing the German punk scene? Is it important to have an international presence as well?

TRUST: I would not reduce it to "punk", we don't have that many "classic" German punk bands in there, but I do feel, whenever another great German band pops up, we usually cover them. *TRUST* is representing "our" German scene (I'm sure people would disagree), it for sure does represent itself, being part (or building it up, back then) of the German/European underground/punk/HC

scene since 17 years. Our international presence is limited, since *TRUST* is written in German, so we are know by most of the "older" people all over Europe and in the USA, but nobody reads *TRUST* there.... that is just the way it is.

MRR: I know you used to come over to SF and guest DJ on the *MRR* radio show back in the day. What was your relationship with *MRR* like in the 80s?

TRUST: We did trade zines, as we still do to this day. We did that photozine together *Welcome to Cruise Country*. I was in SF a bunch of times, living at the *MRR* house, working on the zine, doing some radio DJing, helping build up Gilman Street and meet people talk about "the scene" politics and what not. I was impressed by what *MRR* did to the global punk scene, as well as on a local level, I liked Tim! Even thou our age was a bit different, that was never in the way.

MRR: To repeat a question we posed back in '93, what is the political climate like in the German punk scene? Is there a lot of criticism of Americans because of the militant GW Bush government?

TRUST: It seems a lot of American bands, calling themselves street punk or garage finally flashed their true believes—patriotism mainly, after 9/11. Most of these bands are not so much in our focus, that is more the job of *Plastic Bomb* zine, to point them out. In general, there is still some politics going on, but in the year 2003 to be against or for Americans.... you have already lost if you still think that way. That kind of thinking is so over... there is a lot of stupid people all over the world, some happen to live in the US, the leader of that country is embarrassing to look at & has no idea what he is doing. I don't need to tell you how & why Bush is dumb, you know that all (and if you, dear reader don't, you better get some info in your brain). So to have a aversion against a country or their people because of the politics of their leaders is no good. You need to look further.... I'm pro (or against) people, no matter where they come from. But to get back to your question, I think one thing that is still very strong in all the different "punk scenes" is their anti nazi attitude. You have still a lot of punks being politically active, going to demos and all that. Or you have people that think about politics, or society and express their opinions, that is also still done by some of the *TRUST* staff writers in their columns.

MRR: What about racism, skinheads, etc. in the punk scene there? Is it less of a problem than it used to be?

TRUST: Here in Bremen it is no problem, if there is racist skins (or other dumbos) there is always a force against them. Don't know about all the other cities, it could be worse in certain regions. But I would not call it a problem. It seems some right wing people tried to enter the HC scene (or maybe that was the tough-guy-scene) in the east of Germany, but there is also a force against them, they even formed a group called "Good Night, White Pride".

MRR: What keeps you doing Trust in the times when things look all dreary and pointlessly difficult?

TRUST: Well, it was our baby and now it is my kid, that still grows up with the help of a lot of people, that is great. I like the people I work with. I like it to be able in a time when all music journalism is depending on what the industry tells them, not to do that. I like it when people find out about great bands and we can feature them, I love it when a band shows what kind of idiots they are, while they think they are cool, I love it to express my own ideas and thoughts. It is great to see bands, that we covered when they where interesting and new appear in the music press years or months later, announced as the next big thing and all we can do is laugh, since we knew that a bit earlier, it is great to have taste. I think it is great that we after all this years still do what we like to do and are not controlled by the industry and their ads, promo people, release schedules, etc.

MRR: The punk network is much larger and spread out than it was when you first got involved with Trust, even though we're better connected than we were ten or twenty years ago. Do you feel like it's going in the right direction?

TRUST: For me there is too many people involved that have no fucking clue what it is all about. They come in with their bands, mailorders, agencies, ideas or whatever the hell & they did not do their history homework. One has not to do that, if you wanna build something by yourself, but if you pretend you are HC this and punk that, then do your fucking history lesson! And you will find out that being sponsored by companies, playing for high door tickets, doing videos and in generally mainly caring about money has nothing to do with the origins. Maybe it is punk in the year 2003 to be like Blink 182 or Jimmy Eat World, but it is not. Also, some of the "old" bands are a pain in the ass too, since they keep playing without offering anything valid or even new. What also needs to stop is the mix up of the structures, for example: bands come over here, with a big British agency, but still use a tour van from a underground punk rental place. They should get their shit from the music business places. There is no problem if a bands wants to be all about business, but then they should stay away from the underground scene—or they should support it when they are getting big. But I guess these kind of things are not of interest for a lot of the kids today. It seems for a lot of people punk has more to do with music and fashion—for me it was and is always still more about a attitude. I also think it is a problem that a lot of people (that listen to "alternative") music, don't have any taste. They need to be told what is good or not, rather then forming their own taste. But I guess that has never been any different. Just smaller. So, I know it is going in a direction, but I'm not sure if it is a good one...we will find out.

MRR: Besides Trust, what are some other important entities in German punk that have sustained and encouraged new bands and fanzines? How is the distribution system, for example?

TRUST: I guess I can list a bunch of names, not sure if they encouraged any new bands or fanzines.... Spermbirds, Ox, Plastic Bomb, Oma Hans, Flight 13, Green Hell, X-Mist, Boxhamsters, Juzi Göttingen.... just to name a few. Regarding distro, some of them are named above and they work, it is small/big, but not so much in record stores. We just went to a "normal" distro, since the underground distro network was not able any more to sell enough zines, which is not their fault, it is just that it is not so big any more & the consumption structures of the kids changed... I guess.

MRR: How do you see the future of Trust? Do you expect to be there for another hundred issues?

TRUST: Right now all is good, we have great writers with a taste for great music. It is still manageable financially... we are not gonna change too much and if we can survive doing that, there might be another 100 issues, but if nobody wants to read it anymore, therefore people don't put ads in there... you just never know nowadays. I let you know when we need help, hahaha.

MRR: Are you looking for younger people to work with *TRUST*?

TRUST: It is not that we are on a search, but we are open to new people. That is if they are into what we are doing with *TRUST* if they wanna do something by themselves, that is cool, but then at least make it different from what already exists. Sometimes I wish more of the fans would grow with *TRUST*, but a lot of the old people fade away and the young people seem not to understand what we are doing and where we are coming from - maybe I'm wrong, it just feels like that sometimes.

MRR: Is there anything else you like to add?

TRUST: Yes! We like good/interesting music and ideas. So if you do a label, zine or have a band, please send your stuff to us, so we can review it, or maybe even have a feature in the future, get in touch. We are not limited to punk only, but do also like punk—there you go. If you interested in contributing, get in touch, but you need to be able to provide text in German. And last but not least, if you like to get a copy of *TRUST*, maybe # 100, still a few left, just to check it out. Or brush up your German, send four dollars and we'll send you a copy. If you wanna have a look first, got to: www.trust-zine.de Mail address: *TRUST* Potash 11 07 62 28087 Bremen Germany Contact: dolf@is-bremen.de

★ NEWEST INDÜSTRY ★

HERE'S OUR SUMMER 2003 RELEASES. PRETTY FUCKING HOT, HUH?

NO CHOICE
"Dry River Fishing" CD
The best punk rock band in the UK right now. US tour with AM! Feb 2004.

SHONBEN
"1999" CD
Anthology of this post Broccoli / ex-Dead Inside UK band. Amazing.

THE PHOENIX FOUNDATION
"These Days" CD
Incredible Husker Du / Manifesto Jukebox style Finnish punk rock. Wow.

I EXCUSE
"Burn The Empty..." CD
The best punk band in Japan. Like Dillinger Four meets Leatherface!

THE ENABLERS
"Sweet Fuck All" CDEP
Rob Coe from Fay Wray is back! This band is the new Social Distortion!

All of our CD albums are $14.00 post-paid to anywhere in the world. The EP is $10.00 post-paid to anywhere in the world.
You can also order online and pay via PayPal at : www.assemblylinemusic.com / Distributed in the US by No Idea.

UNIT 100 • 61 WELLFIELD ROAD • CARDIFF • CF24 3DG • UK • WWW.THENEWESTINDUSTRY.COM

NEVER STAND IN SILENCE

The Return Of The Initial Thrash Era

METALLIC CRUST DYNAMITE BANG! FROM NOTTINGHAM UK

CONCRETE SOX 'YOUR TURN NEXT' CD
The debut album by one of the thrash HC sound originators from late 80's. Sox was part of the great UK thrash scene that revigorated the era along with bands like Intense Degree, Napalm Death, Ripcord, Heresy and others. Besides the full length, this CD also contains unreleased bonus tracks carefully prepared for you. "$12.50 worldwide postpaid"

CONCRETE SOX 'WHOOPS SORRY VICAR' CD
Second full length album from 1987, just one year later they released their debut one. This CD also contains unheard bonus tracks in total of 70 minutes too . Never released on CD format and out of print for many years, this is a punch in your face. Damn good hardcore driving minute by minute, provided by these UK nice guys. "$12.50 worldwide postpaid"

ALSO AVAILABLE : BRAZILIAN THRASH HC RE-ISSUE SERIES

ARMAGEDOM 'SILENCIO FUNEBRE' CD <SSR-001>
The official reissue of the legendary Armagedom album originally released in 1986 and only pressed in Brazil. Definitely one of most killer thrash hardcore LPs ever and a huge influence for all worldwide crust, anarcho, political and d-beat oriented bands who came up after them. We got the authorization from the bandmembers to make this masterpiece available again, almost 20 years of the original release. Comes w/lyrics,translations and original artwork. What else do you need?

LOBOTOMIA 'S/T' CD <SSR-002>
Another classic brazilian thrash hardcore album from 1986. Ahead of their era musically and lyrically speaking, Lobotomia forestalled the whole conception of metallic crustcore style that crossed the late 80's until now. Dark, heavy and furious, this is their best material sofar, out of print since the old days and now available anywhere. Also an official and essential release.

CDs are 12.50 USD worldwide ppd (it doesnt matter where you live).
You can buy from us by snailmail or using the online shopping cart system.
We deal directly with customers, stores and distributors all over the world.
Wholesale price info available at our site, as well as mp3 samples too.

Contact us at SPEEDSTATE RECORDS
5-34-4 Kozunomori Narita Chiba 2860048 Japan
e-mail: info@speedstaterecords.com
www.speedstaterecords.com

SPEED STATE RECORDS

COMING SOON
"1984 - THE SONIC WORLD - VOL 1 to 4" CD BOXSET
The official reissue of this seminal mid-eighties compilation, including all recordings from volumes 1 to 4 and probably some unreleased songs. Plus all the original booklets artwork, line notes and pictures. By far one of the first international punk hardcore compilations ever done and originally released by APMC New Wave Records from France. More than 100 songs by bands like Heimat-los, SOD, Psycho, Civil Dissident, Rapt, Wretched, Solucion Mortal, Kromzom 4, Colera, Extrem, Patareni, SS 20, Cancerous Growth, Scraps, Deviated Instinct and tons of others.
A damn awesome punk hardcore statement for sure. First 1000 copies on limited special edition.

More Brutal Releases Than You Can Shake a Stick At

Warspite "Gallery of the Macabre" Cd
$8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
This is probably the best death metal release I've heard all year, unless my horrible memory is forgetting something... but either way, it's easily one of the top 10 Death Metal releases of the last five years, without question. (Aversiononline.com) Free MP3 available on our website.

Asschapel "Fire And Destruction" Cd
$8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
Asschapel blaze through another album of some of the best brutalizing Punk and Metal around. This one will just blow you away as Asschapel will add legions of fans to their chapel of hell with their solid, crazy and tight as hell songs. You know you want this!

Disgust "The Horror of it All" Cd
8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
Disgust are back bringing you 17 brand new tracks of brutal Swedish hardcore in vein of Discharge and Disrupt. We can't even begin to tell you how awesome this is!!! Formerly on Earache and Nuclear Blast Records.

Groinchurn "Already Dead" 3" Cd
$4.50 ppd US / $5.00 World
The U.S. pressing of this awesome 3" Cd originally from S. Africa. This Grindcore band features bonus tracks not on the original version. Look for our upcoming Cd release with Groinchurn on their album "Whoami" coming out soon!!!

Facedowninshit "Shit Bloody Shit" Cd
8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
Brutal sludgy hardcore with a touch of Black Sabbath. Really brutal in every aspect, this Cd includes their Split 10", full length Lp and demo tape.

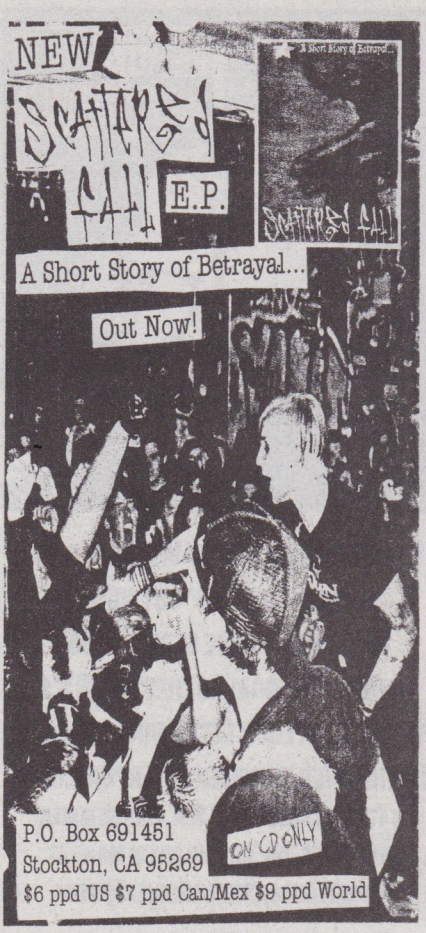
Wolfpack "Allday Hell" Cd
8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
Brutal Swedish Hardcore in vein of Skitsystem and Anti-Cimex. One of the most brutal Swedish hardcore albums ever made. This will blow you away!!!

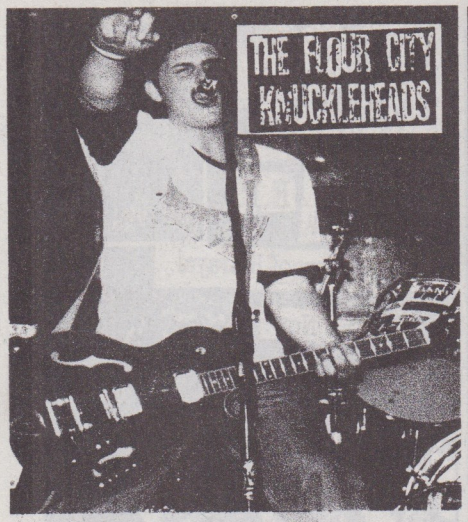
Also Available:
Hellbound / Despite Split Cd 8.00 ppd US / $11.00 World
Misery "Early Years" Cd (Same as above)
Misery / Extinction of Mankind Split Cd (Same as above)
Remains Of The Day "An Underlying" Cd (Same as above)

We have a huge list of shit we sell, so visit our Web Site. We have some of the cheapest prices anywhere.

C.A.H. Records // P.O. Box 1421 // Eau Claire, WI 54702
Email: orders@cahrecords.com // Web: **www.cahrecords.com**
We Now accept credit cards. Up Next: To What End? new Cd (Ex Wolfpack)

Crimes Against Humanity Records/Distribution





DEBUT ALBUM 'EMPTY WALLETS AND BROKEN BOTTLES' OUT NOW!
16 SONGS OF PURE STREET PUNK ADRENALIN FROM ROCHESTER, NY'S FINEST, THE FLOUR CITY KNUCKLEHEADS
DISTRIBUTED THROUGH INTERPUNK.COM
ON TOUR ACROSS THE U.S.A. THIS SUMMER!
TOUR DATES, MP3S, AND MUCH MORE AT:
WWW.FLOURCITYKNUCKLEHEADS.COM

In The Wake Of The Plague

maillorder gets fire-colored swirled vinyl

5 song 7" of brutal crust in the vein of Skitsystem and Disrupt...

$4 ppd North America /$6 ppd World

from: 548 Broderick Street
SF, CA 94117 USA

distributed worldwide by Hardcore Holocaust

inthewakeoftheplague@hotmail.com
www.inthewakeoftheplague.com

WHEN HUMANS ATTACK! RECORDS
1214 S. 45th St.
Philadelphia, Pa 19143
beaudk@comcat.com ***make M.O.s to SKOT BEAUDOIN! cash ok, too!***

Guyana Punch Line OUT NOW!
4 new songs from your favorite smashist terror troop!
$3.5us $5can.mex. $6world
(ltd vinyl thru mail, yay.)

STILL AVAILABLE!!
AN ALBATROSS 12"EP
"eat lightning, shit thunder!"
rock'n'roll inspired Intense, frantic, convulsing, grinding mayhem. Ass shaking and earth-quaking!
$8us $10can.mex. $14world
(oooh, ltd. vinyl thru mail!)

the sound of failure
"Distress Signal" 4-Song 7"
Chaotic, crushing, messy mid-paced hardcore.
think black flag + john henry west + unwound.
$3.5us $5can.mex. $6world

NEW FROM SMOG VEIL RECORDS

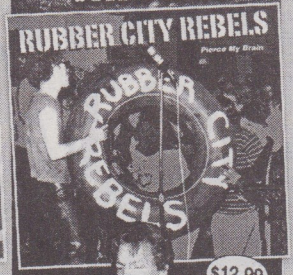
Listen & buy at www.smogveil.com

THE NEW CHRISTS
15 Song CD "WE GOT THIS"
WE GOT THIS
THE NEW CHRISTS
featuring ROB YOUNGER of RADIO BIRDMAN

CD: $12.99
2XLP: $15.99
IN STORES AUGUST 5th!

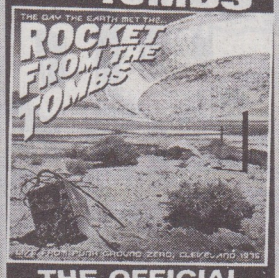
1977 records
WE NOW CARRY A FULL LINE OF 7"S/LPs/CDs KILLER BRIT POWER POP REISSUES FROM JAPAN.
SEE WEB SITE FOR DETAILS
Check out ClePunk.com for more info!

RUBBER CITY REBELS



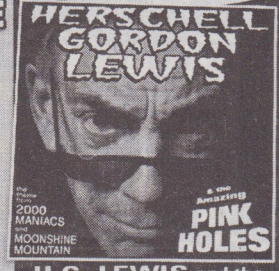
$12.99
NEW 12 SONG CD
IN STORES NOW!
Check out rubbercityrebels.com for tour dates and info.

CD & LP
ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS



THE OFFICIAL DEFINITIVE RETROSPECTIVE
Features extensive liner notes & never before seen photos!
CD: $15.99
2XLP: $24.99

COMING SOON:
HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS



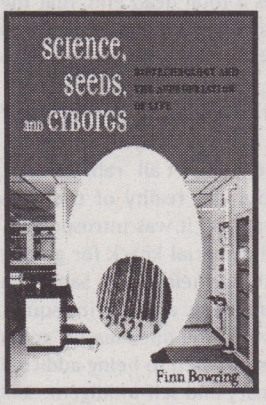
H.G. LEWIS and the Amazing Pink Holes on BLOOD SPLATTERED WHITE VINYL
ltd. ed. 7"
www.smogveil.com

"Serving You The Best In Pure Weirdo Dissatisfaction Since The 20th Century!"

SMOG VEIL RECORDS
550 W. Plumb Ln. #B501
Reno, NV 89509 USA

SMOG VEIL RECORDS ARE DISTRIBUTED BY: DISGRUNTLED, REVOLVER, CHOKE, UNDERGROUND MEDICINE, SOUTHERN, SUBTERRANEAN, CARROT TOP, SUREFIRE, GET HIP, DAVE HILL DISTRIBUTION, NOT LAME, MORPHIUS, FORCED EXPOSURE, SCRATCH (CANADA), CORDUROY (AUSTRALIA) & WIZZARD IN VINYL (JAPAN)

BOOKS



Science, Seeds, and Cyborgs: Biotechnology and the Appropriation of Life
Finn Bowring
338 pages • $27.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-4606

In my political work of opposing genetically engineered food, and my for-money work of putting out a newsletter for a health food co-op, I have read most of the books on biotechnology printed in the last few years. In *Science, Seeds and Cyborgs*, Finn Bowring manages to broaden the discussion of genetic manipulation to include not only its effect on the world's food supply, but also medical genetics, assisted reproduction, and cloning. While it's not the easiest read in the world, *Science, Seeds, and Cyborgs* is a step forward in the discussion of who controls the direction of technology.

Bowring opens the book by laying out the stakes for increased reliance on biotechnology, explaining why more safeguards are needed to protect the planet. "As ecologists have repeatedly pointed out," he writes, "while the faulty products of mechanical engineering can be recalled and corrected, the results of the genetic manipulation of organisms may be irrevocable and irreversible." If the fact that huge transnational "life science" companies carry out experiments that could have devastating effects (policed almost only by themselves) hasn't scared you already, this book will make you consider some frightening possibilities.

The first few chapters of *Science, Seeds, and Cyborgs* review arguments against genetic engineering the world's food supply. Though not as detailed as books in this field devoted solely to those issues, Bowring covers the big issues and provides a good basic history of the dangers, the science, the profit motive, and the corporations who control the technology. The dangers of superweeds, horizontal gene transfer, pest immunity to lower-level and organic pesticides, biopiracy, and control of the world's food supply are all mentioned and described.

Personally, I've been reading about these issues for so long I feel a bit immune to their shock value. Does the idea of fish genes in tomatoes still shock and scare people? Sadly, I just can't tell anymore. Of particular note in these chapters is the long history of genetics which I hadn't read in such detail elsewhere, and which counters the Life Science corporations' claims that biotech food is just a natural extension of what farmers have been doing for centuries.

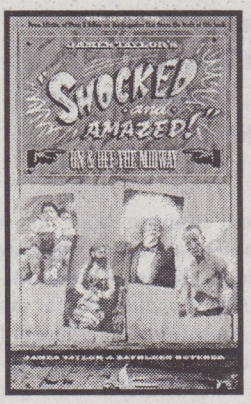
Bowring's bigger point is that DNA-centered technology and science is wrongheaded and that the "functional dynamics of the entire organism" is central to biological reproduction and the effects of genetics. Using the Human Genome Project as an example, Bowring points out that number of cells does not directly translate into complexity of life, and that way too much about biology and genetics remains unknown to risk the experiments in reproduction and cloning that are being pursued by scientists and funded by corporations.

What I hadn't seen elsewhere is the concept of bioethics. "Genetic science is a conspirator in this process (of commodification of nature and alienation from things once innately tied together, i.e. "nutrients and food") persuading us that it is easier to adapt organisms to a hostile world than to make the world more habitable." That is, instead of realizing why certain societal functions aren't working anymore, a scientific solution that will change things forever is suggested/imposed. For example, the Green Revolution in agriculture, touted as increasing the world's food production, actually decreased available food in agriculture based countries, has destroyed arable farm land, and has redistributed wealth to developed nations. Biotech food is now touted as a solution to starvation in those countries rather than a return to the less technology-dependent farming that won't change the environment forever. This solution, of course, serves those who already profit form the current situation.

While Bowring provides great insight and background on these issues, his academic prose can be hard for the non-science-jargon literate to decipher at times. Here's an example:

> "The practice of genetic engineering is thus founded on the belief that physiological functioning of organisms is an effect of or sequel to a germinal cause, and that this cause, once it has been identified and circumscribed as the primordial fount and progenitor of everything else, can with the right technology and expertise be rearranged to produce alternative effects."

This isn't a typical paragraph, but it's not an unusual one either. People who can decipher this easily will get a lot out of this book. Those who can't should be able to find many books on biotech written for a non-academic readership (those by Vandana Shiva, Jeremy Rifkin, and Britt Bailey/Marc Lappe come to mind). *Seeds, Science, and Cyborgs*, however, is an ambitious undertaking that will makes a large contribution to the body of knowledge available to those of us who question where profit-motivated science is taking us.
—Gordon Zola



James Taylor's Shocked and Amazed:
On and Off the Midway
270 pages • $14.95
The Lyons Press
PO Box 480
Guilford, CT 06437

You wouldn't know it on the East Coast due to all the rain, but summer is upon us. School's out, the days are longer, the nights are hotter, the beer goes down a little easier, and in some parts of the country, the fairs and carnivals are starting to roll through town. The fairs and carnivals of today are filled with shaky rides, artery-clogging concessions, grifted games, and not much else. Maybe you'll be graced by the occasional handpainted sideshow banner, or if you're lucky, perhaps you

will come across an animal curiosity act, but the days of the old shows are long gone. The days of the ten in one, the talker working the tip, the days of the show have passed us by. The midway today is dominated by Bobo the Clown taunting passersby from his perch in the dunk tank. And while Bobo is a good show, he'll never replace the "good old days." Thankfully, James Taylor and Kathleen Kotcher have been documenting the days of yore in the journal Shocked and Amazed: On and Off the Midway, since 1995, and thankfully Lyon's Press has graced us with what is basically a Best of *Shocked and Amazed.*

Lyons Press has included 21 pieces that they deemed most representative of the six earlier issues of the *Shocked and Amazed* journal, and placed them together to form the bulk of this book. However, this book should not be looked at as simply a reprint of the journals of the past. Lyons, Taylor, and Kotcher have added a number of never-before-seen photos, an introduction and an index, as well as updated some of the interviews to create a classic of sideshow lore and legend.

Included in this volume are pieces on the three-legged man, the Human Blockhead, a sideshow fat man, the Monkey Girl, and her husband the Alligator Skin Man, the Half Girl and her husband the American Giant, the Human Fountain, and the Man with Three Eyes, among others. Also included are pieces on P.T Barnum, Ward Hall—known as King of the Sideshows—Girl Shows, and Bobby Reynolds, the self proclaimed "greatest showman in the world."

There are other books that cover these topics on the shelves of your local mega bookstore/Starbucks, but *Shocked and Amazed* has one distinct advantage over those titles: it treats its subjects with respect and as people, and that comes through in the interviews. When reading this book, you never get the feeling that Taylor is there to exploit his subject. Instead, you get the feeling that Taylor has a genuine affection for and interest in these people, and is just there to document their stories and histories. The interviews are all very well done and offer the reader a candid look into the lives of the performers. Taylor does an outstanding job in this book of letting his readers get a candid and revealing glimpse into the world of the sideshow.

If you decide that this is a book that you should read (and it is!), then set aside a day to read it, because once you open it up you'll be hard pressed to put it down until you have devoured every piece of information contained in its pages. Shocked and Amazed! is a must-have book for anyone interested in the lore, legend, and myth of the sideshow.

—Trent Reinsmith

Not for Rent: Conversations With Creative Activists
Stacy Wakefield and Grrrt
88 pages • $12.50
Evil Twin Publications
PO Box 1318, Cooper Station
New York, NY 10276

Yeah! A fun and inspiring book for a change! Not a beer-soaked, boob-sighting diary of a stupid boy skater posse traveling across the US as if auditioning for the Warped Tour! I am so relieved. *Not for Rent* is a series of interviews of rad, interesting punk people in the UK, with a leaning toward squatting in particular (thus the title, I suppose). Stacy and Grrrt have put together an excellent time capsule of the squatting/activist underground in Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, Luton, and of course London. *Not For Rent* covers the M-11 road protests, the Criminal Justice Act and its ramifications, the 1-in-12 punk space in Bradford, and much more.

While *Threat by Example* (edited by Martin Sprouse, Pressure Drop Press, 1988) is still the yardstick by which these types of books are measured, *Not For Rent* boasts far superior interview quality. I mean, I was really surprised! These aren't just notes from conversations—it's like punk rock Charlie Rose. In particular, the interviews continually head in unexpected directions. For example, Mike, from Hackney Squatters Centre, begins talking about squatting, the struggle, it's all good. Then at a certain point, the talk turns to the unsatisfactory rut of creating actions for the media, and suddenly Mike is revealing that he's feeling like what he's doing is a total dead end, that the protests have devolved into "media stunts." The thing is, the editors don't set you up like, "here's Mike, the embittered squatter." But individual details emerge from each interview, allowing the people interviewed to retain their individuality as well as a sense of the energy of the interview.

I think that's why I enjoyed it—because it wasn't all "rah, rah, rah, we're really doin it!" The book is all about the reality of trying to strategize social change and stay one step ahead. It was introspective, not doctrinaire. And the interviewers have a special knack for getting people to talk about some area of ambiguity in their world. Sam from *Squall* zine is talking about the squatting, traveling, and touring squats in Europe, etc. Then the authors steer towards the dilemma of "going legal," which can be seen as kind of soft, as opposed to being addicted to the conflict, which can be kind of mercenary and self-indulgent. Sam is obviously of two minds about it. Likewise about the difference between squatters and homeless people. In a later piece, some punks who publicize their shows by word of mouth are asked if that isn't sort of elitist, and they admit that yes, it is, and then talk about that. Some others, in the last squatted house on the M-11 route, talk about wanting to leave town, go see shows, and enjoy the summer, but feel obligated to hang around the last defensible outpost. It's not all this romantic, idealized version of punk rock activism.

For sheer nostalgic entertainment, though, my favorites are all the interviews surrounding the M-11 highway link. If I understand this right, the M-11 is a huge freeway bypass, the construction of which destroyed entire neighborhoods, hundreds of houses, in a swath across the eastern side of London, all to save "six minutes off the commute." Opposition to this project seemed to have united and galvanized all manner of people—punks, old people, artists, environmentalists, etc. During construction, huge neighborhoods were vacated (bought out at insultingly low rates), and became available for squatting. Whole blocks were squatted at a time, as in the Claremont Road squat, featured here. There are four interviews around the M-11 protests, and they are all super interesting. The Claremont Road squat ended in a pitched battle with police and construction workers for almost a week, engrossingly described here, with underground tunnels, huge scaffolds with greased poles, people welded into cages on top of buildings, hidden power supplies to bombard the evil forces with loud punk rock and techno music night and day...Gees! The Street War was going on! The siege ended with one lone crusty atop the final scaffold, dancing about evading capture, with crowds cheering below. Wow! We had a couple of shows in an abandoned billiard club on Market Street, and thought it was the tough shit!

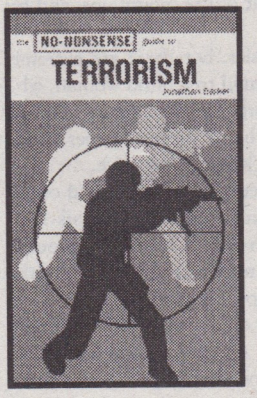
Also among the M-11 protesters is the Robin, the Tree Guy. I love that interview! He lives in a tree to protect it from clearing for the freeway, and after describing his structure in great detail, he is asked how he likes living in a tree house between two major roadways. "Oh, I don't mind! I just wish the bloody cars and busses would stop running at two in the morning! This place doesn't stop, it's noisy all the time. You can't really sleep!"

There are interviews with people from 1-in-12, an ABC No Rio-style punk space, and some crazy wild communal farms with ravers and vegetables, as well as an excellent interview with two guys from Headache who slag 1-in-12 just a tad, while generally being hungover and bummed out, prompting the interviewer to say things like, "Gee, that's sad..." and "You're just having a bad day..."

It's cool to read about so many people and events from the UK, especially for a geek like me who doesn't travel much. It reminds you, in a good way, that there is so much more going on, not just the big events but the day-to-day punk rock is so different and fresh when you are exposed to other scenes. Luckily, again, for me, there's a map, so I know where the hell these places are.

The weird thing about this book is that it's a reprint of the original, from 1995, with most of the interviews taking place in 1994, and the events discussed are frequently from even earlier. I grumbled as I read the new introduction, because even though I generally liked the interviews, the case wasn't really made for me as to why bother to reprint this volume in this way. On the one hand, there are minor (exceedingly minor) updates at the end of each interview, but there are no substantial follow-ups, or real visionary critical perspective in the forward. It seems to me that the editors were passing up the opportunity to put on a stronger historical perspective here. A glaring example is the whisper-thin interview with Danbert Nobacon from Chumbawumba. His interview is not interesting—he has some of the most superficial squatting antics in the whole book. The update at the end of his pages is something like, "Alice tried to buy the house in 1996, but was thwarted." Is that all that can be said about Danbert Nobacon between 1994 and 2003?

There are, in the introduction, some generalities made about WTO and G-8 protests, but it seems hasty. No mention of the Iraq disaster. There's almost more space given to declaring how this book is different from Naomi Klein's *No Logo*, and, hysterically, hoping that it doesn't fall into the hands of university professors, like me! Too late, I've already read it. I found all that to be unnecessary, the book is great and speaks for itself. I do wish the publishers had reprinted the original exactly as is, vintage style, but that doesn't distract from a generally inspiring collection of stories and interviews from a bunch of people that you'd love to have in your scene.
—Greta S.



The No-Nonsense Guide to Terrorism
Jonathan Barker
144 pages • $10.00
Verso Press • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-9680
www.versobooks.com

The First World War was fought to decide the spheres of influence the European powers would hold over colonial interests, and the Second World War sorted out the problems left behind at the end of the First. After World War II, European Powers and the United States met at Bretton Woods to determine the future of the global power structure, and the Marshall Plan was implemented to redevelop war-torn Europe and place it back at the center of this structure. The global politics of our modern age center around the relationship between so-called First World and Third World governments, and the brushfire wars that are erupting worldwide can be seen as the beginnings of a Third World War—a war by the First World to dominate and control the Third. Unlike the previous two world wars, with their battle lines and generals, the stage of this emerging world war is much more nebulous and is embodied most notably by acts of terror on all fronts. While Jonathan Barker's *The No-Nonsense Guide to Terrorism* does not specifically analyze worldwide acts of terrorism from this perspective, this new work from Verso Press's series of No-Nonsense Guides to world political and environmental issues illustrates how the war on terror has implications that far outstrip the Bush administration's goals of seeking out those responsible for the attacks of September 2001.

Like the other books in the series of No-Nonsense Guides, *The No-Nonsense Guide to Terrorism* provides enough information to understand the fundamentals of how the issue will be shaping the nature of global politics without sinking into a sea of details, names, and theories. Barker begins by defining terrorism as violence, threatened or employed, against civilian targets for political objectives. This simple definition has widespread implications because it not only includes acts such as the destruction of the World Trade Center, but also acts of state-sponsored terrorism, such as the death squads of Central America or the acts of colonial powers against the people they rule.

Barker then seeks to provide a realistic analysis of the threat posed by global terrorism. He discusses the reasons that terrorism is both popular (it is cheap, easy, and can have a high return in the form of casualties) and avoided by political groups (the moral barriers both within and without, the fact that alternatives to such violence usually exist). However, Barker notes, there are groups out there with both the capability and the desire to bring about acts of terror that may include chemical, biological, or even nuclear weapons. Yet, unlike many western governments and administrations, Barker's solution does not rely upon going to war with terrorists, but rather upon understanding the deeper forces at work so as to undo the root causes.

While terrorist acts by non-governmental groups have always garnered more attention in the press than acts sponsored by state terrorists, Barker illustrates that state-sponsored terrorist groups have often perpetrated acts of violence far more disgusting and heinous than those by paramilitary or "civilian" groups. His chapter on state-sponsored terrorism is chilling. In it, Barker describes not only the well-known death squads of the national security states of Central America, but also describes terrorist acts carried out by the French and English colonial governments in such places as Algeria, India, and Africa. From the Nazis and Soviets with their death camps and gulags, to the Inquisition, to Iran under the Shah, to Pol Pot's Cambodia, to acts of terror perpetrated by the South African government against the newly independent governments of Mozambique and Angola, the tradition of state-sponsored terrorism touches all continents and spans centuries. Barker's description and analysis of these acts is disturbing and yet highly informative, as we can see reflected in it the potential our governments hold.

The concluding chapters use this history of terrorist acts as a means of dissecting the current propaganda campaign being waged by the Bush administration to solicit public support for the War on Terror, and as a means of looking in detail at how we can more humanely effect change in slowing the spread of terror. Barker analyzes major arguments about the root causes of terrorism, looking at the role of failed modernization and poverty in the Third World, the role of "cultural warfare," differences between cultures in the First and Third Worlds, the function of group terrorism as a response to colonization, and the de facto terrorist acts of western governments as they hold power over the Third World. In closing, Barker looks at how these philosophical understandings can be applied and used as the springboard for action.

Perhaps the most currently relevant undercurrent of Barker's text is the recurring, if unstated theme that the Bush administration's War on Terror is shortsighted and misguided. It ignores many aspects of worldwide terrorism, such as right-wing terrorism in the United States in the form of the Ku Klux Klan and state-sponsored terrorism in its many guises. It further stereotypes the whole of Arab religious and secular nationalist movements as Muslim extremists and lends too much credence to a very small minority of militant activists. Even when only applied to this one aspect of world terrorism, the guiding principles behind the War on Terror ignore the root causes of what it is supposed to cure.
—Doug Grime

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

GRAB BAG

The documentary **Capturing the Friedmans** often plays like the grimy underside of a Douglas Sirk melodrama. Director Andrew Jarecki does all the obligatory interviews, but builds his film on a foundation of family home movies, many of which were taken at the most unsettling moments.

In the 50s, Arnold Friedman was more popularly known as Arnito Rey, his pseudonym as leader of a popular mambo band. Marriage was more the idea of his future wife Elaine, but they were to have three boys and live in affluent Great Neck, Long Island, with its impeccably manicured lawns and cloistered families.

In 1988, the Great Neck postal inspector intercepted a piece of mail from the Netherlands—addressed to Arnold, and containing child pornography. Before too long, the police sweep into the Friedman house with a search warrant, and discover Arnold's cache. With the help of the cops' leading questions to neighborhood children, authorities eventually charged the father with almost a hundred counts of sodomy and child abuse. His 18-year-old son Jesse was roped in with almost as many charges.

Soon, the real-life drama was playing like a surreal episode of *American Justice*. Neighbors vied with one another in this perversely charged atmosphere to see whose sons were the most abused, as if it were somehow a badge of achievement. According to one young man who didn't crack under police suggestion, you could be an outcast if you weren't a part of the support network for abused kids.

But there probably wouldn't have been a film here if not for the astonishingly raw family moments captured on video and audio. The Friedmans were addicted to documenting their best and worst moments, firing up the video camera as their family group splinters into factions. They were, unwittingly, assembling a video album that no family would ever want to relive.

"There are some things I don't want to talk about," Elaine and other family members say on interview. But they keep talking, and their camera keeps rolling. And you'd think, with their fetish for documenting their lives, they'd have the insight to see that was really happening around them.

The Legend of Suryothai has everything you'd want in a big-budget epic: sprawling battle scenes, palace intrigue, semi-clad consorts and serving girls, dense period detail...plus *lots* of elephants. It ranks as the biggest budget Thai film of all time.

It also has a little less than you'd want. With a half hour snipped away for its American release, it skips from one highlight to the next, never quite able to shape itself into the dramatic juggernaut it wants to be.

During a round-up of elephants (the SUVs of Siam), a handsome, virtuous soldier named Piren (Chatchai Plengplanich) attempts to capture a baby pachyderm that's captured beautiful young Suryothai's fancy; instead, the animal is lassoed by Thien (Saranyoo Wongkchang), a fine youth who soon requests her hand in marriage. She has little say in the matter. It's the first of a series of sacrifices she'll make for her country; but given the wretched situation of those who aren't in the royal class, the sacrifices of her early life are perhaps academic.

Suryothai (Piyapas Bhiromkhakdi) mostly opts to stay in the background, even as a palace coup is underway. When the king, his son, and their advisor are found poisoned or killed, it becomes clear that the king's consort is behind it, a member of the outcast U-Thong clan. She marries a brahmin and rises to be queen. But not if Suryothai has anything to say about it.

The Legend of Suryothai was bankrolled by queen of Thailand, and directed by Chatri Chalerm Yukol (a prince, no less). There's infanticide, ritual beheadings, and poisonings (including one toxin that causes you to bleed through all your orifices). It's big. It's complicated. It's long. Bring some coffee.

On the other hand, **Postmen in the Mountains** is about as unembellished you'd ever hope for after a summer of big-budget, cgi-fueled blockbusters. Made in the rocky Hunan Province of China on digital video, it's willing to tell the simplest of stories.

Forty-one years old and afflicted by chronic joint problems, a rural postman (Teng Rujun) has been forced into retirement. All of his current woes are a result of his job—carrying mail by foot across endless tracts of mountain territory.

It was worse in former days, when he'd be gone from home for months at a time; now, his route covers 150 miles in three days. With the postman's retirement, his son (Liu Ye) has volunteered to take over the route.

And that's the movie, as simple and gimmick-free as you'd dream, the account of the postman's last circuit of the mountains, and his son's first.

Every mail route has its idiosyncrasies, but these are extreme. The older man makes a special trip to deliver mail to a blind woman, who waits for news from a son who's long since forgotten her. Every visit, he delivers an envelope with some money and a blank piece of paper whose message he makes up. It's the only thing that's keeping her alive.

It's that thread of filial duty that seems to weave in and out of the story, combined with the rewards and loneliness of this job. In all of his years, the postman has received only one letter—from his wife, announcing the birth of their son—but has earned the respect and affection of the poor people he serves. But they're the kind of people who can do very little to repay him. Every trip, the postman must climb a brutally steep cliff, the remnants of a road long since washed away. At the sound of his arrival, a thick rope drops over the cliff. This is the job of another young man about Liu Ye's age, a duty charged by his father.

Maybe the most endearing aspect of this film is that it doesn't have villains or shadowy threats. The plot (what there is of it) draws along like a long road that has a beginning, but no end.

The Eye is exactly the opposite. But avoiding the narrow extremes of Hong Kong horror fare, brothers Oxide and Danny Pang (themselves with Thai roots) turn their attention to building atmosphere and style.

When Mun (Lee Sin-Le) undergoes corneal transplants, the operation is almost too successful. Never having seen before, she doesn't know what's normal and what's not. So, when she sees a businessman standing in the middle of a highway on the way home, it's curious, but not necessarily strange. The tyke from next door asks where his report card is, and Mun can't know that the lights hanging over his parents' apartment are funeral lanterns.

Yes, **The Eye** is a Hong Kong variation on the "I can see dead people" theme. Mun doesn't get really spooked until, late at night, the contents on her dresser morph back and forth from the familiar to the dis-

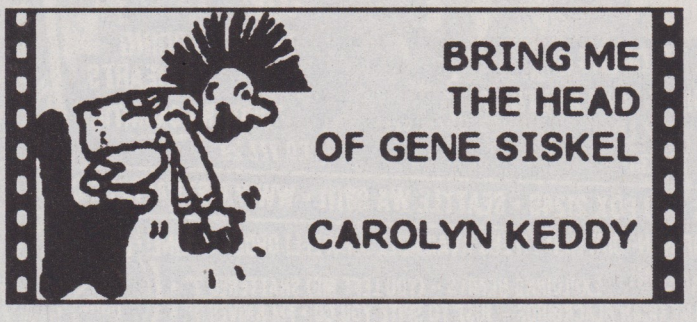
turbingly foreign.

And then there are the voices and phantoms that assault her almost daily. I'm not exactly sure why corneal implants should give her auditory psychic skills, but I suppose if you buy the film's basic premise, the rest comes easy. Besides, **The Eye** is all about shudders and chills, with Oxide Pang's industrial soundtrack churning in the background and special effects making Mun's world seem as if it's built on quicksand.

The film isn't scarier than it is because there's rarely any immediate sense of dread in Mun's images. In one scene, Mun passes on an elevator to avoid a dead man floating inches from the floor. When the phantom drifts through the walls to her elevator, you can appreciate why she might be frightened, but it isn't as if the guy's going to suck out her life force or slime her or anything.

The one notable exception happens halfway through, when Mun begins taking calligraphy lessons from an elderly tutor. She looks across the room, and a man with sunken eyes and a face drained of blood growls, "What are you doing in *my* chair?"—then leaps at the girl, ink spilling everywhere.

The Eye needs more cheap thrills like that. But if you have a penchant for atmospheric horror films, this should at least partly fill the bill. But the real class of the production is Lee Sin-Je, whose understated performance nudges the film up another notch.



Punks are whiners. I am not sure if it's my old age kicking in or what, but I am so sick of hearing how hard it is to be punk in 2003. Even though being punk in this sense means dressing the role, it is not hard. It is accepted. There are people dying their hair blue who have probably never listened to a record. Parents joke about their kids' nose rings on TV. Whether we like it or not, punk's gone mainstream. Of course, the mainstream hasn't caught on to the ideals and philosophy, but we'll save that discussion for some other time.

Imagine my surprise when I went to see a documentary called **Afro-Punk: The Rock and Roll Nigger Experience,** and it was just the same old story of punks complaining how hard it is to be punk. It might be easy to argue from this film that the punk community is colorless. Black punks have the same insecurities as white punks. I think it's these easy generalizations that made the documentary less interesting for me.

The focus is on the perception the black punks have of their place in the scene. Some felt uncomfortable because they were black, but others noted that they wanted to be the only black person in the crowd. Some said they were happy to see other black punks, yet were afraid to talk to them because they didn't want to seem like they were only talking to the other person because they were both black. Yet with all these insecurities, each person in the film was able to participate in the scene, whether it was performing in a band, Djing, or compiling the area's show list.

Director James Spooner attempts some cool things in **Afro-Punk: The Rock and Roll Nigger Experience.** I particularly enjoyed the montages of different people saying the same thing the previous person did. Repetitions of "white people," "Chuck Berry, Little Richard," and "I was the only black person in the room," "...at the show," etc. There is a great clip of the Bad Brains playing at CBGB's in 1979, but the lack of an interview with them was the most obvious omission. Since almost every white hardcore band from DC cites them as an influence, I would figure that they would have been important. As Maddog from The Controllers says in the film, "Listen to the Bad Brains, motherfucker."

Spooner was having fun with his subjects by pointing out the inconsistencies in them. I found the funniest and most revealing part of **Afro-Punk: The Rock and Roll Nigger Experience** was when people were asked to name some black punks and everyone had a hard time. They all came up with the Bad Brains, but then everyone struggled. I am not sure what point Spooner was trying to make, but it struck a chord with me. I am always shocked when punks don't know anything about music.

I like to be exposed to new things from a film. A pleasant surprise was an addition to the bill, another documentary called **Wheels Of Soul.** Not being too familiar with biker culture, I have never heard of the **Wheels Of Soul.** They are a predominately black motorcycle club, though they are quick to point out that they admit anyone regardless of race. The documentary mostly focuses on the main Philadelphia club, but also works in some other cities' groups.

Wheels Of Soul simply provides an introduction the club and outlines the outlaw biker scene. It emphasizes their 1% status, which means that they are lawless, but also points out the community service work they do in the neighborhood. They tell stories of their parties and their run-ins with locals and the cops. Your basic bad guys with a heart of gold type stuff.

After leaving the theater, we head to Mission Records for the hot punk show and to hand out fliers for *The Gits Movie*. My boyfriend Mike gets into a discussion about the film with a girl. She has heard that *The Gits Movie* is being made by some people from LA who are only trying to cash in on the Gits. This pisses Mike off and I try to point out that I don't think they'll be making much money since the screening of **AfroPunk: The Rock and Roll Nigger Experience** we just came from had very few people in the theater. She does mention that she wanted to see it, but forgot.

The Gits Movie screening was a benefit to help finish the film. It is being shot on 16-mm film and self-financed. It's an expensive venture, but after seeing hundreds of documentaries shot on digital video, seeing one shot on film—even though this rough cut was projected on DVD—shows such an incredible difference.

The Gits Movie is just what it says it is. It tells the story of the band The Gits from their beginning in college in Ohio through their move to Seattle. There are great interviews with the band members and their friends, plus lots of live footage. It is an inspirational and sad story. Unlike most documentaries that focus on a female rocker, this one does not focus on who Mia Zapata was sleeping with. You always hear about Patti Smith being married to Fred "Sonic" Smith or Chrissie Hynde and her relationship with Ray Davies. It always annoys the shit out of me. It is nice to know that the music is what is important in this film.

Since the screening of **The Gits Movie** was only a rough-cut, I'll wait for the final cut for a full review. There is a lot of potential.

I love a conspiracy. Not that I am really concerned with figuring anything out. They are just so much fun. **Interview With The Assassin** is my kind of film. It poses the ultimate question for Americans—what if the suspected second shooter in the John F. Kennedy assassin actually exists? I just love the theory. It would completely fuck everybody up if it were true.

Walter Ohlinger is an ex-Marine who confides in his neighbor Ron Kobeleski with his amazing story. Walter is dying and wants to document his confession. Ron is an out-of-work news cameraman. He is skeptical about Walter's story, but he sees the potential. What if it is true?

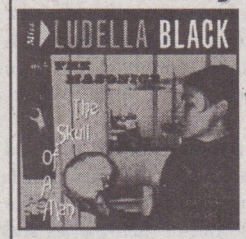
Unfortunately, when the attempts to protect the cover-up start targeting Walter, Ron starts to have his doubts about the situation. This is where Ron should be more of a believer. He seems to lose sight of what is actually happening. Why would he start to question Walter's story when people start showing up dead, the phones are getting tapped, and they are being followed? That would probably make me more convinced that he was telling the truth.

The thing I like best about **Interview With The Assassin** is the assertion that it would be that easy to kill the president and get away with it. When Walter describes exactly how he did it, at the location where it happened, it's kind of chilling how possible it seems. Everyone in the crowd is panicking; not realizing what happened and Walter was just able to walk away from the scene without being noticed. It could give a person some ideas.

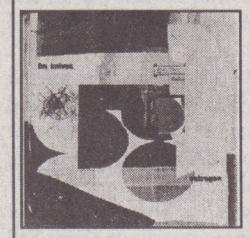
More information about these films at www.afropunk.com, www.thegitsmovie.com, and www.interviewwiththeassassin.com.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760; You can also reach me by e-mail at carolynmrr@juno.com

SmartGuy Records



Ludella Black with The Masonics
'The Skull of a Man'
3-song 7"
$4.60 ppd in US



FM Knives
Estrogen EP
Second Pressing
4-song 7"
$4.60 ppd in US

Also Available:

The Masonics
'Live in London' CD $11.00
Dan Melchior
'This is Not The Medway Sound' LP $10.00

Postage paid in US, everywhere else write for rates.

SmartGuy Records
3288 21st Street, PMB #32
San Francisco, CA 94110
www.smartguyrecords.com

Distribution:
Revolver, Cargo UK, Get Hip, Subterranean

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

& JOEY SHITHEAD KEITHLEY PRESENT...

D.O.A.
Greatest Shits

DVD/VHS 1978-1998 Incredible videos include Takin' Care O' Business, World War 3 plus 13 more. Also incudes raw footage from 1978 and extra stuff. MVD rates it as the best quality DVD put out in this genre yet!

D.O.A.
Something Better Change

CD/LP Features World War 3, The Enemy and New Age.
"An absolutely awesome record. So heavy with chops it nearly leaks." ~ Big Takeover
This album influenced a generation

D.O.A.
Win The Battle

CD/LP "D.O.A.'s best new album in 20 years!" *J. Rabid*
"Fuck me, this is really good.This is definately a return to former glories and is certainly as good as[Something Better Change and Hardcore 81] Punk, rock, and hardcore, early eighties style, in a truly pissed, raging and rocking mix." AMP
Features 'Deadmen Tell No Tales', 'We're Driving to Hell and Back', 'Just Say No To The WTO', and 'If I Were a Redneck'.

D.O.A.
Hardcore '81

CD/LP This album spearheaded Hardcore punk. Re-released for the 1st time in 21 years. [Bonus tracks "Don't Turn Yer Back On Desparate Times" EP]
"Between this and "Something Better Change" you have pretty much 2 of the top 5 Canadian punk records of all time." AMP
" When I get depressed I listen to Hardcore 81" Flea.

D.O.A./THOR
Are U Ready

CD. D.O.A. and metal legend THOR team up to give 12 songs about sports, power, glory and mayhem! Features: Are U Ready, Call Of The Triumphant, Beat Em' Bust Em' and Gladiator Stomp.

The REAL McKENZIES
LIVE!
Pissed Tae Th' Gills

CD/LP
Incredibly rowdy new live album! features My Bonnie, Scots Wha Ha'e and Loch Lomond.

See our brand new website for t shirts, vinyl & posters galore! Plus more DOA, DAMNED + The REAL McKENZIES!

www.suddendeath.com

or write to:
Sudden Death Records
Cascades P.O.
Box 43001
Burnaby, BC,
Canada V5G 3H0

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

email: info@suddendeath.com

POPULAR SHAPES

full-length CD
fall-informed post-punk
recorded by Kurt Bloch

LOST SOUNDS

"Demos II" CD
20 unreleased tracks
3 alternate takes

ON/ON SWITCH

PO BOX 64112 - San Francisco CA - 94164-1122

WWW.ONONSWITCH.COM

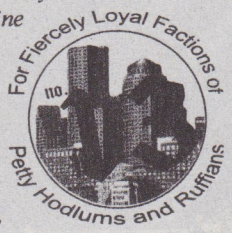
Now Available!

North East Punk Flyers $3ppd

32 pages of Hardcore, Punk Rock, and Oi flyers from New England in the 80's. Great forwards from Al Quint, Winston Smith, and Jim Martin.

FNS Publishing Presents....

No13 Boston's Only Monthly Punk Zine! We now do a monthly zine dedicated to the Punk, Oi and Hardcore scene in New England. Send CD's, Records, zines and what not for review. Must be based in MA, NH, RI, VT, ME, or CT.



FNS

Boston's Only All Punk Publisher!

PO Box 1299 Boston,MA 02130 USA

www.FNSBoston.com

SOME STRANGE MUSIC

MUSIC TO CREATE A NEW GENERATION GAP WITH:

17TH CLASS - "... In Utter Contempt of The Human Race" LP $7.00
BORN DEAD ICONS - "Unlearn" EP $3.50
CHAINSAW - "Just Need It" EP $3.50
COLD SWEAT - "Severed Ties" 12" $7.00
FOURTEEN OR FIGHT - s/t EP $3.00
GIANT HAYSTACKS - s/t EP $3.50
GUYANA PUNCH LINE - s/t EP $3.00
HIT ME BACK- "8 Positive Tunes..." EP $3.00
MOMENT OF YOUTH - s/t EP $3.00
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - "Anathema Device" LP $8.00
THE SOUND OF FAILURE - "Distress Signal" EP $3.00
TRAGETELO - s/t LP $7.00
TUSKS OF BLOOD - "Spirit of Decay" EP $3.00
URBAN WASTE - s/t CD $8.00 (classic!!!)
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH - s/t EP (Fight Records) $4.00
ARTIMUS PYLE / DIALLO - split EP $4.00
THE CRUNKY KIDS / CONGA FURY - split EP $3.00
GREED / REACT - split EP $3.00
V/A "Death To Hardcore Death To Reagan" LP (Total Fury, Crucial Unit, MDC, The Futures, Gatecrashers, and tons more) $8.00
V/A "Decide On Change" LP (Balance Of Terror, Totalitar, Straight To Hell, Scholastic Deth, etc) $8.00

PRICES *ARE NOT* POST PAID! 7"s are 2oz, CDs 4oz, and LPs are 8.5 oz. Check the chart below to add up postage. 16oz = 1lb. *List alternates!* CA residents add 8.5% sales tax (multiply by 1.085 ex: $20 x 1.085 = $21.70)
Stores get in touch!

US (pounds)1 - $1.42 2 - $1.84 3 - $2.26

(ounces)	Can.	Mex.	Euro.	Pac. Rim
16	$2.70	$4.25	$3.80	$4.05
20	$4.05	$5.15	$4.45	$4.70
24	$4.55	$5.95	$5.10	$5.35

www.somestrangemusic.com or 2 stamps. Cash, checks or M.O's payable to *Some Strange Music.*

SOME STRANGE MUSIC
PO Box 64666
Los Angeles. CA 90064

THE BUSH ECONOMY IS KILLING DIY!!

THE FINEST IN HARMFUL MATTER SINCE 1979

JELLO BIAFRA
MACHINE GUN... ☣ VIRUS 290
3xLP ($14) ☣ 3xCD ($18)

FLESHIES – ON TOUR NOW!
THE SICILIAN ☣ VIRUS 297
LP ($9) ☣ CD ($12)

JIM HIGHTOWER
THE PEOPLE ARE REVOLTING!
VIRUS 296 ☣ CD ($12)

COMETS ON FIRE
VIRUS 301 ☣ CD ($12)

JFA
WE KNOW YOU SUCK!
VIRUS 294 ☣ CD ($12)

CHECK OUT WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM FOR THE LATEST IN FLESHIES TOUR INFO & MORE!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS
WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM ☣ P.O. BOX 419092, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141-9092, USA ☣ SEND $1 (U.S.) FOR A CATALOG.

RECORDS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing demos again, so send HIGH quality cassette-& CDr only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (TB) Tim Brooks, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (JA) Jake Filth, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (LG) Lien Gray, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (VH) Vince Horner, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (RK) Ramsey Kanaan, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (MM) Megan March, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JB) Janelle Blarg, (DP) Donna Poole, (WM) Wm. Rage, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (SP) Spencer Rangitsch, (WR) Will Risk, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (AS) Andrew Scott, (SS) Steve Spinali, (MT) Mike Thorn, (MX) Max Tremblay, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White.

2CENTS – "Victims of Pop Culture" CD

These Warped Tour heroes play some rippin' metal-ish hardcore. They explore mixes from four different recording sessions on this ten-song CD. At best, the clean, punchy production helps emphasize the crunchy guitars, thumpin' drums, and clean breaks. At its worst, the sound's slightly muffled, but the tunes carry themselves. Good rockin' shit. (HM)
(Centsless, www.centsless.net)

800 OCTANE – "The Return" CD

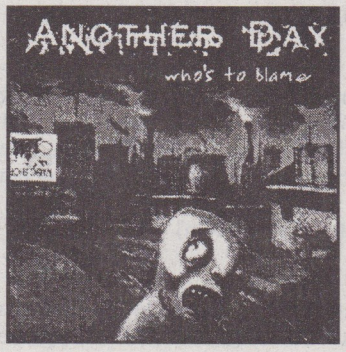
On their second full length, these guys keep the melodic punk coming. I hear a MISFITS influence here, as well as early AFI. No surprise there. Too rocking to be pop punk, and not quite hardcore or drunk punk. I've liked everything by these guys and they sound as good as ever here. (RL)
(New School, PO Box 2094, Oregon City, OR 97045, www.800octane.com)

ABANDON ALL HOPE / FRONTSIDE – split EP

Hmmm. I'm not sure what to make of this split. ABANDON ALL HOPE fill up their entire side with one unmemorable track entitled "I Saw You When I Glanced in the Mirror." It's a mid-paced hardcore number with this annoying metal riff that's played throughout the entire track. Nothing special. The stakes are raised with FRONTSIDE, who have *three* songs on their side. FRONTSIDE play faster, more spastic hardcore with a raspy vocalist. It's pretty good. I was, however, disappointed that their Godzilla sample was not followed by a BLUE OYSTER CULT cover, and was instead followed by an original. Bummer. (CC)
(Mondo Man, 833 W. Buena Ave. # 2103, Chicago, IL 60613)

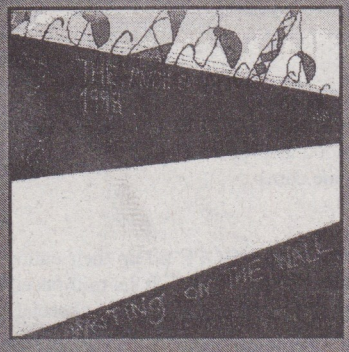
G.G. ALLIN – "Was, Is, and Always Shall Be" LP

Ladies and gentlemen, lads, lassies and senior citizens…there'll always be a G.G., whether you want it or not (*wait,* does the guy require a career-capping introduction yet?). Before the guy shed his flowing tresses, grew a pointy beard, and hit the daytime talk-show circuit, he was a sort of poppy bad-boy new waver who put out records like *Was, Is and Always Shall Be.* I don't have to give it a refresher listen today since I've heard it more times than I ever needed… "it's his new wave record," as Ryan Wells puts it. Rather than buzzsaw incomepetent metal schlock, it's poppy, peppy, catchy punk that bears a marked resemblance to an East Coast DICKIES, with lyrics about hookers and the wild world of "1980s Rock 'n' Roll." Luckily for us, this pressing contains a B-side of alternate takes and covers ("Blitzkrieg Bop," "California Sun," etc.), which you're gonna appreciate if you're an admirer. Perhaps this isn't the way the dearly departed Geeg would want to be remembered, but it's still the best thing he ever had his name attached to. (JH)
(Black Orange, 639 Broadway, Box 993, New York, NY 10012)



ANOTHER DAY – "Who's to Blame" CD

Positive, new school, youth crew-styled hardcore from the city of Varna in the Black Sea, bordering Bulgaria. Chunky, thick rhythm-driven core with moshable guitar-chugging. The lyrics are sung (and written) in English and helpfully, are also written in Bulgarian—it's a damn cool-looking language at that, I will say. I'm told that fans of REACH THE SKY hanging out with fans of MORNING AGAIN would, could, be into this. I can definitely hear the REACH THE SKY influence. (WM)
(Ozz, Varna 9000, "Voden" 17 Str., BULGARIA, ozz_music@yahoo.com, http://ozz.hit.bg)



APHASIA – EP

This band's lead singer sings like she is Amy Nausea, Jen Sbitch, Adrienne Spitboy, Erika Ransom, and Amy Zapata. I don't mean that she sounds like an amalgam of these five, I mean she switches her vox stylings around so that it like she is a quintet. She and the guitarist/voxist switch off, the drummer is simple but solid, and the bass thumps away—very mid-90s peace punk/crust happening here. Aphasia: loss of the ability to express and understand ideas. Yes. Dig it. (JA)
(Aphasia, PO Box 9029, Pittsburgh, PA 15224)

ARMAGEDOM – "Silêncio Fúnebre" CD

You don't know how happy I was to see this in my bin for review. Hell yeah! Essential Brazilian hardcore at its finest. The raging intensity of the singer yelling tunelessly in Portuguese with simple three-chord war-riffs set over galloping crust-beats is a simple but highly effective formula that's been an influence on the world hardcore scene since. Originally released in '86, only in Brazil, it's now widely available, thanks to the fine folks at Speed State in Japan. The packaging includes original artwork and lyrics in Portuguese, English, and Japanese. This is the very band that FORÇA MACABRA worships—and with good reason. Recommended! (WM)
(Speed State, 5-34-4 Kozunomori Narita Chiba, 2860048 JAPAN, www.speedstaterecords.com)

ARTLESS – "Plugged" CD

Although Mykel Board is more known these days for his wild adventures via his *MRR* column, he has made some classic art punk over the years. This collection covers from 1979 to 1992, and all the in-your-face gems are here, from "Punk Rock in Russia," to "Boy With a Cunt," to "Jews With Tattoos." Fans of shock, art and *KBD* punk will love this. (RL)
(The Only Label That Matters, PO Box 137, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012)

THE AVOIDED - "I'm Leaving You/Writing on the Wall" 45

.....Old-school punk done Japanese style.....Not bad at all....good players, good singers, fair production.....right mixure of drugs and underage sex.....ten big cocks, one chick.... or, twenty big titties, one dude.....you tell me.... (SW)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano Ku, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

THE BAD APPLES- "The Revenge of the Bad Apples" EP

While admiting that "it's not easy being sleazy," the BAD APPLES also have a way of being cheesy—in a sassy way. The song "Phone Sex" is way cute, in a let's-make-out-on-my-parents'-bed sorta way, but I don't think I'd want to listen to this record while getting kinky and rocking in a dirty, gritty, little rebel yell. (MM)
(Rabbit F.T.D., Postbus 1559, 9701 BV Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

BAD BUSINESS – "Journey to the Center of the Earth" EP

This is great, straightforward, energetic hardcore. It pulls together some fast parts that are layered with some catchy melody and balanced with some passionate, yet strained vocals. This is their debut EP, and from the looks of the pictures that accompany the insert, it looks like they would be a damn good live band. (RC)
(Grave Mistake, www.danbress.com/badbusiness)

BAREFOOT – "Only Souvenirs" CD

Good pop punk from the UK. Up-tempo with a TRAVIS CUT meets SNUFF feel. The UK is putting a lot of this stuff these days but this is still quality pop punk. A trio that has the groove going on, with catchy tunes and tight playing. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.barefoot-online.co.uk)

BILLY BOLOBY – "The Revival" CDEP

Happy power pop rock & roll from the ashes of the MUTE-ANTS. This six song CD has a cute little story to create some sorta concept CDEP. You can join the fun on their website. A cool package, but the tunes don't do much for me. (HM)
(Boloby's Medical, 221-H Foxtail Dr, West Palm Beach, FL 33415, www.billyboloby.com)

BLASTOFFS – "Crash and Burn With the..." CDEP

Good solid punk rock here, no shit, just guitars, bass, drums, and a healthy dose of angst and dissatisfaction—a proven formula. Like a faster, rough-around-the-edges PEGBOY or BHOPAL STIFFS, it hits in all the right places and my only gripe is that it's not a full-length album. It reminds me of old SCREECHING WEASEL, and anyone who knows me knows I can give no higher praise. In fact I'll leave it at that. Great. (AD)
(The Blasters, 91 Vermont St, Rochester, NY 14609 theblasters@yahoo.com)

BLEED FOR PAIN – "Kantan No Yume" LP

Holy! You get unrelenting fury and punishing intensity from this extreme black metal-sounding hardcore band from Koufou City, Japan. Blast beat drums, rushing death metal riffings from the three (!) guitarists and some weirdness from the singer that overall makes me think that fans of GISM

would really be into these guys. They're just really hard to pin on any one particular genre or style—other than that they sound like a whirlwind of power and intensity, and have a propensity for unexpected twists and sounds. This is awesome. Fans of extreme hardcore, fucked up extreme hardcore, as well as your average Japcore fanatic, should be all over this record. Get it. (WM)
(Earthbound, 2A 1-15-8 Hatagaya Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, 151-0072, JAPAN, horrce@soleil.ocn.ne.jp)

BLIND SOCIETY – "Contrary to Popular Belief" CD

Mid to early 80s sounding hardcore from this East Coast quintet. Plenty of catchy tunes at a good pace keep this release moving along quite nicely. The requisite shouted vocals at times reminded me of early AGNOSTIC FRONT. The gang-shouted choruses, buzzsaw guitars, rudimentary drums, good song structures, and loads of energy all make for a good record. I bet they are killer live. (WM)
(Blackout! 931 Madison St, Hoboken, NJ 07020, www.blackoutrecords.com)

BORN AGAINST – "The Rebel Sound of Shit and Failure" LP

If you don't own this record, you are not punk—it's as simple as that. Seriously, this reissue is the quintessential 90s hardcore record. BORN AGAINST are among my top ten favorite bands of all time both musically and lyrically. This record has lyrics so good that I've scrawled them on walls, and music so seethingly angst-ridden that it's fueled many a midnight bike ride through numerous urban areas…and it still remains that good. If you don't have this record, stop everything—go buy it now. (AS)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

BORN/DEAD – "Our Darkest Fears Now Haunt Us…" LP

The black and white CRASS-style cover design folds out into a huge poster/info sleeve, offering some of the more ferocious and politically uncompromising words in recent memory. Switch-offs in the vocalists adds variety. The song structures often come close to the HC style of a more disciplined INFERNO, though it's clear that this band puts its premium on the message. More power to 'em. (SS)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

BORN DEAD ICONS – "Ruins" LP

More M-beat (that's 'm' for MOTORHEAD, but never being confused with the D for DISCHARGE (Christ, this scene don't half suck a big cheesie onion sometimes), from the young riffing Canadians way up yonder. A tale of two halves. Firstly, 11 epic tunes of biblical proportions, heavy on the hooks and rough-riding the rock 'n' roll of Lemmy and his shuffling pack of session musicans, while craftily injecting a bit of the emotion usually found in the likes of LEATHERFACE and their ilk. The second half, I'm afraid, has its thunder stolen with some of the worst nob-twiddling since the last ACTIVE MINDS record. What could have been a serious contender to the TRAGEDY/FROM ASHES RISE school of hard knocks is seriously let down by production that wouldn't fetch 2p on the open market. Lay off the Labatts, guys, and put that pocket money toward the big wall-of-sound your music rightly deserves. (SD)
(Feral Ward, feralward@hotmail.com)

BOTTOM LINE – "No One's Safe" CD

Seven songs of NO WARNING-influenced mosh-core. No sure what's going on with the muscular drawing of a man on the cover, but lyrics like "Don't be shocked when you're tasting your teeth," and "If you cross me and play pussy you're gonna get fucked," pretty much give you the "bottom line" about this band. In other words, w*ay* too much machismo and tough guy posturing for my tastes. (CC)
(Stab and Kill, PO Box 52084, Boston, MA 02205)

BREATHER RESIST – "Only In the Morning" 10"

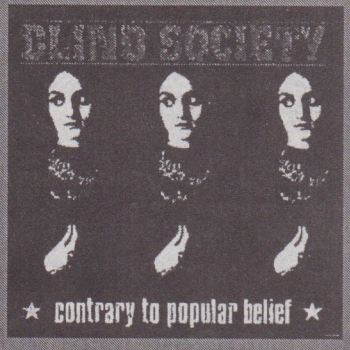
Incredibly well-produced brutality from members of BLACK CROSS and NATIONAL ACROBAT that bring CONVERGE and COALESE to mind almost immediately, but with a slightly more relentless approach. There's not too much else really to say about this record. It sounds perfect, polished, and of course, *heavy*. If you like the bands I just mentioned, you will like this, guaranteed. (SP)
(King of the Monsters c/o Mike Gemz, 8341 E. San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258, www.kotm-records.com)

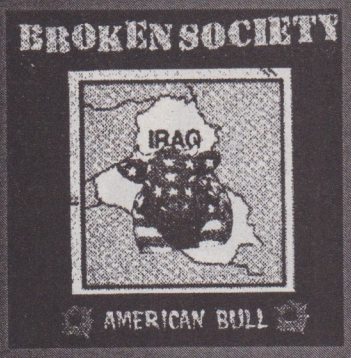
BROKEN SOCIETY – "American Bull" EP

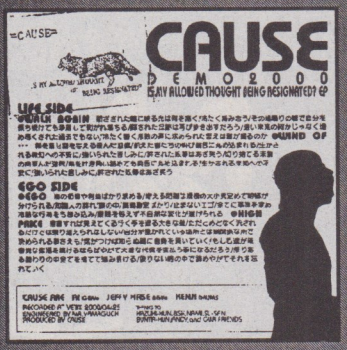
They did a cover of CIRCLE JERKS' "Paid Vacation," and all it did was make me wonder why I'm listening to this and not *Group Sex*. Oh yeah, I have to review this. BROKEN SOCIETY does a pretty good version of 80s SoCal hardcore, but the non-stop anti-war lyrics and quotes and collages are just a bit much for me. I think we're all against war around here, but we like it broken up with humor and silliness sometimes and that is what made the CIRCLE JERKS a great band. (DP)
(Complacent, PO Box 2043, Mission Viejo, CA 92690, www.brokensociety.com)

BURY ME STANDING / MADELINE FERGUSON – split LP

Six blazing tracks from each for these two heavy, heavy bands. The BURY ME STANDING







material on here is easily their best to date, updating the brutal nature of bands like COALESE with a more evolved, charged sound and a more raw, DIY attitude. *Very* fucking good. MADELINE FERGUSON has a similar sound, though seemingly not as devloped as BURY ME STANDING. Very metallic, and at times a carefully placed "lick" hints at clear metal influences. Either way, this is a killer split. Definitely not for the weak-stomached. (SP)
(Code of Ethics, 10101 N. Orange Beach, Tuscon, AZ 85742, codeofethics@hotmail.com)

BUZZCOCKS – CD

The domestic release of this full length. I recently saw these punk legends and they pretty much came out and ripped thru half of *Singles Going Steady* without missing a beat, loud and raw with no breaks! They may look older, but the sound was definitely 23 years ago. This is, surprisingly, another great BUZZCOCKS full length. In fact, I'd put this in between *Love Bites* and *A Different Kind of Tension* as far as punkness and quality. I hope they come through again, because it's great to see a classic band be more than just a mere image of what they once were. (RL)
(Merge, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514, www.mergerecords.com)

BUZZCOCKS – LP

From the moment I first heard that the BUZZCOCKS were coming out with a new album, it was being described as a return to form. Nothing I've heard since then, from the *Jerk* single to tracks on the radio to their recent Peel session, has done anything to dispel that rumor. Now, on my first listen to the entire album, I have to say I am totally blown away. I can't fault this record. All right—they don't quite hit the dizzying heights of their earliest material, but every song here is a winner. Pete Shelley's voice is as plaintive as ever, Steve Diggle holds his own, and even Howard Devoto contributed some songwriting expertise, although he apparently doesn't actually play on the record. When a classic band attempts a comeback, you have to approach it with bated breath, but the BUZZCOCKS have pulled it off with aplomb. Now I'm waiting to see what the UNDERTONES have got up their sleeve. (AM)
(Cherry Red, **www.cherryred.co.uk**)

C.AARMÉ – "Tu Putta Mi Casa" EP

Four short, sharp bursts of kinetic energy. This is amazing sounding. Not unlike the faster NOMEANSNO songs, played by NATION OF ULYSSES. That's a flawed description, since C.AARMÉ don't sound like a mere combination of any number of earlier bands—it's fresh as a fucking daisy—but it gives you something to go on. Yet another Scandinavian success story. (AM)
(Deleted Art, c/o Samsonowitz, Lars Kaggsgatan 43A, S-415 04 Gothenburg, SWEDEN, www.deletedart.org)

CARPENTER ANT / RACE TO DIE – split EP

It is generally a good sign when you pick up a punk record and it has a skeleton creature on the cover wearing an ACCUSED shirt and checkered Vans doing a skateboard handplant on the head of a corpse. And these two bands make a valid attempt to back up that eye-catching cover art. CARPENTER ANT leads its side of the split off with a solid hardcore attack packed with buzzing guitars and harsh vocals. (Think of bands like A TEAM for reference) RACE TO DIE follows up on their side with some intense fast paced tunes that mix a bit of hardcore, thrash, and the slightest metal edge all together. The jury is still out on RACE TO DIE's cover of "Possessed to Skate" by SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. They didn't butcher it, but they sure didn't do it justice either. Limited to 500 copies and definitely worth a listen. (RC)
(Coffin Fund, 5655 Pine St, Red Lion, PA 17356)

CAUSE – "Is My Thought Being Resignated?" EP

CAUSE, frm Japan, plays mid-tempo to fast hardcore with anguished vocals. The sound, layered but driving, without diversions from the theme, reminds me of late-90s Western European political hardcore (like ANOMIE), and a little of Florida post-screamo basement punk. The sound is complex enough, heavy enough, and delivered with passion. I do wish they had included a lyric sheet in English, though, because you know, I like to know what the hell people are talking about. Sometimes. (AC)
(Juke Boxx, 460-0012, 404 Green House, 3-30-10 Chiyoda Naka-ku, Nagoya City, Aichi, JAPAN, www.jukebox052.com)

CHAINSAW – "Just Need It" EP

You know, it's interesting. One minute nobody really knows who CHAINSAW is (even though they have been around for years), and then before you know it, they have a couple of releases floating around out there that are readily available and an upcoming tour of the West Coast of the USA. I think it is all pretty awesome. This particular release actually encompasses songs that have already been released. I'm not sure why the label chose these four particular songs, but regardless, they are good ones. CHAINSAW plays a classic style of hard rocking Japanese punk. Tangy guitars, galloping tempos, growling vocals, and the occasional guitar solo. Of course I like it! (RC)
(Even Worse, c/o Saenredamstr. 44-2, 1072 ch Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

CHANNEL 3 – "I've Got a Gun" LP

I've Got a Gun was the British version of CHANNEL 3's Posh Boy debut album, *Fear of Life*, released on No Future in 1982, in (what was at the time) virgin territory to a lot of American bands. The album dropped two tracks ("Manzanar" and "I Wanna Know Why") from its US original, and added two ("I've Got a Gun" and "Waiting in the Wings") more. Formed among the keg parties of Cerritos, California, CHANNEL 3 was one of my favorite LA area bands of the early 80s. Hugely influenced by the CLASH and the old English groups, they added the speed of the then-emerging Californian hardcore sound to create something as hard, fast, and raw as it was crisp, clean, and melodic. The songs were shockingly catchy and energetic, and made CHANNEL 3 the leaders of the urban-punk-not-too-far-from-the-beach sound that included label-mates the CROWD and the STEPMOTHERS. Not many bands can inject so much harmony into their music without losing the hectic energy, but that was CHANNEL 3's trademark sound—in this way I will always associate them with New York's KRAUT and Britain's PARTISANS. You can hear the camaraderie and the good times in their music—singer/guitarist Mike Magrann says it best in the liner notes on the back of the record: "It always seemed to me that CHANNEL 3 was a band formed around friendships, that if we weren't playing guitars together we'd probably be bowling or robbing laundromats together." The band is still together and touring—if you haven't heard them, pick this up, or even better, get the (recently reissued) CD that contains their first two albums. Brilliant. (AD)
(Get Back/Abraxas srl, via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY)

CHARGE 69 - "Des Mots, Des Rires, Des Larmes, Et Des Pleurs..." LP

You lucky punks! Dirty Faces Records from Germany has rewarded you with a nice compilation of hard-to-find CHARGE 69 tracks that have appeared on singles and compilations over the last ten years. These French street punks started playing back in January 1993 and after several lineup changes, evolved into one of the best of the current street punk bands in Europe. Represented on this compilation are rare tracks from Combat Rock Records, Bird Records, and Cranes Blases Records, among others. This is a good compilation! (BR)
(Dirty Faces, Universitaetsstr. 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY, www.dirtyfaces.de)

CIVIL DEFENSE – "Enough" CD

CIVIL DEFENSE, from Boston, play some in-your-face, old school-style hardcore mixed in with a touch of youth crew. Their music is powerful and capped off with a strong mix of dual vocals. Their lyrics deal a lot with their dislike of certain elements of the "scene" and they even have a song with the lyrics "the knife in your back." Whoa, can you say cliché? Regardless, this was a good listen. (RC)
(Striving For Togetherness, Schlossparkstr. 5, 95145 Oberkotzau, GERMANY: rahji.com/civildefense)

COJOBA- "Sin Excusas" CD

This recording sounds too clean to give this band the justice deserve for the intensity of the music, which is similar to the GITS—I really want to see them live. It's really eye-opening to hear a woman sing about the American government in Spanish. (MM)

COLD SHOULDER – "Business as Usual" EP

Great debut from this SoCal hardcore band. Do I hear a little LIFE'S HALT or is it just me? Regardless, this record contains eight tracks that follow the tried and true formula of fast verse/fast chorus/breakdown. My favorite songs include "Over the Line," "My Family," and "Live it With Pride." As you may have guessed, most of the songs on here are about the 'core. COLD SHOULDER shows a lot of promise, and I can't wait for more. (CC)
(Bloody Knuckles, 1315 June St. #209, Hollywood, CA 90028)

COMMERCIALS – "It's Not What You Say..." CD

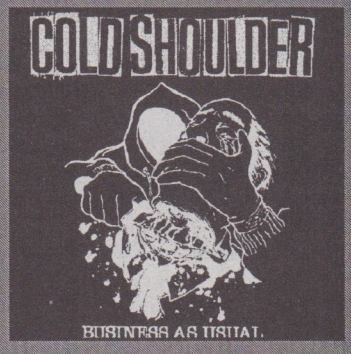
I guess this would be categorized as emo—the music veers from indie-pop to melodic punk with an acoustic ballad thrown in for good measure. Funny thing is, I'm convinced there's double bass drums in this. I'm not sure if this is really *MRR* material, and the whole thing's a little slushy for me personally—try *Punk Planet*. (AD)
(The Commercials, PO Box 1158, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055)

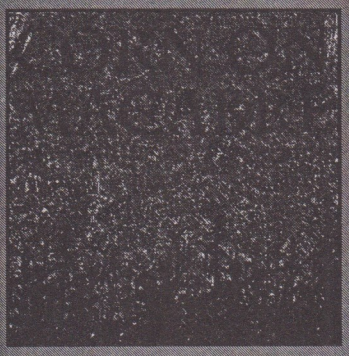
CORN ON MACABRE – "Punk is Undead" EP

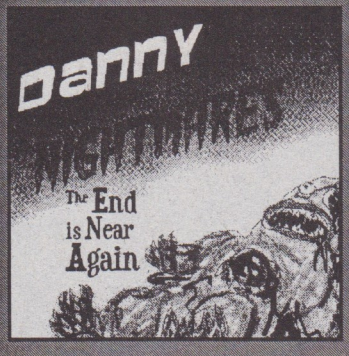
CORN ON MACABRE...hmm, I can't decide whether I think this name is funny or dumb. But I can tell you that this band is comprised of ex-ENEMY SOIL and WAIFLE personnel. The music is intense metallic hardcore that mixes together a variety of tempo changes and styles. Intense build-ups and breakdowns, blast beats, moments of thrashy screamo, with harsh vocals on top of it all...everything comes together for a damn fine listen. (RC)
(The Magic Bullet Record Co., PO Box 6337, Woodbridge, VA 22195, www.geocities.com/magicbulletsc)

CORN ON MACABRE – "II" EP

This is the second installment of two CORN ON MACABRE records released recently on Magic Bullet. On both records (and the CD containing both "volumes"), the packaging is quite original and elaborate—very slick, to say the least. In a way, the music reflects the slickness of the pack-







aging, but with a rough contour—that is, both heavy and intricate. It's well-executed, technical hardcore, in the vein of CAVE IN, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, and the like, but with a more straightforward, brisk approach. Plenty of interesting guitar work and time changes that keep things interesting, but not a whole lot that really captivates me. Well recommended, however, for those who enjoy the velum-packaged, well-produced stylings of the aforementioned. (SP)
(Magic Bullet, www.geocities.com/magicbulletsc)

CRASH – "Young Boy I Can Help You Through Exams" CD

A strong UK emo pop punk band here. Lots of emo rock chops *a la* early ANNIVERSARY and SAMIAM. The notes mention that all these tracks (except one) have been out on vinyl recently. This band has the sound and production together right now. Hopefully this release will get their music out there for this popular genre's fans. Good stuff. (RL)
(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK, www.crash.soundfiction.net)

CRAVING – "Fans Will Shit Their Pants" 2xLP

Imagine if SHELLAC were less meandering and quirky, a lot more direct. That's kind of what CRAVING sound like—driving, meaty rock, but with angular guitar work and staccato, cynical-sounding, Albini-style vocal delivery. It definitely works, but over the course of a double LP, it starts to get a little tedious. There are little "soundscapes" between some of the songs that help to break things up a little, but still, we're talking about a lot of CRAVING here. I don't know of many bands that have been able to successfully pull off a double album—HÜSKER DÜ never quite managed it, what with all that "Hare Krishna" stuff. *Double Nickels on the Dime* by the MINUTEMEN is probably the only double album that gets played all the way through in my house. Still, it's a brave effort, and I'll definitely be listening to this again, just probably not all in one sitting. The best of this stuff, squeezed onto one album, would have been phenomenal. As it is, it's merely great. (AM)
(Scene Police, c/o DPM, Humboldstr.15, 53115 Bonn, GERMANY, www.scenepolice.de)

CRICKBAT / HANDPLANT – split CD

CRICKBAT starts off this split CD with some super catchy melodic youth crew style hardcore. I thought their songs were pretty great. HANDPLANT follows up with a few songs of hectic screamo/grindcore with a mix of high-pitched screams and deep brutal vocals. I thought their stuff was all right, but pretty generic. I would like to hear more of CRICKBAT though. (RC)
(Chaos, PO Box 3118, 36350 Nigran (Pontevedra), SPAIN, kanhitabrava@hotmail.com)

CRUSH MY CALM – "Lies Make Life Easier" CD

Ten songs of melodic, angry hardcore. These guys blend together the late 80s/early 90s Dischord sound with youth crew in a way that ends up sounding like the kind of thing Jade Tree would put out. Musically, fierce, and energetic, but too polished for my tastes. Lyrically, the typical hardcore affair. Not much of a surprise, but not bad. (VH)
(Strange Fruit, Silcherstr.31, 73329, Kuchen, GERMANY, www.strangefruit.de)

DADE COUNTY RESISTANCE - "Every Last Chance" CD

Ten tracks of melodic hardcore, in the venerable tradition of the DOUGHBOYS/ALL SYSTEMS GO/DOWN BY LAW. Pretty smoothed out, but it manages to skip along with enough crackle to keep your interest. Me likes it. (RK)
($8 ppd: Trend Is Dead! PO Box 444, Normal, IL 61761)

DANNY & THE NIGHTMARES – "The End is Near Again" CD

Well, DANIEL JOHNSTON is back, and he's brought his friends along with him, and these friends exist in our reality, and they're all in a band together. Long gone is the distorted acoustic DJ from his early 80s cassette roots; this new ensemble are a full on rock & roll band, kinda reverb-driven garage indie. His voice quivers over the proceedings with all the humanity we've come to expect, although the tracks themselves are a little perfunctory. Good to have 'em back. (RW)
(Cool Beans, 3181 Mission #113, San Francisco, CA, 94110)

DEAD LIKE DALLAS – "Great Midwestern Tragedy" CD

Ten tracks of emotional hardcore. Interesting songs, heavy on the use of dynamics, and played with tons of energy. It's good, but fuck, I cannot get past the overly dramatic vocals. The guy sounds like a dying whale…it's awful. (VH)
(www.deadlikedallas.com)

DEATH SQUAD – "Attack & Retreat" EP

At first glance, I was a little taken aback by this record. The front cover has a line of Nazis seig heil-ing in unison towards the DEATH SQUAD logo. The back cover sports a horn-tootin' Hitler Youth with a flag of a big D. My first reaction was, "what the fuck is this sketchy ass shit?" until I looked down to to see the almighty Youth Attack Records logo and I read the lyrics. Though I had heard the name DEATH SQUAD before, I couldn't remember in what context. Then it hit me—this is the Albany supergroup I'd been hearing about, with members from both the OATH and LIMPWRIST. The music is heavier and more nihilistic than either of the aforementioned bands, with slow, driving riffs, sorrowing melodies, and beastly growls. There is a definite Scandi/Portlandi-ish sound going on here.

The three songs on the album are technically well-executed, and yet still aggressive and raw. Fans of bands like HHIG or FROM ASHES RISE should eat this up—although I kept having a sinking feeling that this band could have made their sound a little more different, especially considering the originality and intensity of their members' previous projects. (LG)
(Death Squad, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12008)

DESKARGA ETILLIKA – "Apunkalipse Now" CD

Gloomy, post-apocalyptic crust-core from Portugal. 15 tracks of heavy, fast, guitar-driven hardcore. These guys have a great sense of songwriting and how to use changes, etc., which is so horribly lacking in the world of crust and grind. For some reason, and all I can really come up with is the overly clean production, I'm not enjoying this. (VH)
(Punk Off and Die, PO Box 520 4500-095, Espinho, Anta, PORTUGAL, punkoffanddie@hotmail.com)

DESTRUCTION MADE SIMPLE – "Terror Stricken Youth" CD

A solid release from this Southern California band. They play straightforward melodic hardcore punk rock. It reminds me a lot of AFI's *Very Proud of Ya* album. All members of this band are skilled at what they do. Crazy bass lines flying everywhere and crazy good punk drumming. I saw the band play live, and they were full of energy and cool guys to boot. My only complaint is that the songwriting is lacking a bit. It just doesn't hold my interest. I do like that this band attacks both political and social issues in an intelligent way, and I think they will breathe fresh air into the Warped Tour circuit, which is overrun with fucking moronic and worthless bands. (WR)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213, www.a-frecords.com)

DEVILSKINS – "Radio Zombie Rock" CD

Upbeat oi from Italy. They manage to avoid the major oi pitfall in keeping things up-tempo and catchy as opposed to heavy and plodding—in fact, in places this reminds me of SCREECHING WEASEL more than any streetpunk band. The vocals are mainly in their native tongue, with the usual group back-ups singing the usual oi-type lyrics, y'know—drinking, skinhead pride, nostalgia, and aggravation. They mix it up here and there with a bit of ska, which brings an amateur MADNESS to mind. This is pretty good. (AD)
(Oi Strike, Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY)

DISGRACE / TENDERIZER - split EP

Strange, it would seem that the backlash against bloated Scando rawk has finally hit the backyards of Scandahoovian rock 'n' roll. I can feel that these two bands want to go for the quasi-arena rock "ring," what with the occasional wanky solo, but restrain themselves for the most part and just make good, grinding punk rock (still, with the emphasis on the "rock"). The learning curve has begun, and either of these bands could release a right ripper in the next year or so, assuming they stay away from GLUECIFER records. (RW)
(Solardisk, Box 127, 90101 Oulu, FINLAND, www.solardisk.com)

DISTURBANCE – "Malice in Scumberland" CD

Punk rock from Holland for GBH and EXPLOITED fans. These mohawked Dutch boys sing lyrics about war, government, punk, and being defiant. This is a decent release. (SR)
(Streetmusic, PSF 350 141, 10211 Berlin, GERMANY, www.streetmusic.de)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE – "Show Us Your Demons" LP

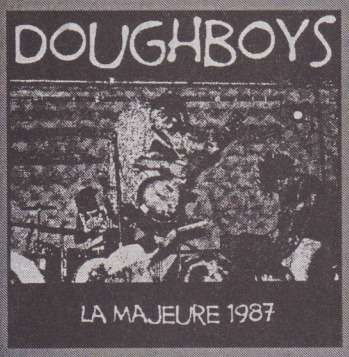
(Pop) punk's not dead! Seattle's Dirtnap Records continues to deliver the goods with the debut full-length of New York's DIRT BIKE ANNIE, following their slew of EPs and compilation appearances. The perfect soundtrack to hot summer days, DIRT BIKE ANNIE plays catchy-as-hell quirky punk rock with an abundance of energy and melodies reminiscent of the SELBY TIGERS and PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES' finer moments. Male/female dueling vocals and lots of harmonies, along with solid hooks, make this essential for anyone who likes their punk with a side of unashamedly contagious pop. I look forward to seeing them on tour. (AD)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

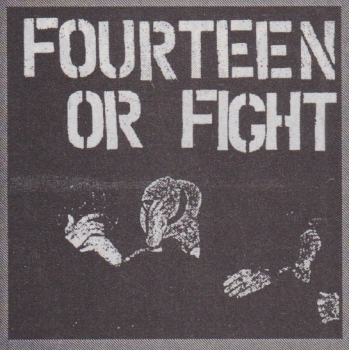
DOUGHBOYS – "La Majeure 1987" EP

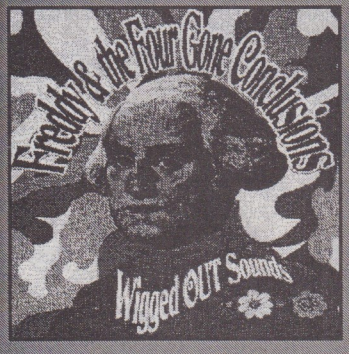
One of my all-time melodic punk faves! This is their first demo, finally, officially released. If you like the new pop punk sound, check out this late 80s/early 90s Canadian band. They were doing it years ago with SAMIAM and ALL, to name a couple. Three tracks, more stripped-down their debut LP. Worthwhile for completists, and worthwhile as a reminder of this great band. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

EASPA MEASA -"May All Your Children Have Tails" CD

Irish crust/grind with emotional slow sludge moments. Stirring harmonies on certain tracks mix textures of distortion, melody, and chunky, doom-laden guitars. Dual male growl/female yell vox. Track four starts out like an AVENGERS-ish anthem before an assault of thrashing drums comes in and hardens things up. An interesting mix. (LG)
(Ground Zero, http://easpameasa.cjb.net/)







ECONOMIST - CD

Post-hardcore rich with DC flavor. Artsy but not afraid to get rough, and best of all, these dudes are all under 20 years old. This is really great stuff, and judging by their age, there's more to come. Reminds me of ICONOCLAST and BREAD AND CIRCUITS mixed with DRIVE LIKE JEHU. (AS).
(Hit-Dat, no address, www.hit-dat.com)

EXPLOSION – "Sick of Modern Art" LP

I've wanted to hear the EXPLOSION for quite some time now, and I could never quite picture their sound. You see, every interview or review always mentioned a bunch of ridiculous influences (I think ska got thrown in there even) that I just couldn't rationalize in my tiny little brain. Now that I hear them, it seems simple enough to me: the EXPLOSION play rocking, mid-tempo catchy punk with guitars that alternate between jangle and thick power chords. A healthy dose of back-up vocals help get the party started. You know, I can almost see these fools on a bill with NONE MORE BLACK. Each band has something slightly off-kilter about them, and I think together they might be unstoppable. (MX)
(Tarantulas, 411A Highland Ave. #348, Somerville, MA 02144)

FASTS - "Let's Join Fasts Brigade" LP

Holy Shit. Japan's FASTS more than live up to their name. They sound exactly like what I'd imagine a band with their name to sound like. Crazed, hectic hardcore exploding with manic energy and intensity. Not at all fast in that overkill grindcore fast sense. This is the kind of music that'll make you want to dance on top of your kitchen table and do stage dives off of the refrigerator. It's totally rocking. Totally catchy. It has that garage rock sound that Japanese bands seem to be able to incorporate into ferocious hardcore so well. It's fucking *fast*. It's fucking great! (VH)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017, www.sound-pollution.com)

FOURTEEN OR FIGHT – "Fourteen or Fight" EP

Raw, fast hardcore with screamed vocals and the occasional breakdown. Reminds me of NO REPLY, but it's even less polished. Lyrics range from the personal to the political. Nothing reached out and grabbed me by the balls on this record. The potential is definitely there, but I can't help but think this would have made a better demo than an actual 7". (CC)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

FREDDY & THE FOUR GONE CONCLUSIONS - "Wigged Out Sounds" CD

Dude, seriously, what's with Get Hip signing bands that look like dorks? Seriously, these guys look like a bunch of math teachers. This is pretty good 60s pop-garage (new term?) *a la Nuggets* and all those 60s comps. Actually, this reminds me of the "That Thing You Do" soundtrack. Which is not a bad thing. Thumbs up. (BM)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

FREEZE BABY – "Boosh Hole" EP

This band really reminds me of early TRIBE 8 trying to be flirty. Songs about beer and hating high school are always charming, let's admit it. (MM)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Mineapolis, MN 55408)

FRIENDLY FIRE - "Initiative" CD

East Coast posi-metal core—straight outta Brooklyn. Heavy on the metal leads, loads of double-kick action. The lyrics aren't of the typical tough guy variety, as one might expect from a band of this style and location. The recording seems sterile, and the energy of their performance sounds like they were concentrating hard to get everything perfect instead of just letting go and having fun with it. The singer recently left, so who knows what's up with these guys now, if they're still gonna maintain or not. Such is the life of a hardcore band. (WM)
(Blackout! 931 Madison St, Hoboken, NJ 07020, www.blackoutrecords.com)

FROM ASHES RISE / VICTIMS – split LP

FROM ASHES RISE is one of the most important hardcore bands of the last decade; along with a bunch of other Tennessee transplants they have created a whole sound that has turned the hardcore scene on its head. Their songs build into huge epic sweeping waves of earsplitting, explosive hardcore. They take the best elements of HIS HERO IS GONE, add a dash of hardcore like SKITSYSTEM, and even blend in some of the darker elements of UK peace punk...then they turn the volume up to 11! I think it would be impossible to capture the intensity of their live shows, but this shit is damn close. This is their best stuff by far—half an LP just isn't enough! VICTIMS, from Sweden, are a great flipside, playing more straight-ahead but equally uncompromising, abrasive hardcore like ANTI-CIMEX and WOLFPACK. Pick this record up to see how far hardcore has come; this record is destined to be a classic. Oh, did I mention the Pushead artwork? Fuck, what a record. (TB)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

FUCKED UP – "Baiting the Public" EP

Straight up solid hardcore outta Toronto. The songs are good, with hooks that will keep you interested, but the recording is uneven, with barely audible vocals on the B-side. FUCKED UP also have a few songs on the comp *Toronto Omnibus*. (DP)
(Deranged, PO Box 543, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2TI CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

THE GC5 – "Kisses From Hanoi / Horseshoes and Hand Grenades" CD

This is a re-release of GC5's debut album that came out in 2000 on Outsider Records, and the hard-to-find EP that came out on the Irish label Leprock in 2001. *Kisses from Hanoi* raised a lot of eyebrows on its release, due to the great upbeat punk blasted out, like STIFF LITTLE FINGERS meets the POGUES by way of early SWINGIN' UTTERS and RANCID. Comparisons to the DROPKICK MURPHIES were obviously going to be made, but I think the GC5 is a superior band for the quality of their lyrics and left-wing stance, if nothing else. The velocity of the hook-laden tunes made them stand out from the rest of the street punk bands that were so prevalent at the time. In fact, by the time their second major effort—*Horseshoes & Hand Grenades*—came out a year later, I wouldn't even classify them as a street punk band—they had grown into something way better than what that particular sub-genre had to offer. Containing five tracks that continued their trademark SLF and SHANE MACGOWAN (who the singer not only sounds like, but bears an uncanny resemblance to) meets young rough American punk rock sound, but with a slightly more refined mature style, the EP is undoubtedly their finest effort to date. "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" is their greatest song, their version of the REPLACEMENTS "Bastards of Young" is one of the best covers ever…and for 12 minutes and 31 seconds, the GC5 are the best band in the world. Pick this CD up and go see them the next time they play in your town. (AD)
(Thick)

GEHENNA – "Upon the Grave Hill" LP

IS GEHENNA back from the dead? The last I had heard, the singer had quit the band (or maybe he was thrown out?) Shit I don't know, but here they are with a new release. This is pretty much what you would expect from them. Hardcore with a slight metallic edge that hits you fast and hard like a swift kick to the chest and is packed full of hate and negativity. I am a huge GEHENNA fan and I really wanted to like this, but the recording mix on here is pretty atrocious. Everything sounds off and really thin. I mean, it says right on the lyric sheet that this was "poorly recorded…and engineered by a shiftless pile of shit." So it seems that the band realizes that this could have been a lot better as well, if they just had a better recording. Oh well, they probably want you to think that they don't give a fuck, but I bet they do. (RC)
(King Of The Monsters, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177, www.kotmrecords.com)

GEORGE W. BUSH / ST. ALBANS KIDS – split EP

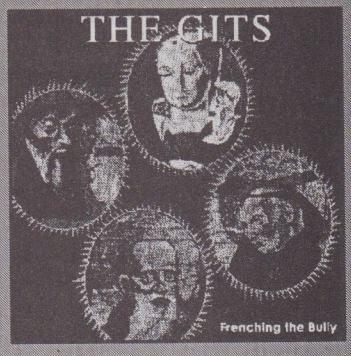
Two bands from Australia share this wax. GEORGE W. BUSH is a raging wall-of-focused-noise-damaged hardcore; a screaming distortion-fest, replete with toneless keyboards and burning raw vocal chords—think of a thrashier, artless LOCUST. The third song has a great 80s rockin' hardcore feel to it, as filtered through the output of a distortion box. Great song! On the flip, ST. ALBANS KIDS take a more tuneful hardcore road, with hummable melodies in the guitar lines, though the vocals are no less harsh than GWB. They remind me of a less manic, more melodic REVERSAL OF MAN. A good look into what's been happening down under. (WM)
(Gash, PO Box 239, Nth Carlton, 3054 VIC, AUSTRALIA)

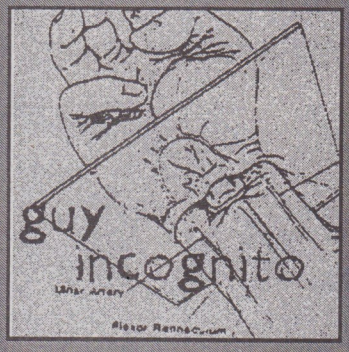
GITS – "Frenching the Bully" CD

A record that I've heard more than twice, though it's been a while. I was initially impressed with the GITS when I heard their early EPs (one of 'em was on gray marbled vinyl, I recall) and was exposed to their gob-smacking guitars and gutsy vocals courtesy Mia Zapata…a sound that was widely influential, as much as it was heavily imitated. It's difficult, if not impossible, to give *Frenching the Bully* a listen without thinking of the events surrounding Mia Zapata's murder and the long years of investigation and speculation that followed. The record's taken on a near legendary status to some, and sums up a time and place like few others (at least to my mind). Taken free from context, it's an impassioned set of sounds that strikes a real clear balance between anger, quieter whisky-drunk introspection, and tough, proud words ("Second Skin" and "Cut My Skin It Makes Me Human" come to mind). As an added bonus this reish contains live tracks from a 1993 Portland, Oregon show…more than a mere time capsule, it sounds just fine eleven-odd years after the fact. (JH)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402, www.brokenrekids.com)

A GLOBAL HOLOCAUST / OBNOXIOUS RACE -"Split Session 97" CD

A GLOBAL HOLOCAUST plays pretty generic political crustcore, with tough grumbly vocals and chugging distorted guitar rhythms. There are 8 studio recorded tracks and 13 live songs on this CD. I liked the live tracks so much better than the recorded ones—I don't know if it's older material or something, but the live songs are more dynamic and interesting. I bet these guys are a band you have to see live. OBNOXIOUS RACE plays fast metallic hardcore with an old school 80s feel to it. The music is pretty good, but I hate the vocals. Duelling poppy, whiny, bitchy dudes over well-written angry and unyielding music is just a seriously annoying combination to me. Also the fact that there are





already 21 songs from A GLOBAL HOLOCAUST makes me wonder why they even put the seven OBNOXIOUS RACE songs on here in the first place. 28 tracks of mediocre hardcore is just a bit too much. (LG)
(Simon Pare, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, Quebec, J4V 3H4, CANADA)

GRAVELTRAP – "Concrete and Udder Chaos" CD

Having spent the past week of my life in a haze produced by reading over two thousand pages of Harry Potter and realizing I'm something of an anglophile, I was ready to jump all over the next release I got out of the UK and love it to pieces. Well, I was going to be nice and let this band off with a JAWBREAKER comparison, but upon further listening, I have to admit that this sounds like the band of dudes with backwards hats playing your local teen center at this very moment, albeit slightly better. To be fair, the production is pretty good and in the style of many a Midwestern melodic punk band, and the members are all cute guys. I just wish there were more. (MX)
(Moon Ska Europe, PO Box 184, Ashford, Kent, TN24 O25, UK, www.moonskaeurope.com)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE – "Direkt Action" LP

Is Smashism the new Ulysses? Chris Bickel and his shadowy cohorts steal ideas and work them over ravenously—not because they have none of their own. ("Null Transmission" is about "The Revolution" being devoured by the media as fast as it can grow—the lyrics are framed with CRASS-style spray stencil lettering.) Those ideas, young and old, about life, politics, punk—are smashed and squished around and stuffed into ridiculous containers, like bustiers made for the opposite sex. The hardcore is edgy and dangerous (a carving-letters-in-your-chest sort of danger, not a circle pit sort of danger), and really punk—in that it-saved-my-life way. GUYANA PUNCH LINE's thing is absurd, but really engaged with social and emotional overthrow and fresh possibilities. The band dodges both vagueness and dogmatism, and musically, too, innovates and surprises without resorting to any cheap tricks. "Use your blood to paint / Paint until you faint / Use your blood to faint / Paint until you die." (AC)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.guyanapunchline.com)

GUY INCOGNITO – "The Epitome" CD

Maybe if I was doing drugs, I'd think this record gave me something different from a little ditty on a car comercial, or some sports drink ad with sweaty teenagers with plastic skin. I don't know what else to compare this to, other than NEW FOUND GLORY, because I try and avoid music that seems to be selling me something. Maybe these guys just really want to be on the radio. (MM)
(guyincognitorocks@hotmail.com)

THE HAPPENING – "Shit Happens" CD

This is a premiere self-release from Japan. Totally good—the HAPPENING sounds like THAT DOG. (MM)
(hppnng@hotmail.com)

HAYMAKER – "Fuck America" EP

More super-pissed hardcore from these chair-swinging Canucks. This release seems almost more aggressive and angst-ridden than their previous releases. These folks are definitely from the whole TEAR IT UP, PUNCH IN THE FACE school of no frills, no metal hardcore, but with a little more piss, vinegar, and distortion. Limited to 500, so don't snooze. (TB)
(Deranged, PO Box 543, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1 CANADA)

HEADLESS HORSEMEN – "Unconscious on Arrival" EP

I loved it when the hardcore kids took the ripping, straight-ahead hardcore back off the straightedge kids. This is a perfect example of that—awesome early 80s-style hardcore (you could imagine this stuff being on some Mystic comp), with great gang backups, melody, and astute sociopolitical lyrics. It's inspiring to see kids all over the globe (these kids are from Australia) putting out great hardcore records...two thumbs up. (TB)
(GASH, PO Box 239, Nth Carlton, Vic 3054, AUSTRALIA)

HELLS – CD

Well, if you're gonna be on "Artrocker Records," you should try to be a little different or weird or risk-taking or genre-fucking or something along those lines. This group stays on the side of slightly slick-n-functional rock & roll ordinariness. Bah. (RW)
(www.artrocker.com)

HEWHOCORRUPTS – "Master of Profits" CD

A full-on assault of discordant guitars and pounding double bass, bordering on CAVE IN or COALESCE-style math-metal, without any of the prog garbage or macho attitude. It's punk as fuck. Harsh vocals and relentless blast beats tearing apart five songs in less than eight minutes. Completely devastating. (VH)
(Forge Again, PO Box 146837, Chicago, IL 60614)

HOLIER THAN THOU? – "High on Barbeque?" one-sided LP

Is HOLIER THAN THOU? named after the way this band treats RICH KIDS ON LSD? Because they sure sound as if they worshipped their Santa Barbara forefathers. For those younger readers who haven't had the pleasure of ever really listening to RKL, this means that the record is fast, hard, melodic, and thrashy. Just like RKL was. HOLIER THAN THOU? is all these things, and that is what separates them from all the so-called "skate revival" bands that they get lumped in with. (JF)
(Deranged, no address)

HORACE PINKER - "Red Eyed Regular" CDEP

Five tracks; three new ones, a GAZING AT LACES (who be they?) cover, and live old chestnut. They boys are still pursuing that melancholy JAWBREAKER downer ride to fairly good effect. (RK)
(Offtime, www.offtime.com)

HORDE – "Song No. 2" EP

Swirling hardcore with tons of groove and energy, kinda like those Gainesville bands but way less introspective. It has the drive and passion of bands like PANTHRO UK UNITED 13 or GUNMOLL, but with more bile, anger, and hardcore chops. This fucking rules. (TB)
(www.1234Gorecords.com)

HUMAN ADULTS – "Dead Adult" CD

Don't even get me started on the packaging; it makes most demos look professional…Jesus! Musically, this is crazed hardcore with a bunch of guest vocalists reminding me of DR AND THE CRIPPENS or SPAZZTIC BLUR. (TB)
(Eat Me, 215 Townsend St, New Brunswick, NJ 08101)

IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE – "In the Wake of the Plague" EP

Five tracks of fast, gritty, politically charged hardcore from the Bay Area. The songs have a dark seriousness to them…it's almost epic, which isn't something I'm into as far as hardcore goes. Aside from that, not much stands out. (VH)
(ITWOTP, 548 Broderick St, San Francisco, CA 94117)

INFEZIONE – "Oppressione Quotidiana" LP

This straightedge, anarchist trio from Modena recalls the frenetic punk of early bands like WRETCHED and maybe INDIGESTI in their looser moments. In other words, classic-style Italian punk rock, with mile-a-minute vocals and drums that cam barely keep pace with the tempo. Appropriately recorded in lo-fi, this band has a lot to say (none of it in English) and a palpable sense of commitment. The LP is to benefit political prisoners. (SS)
(Agitpunk Classics)

IPANEMA – "Je Suis Un Baseball Bat vs. Skull" CD

Hey I know this voice! It's Wiz of MEGA CITY FOUR—really, really one of my all-time faves. A UK pop punk master on this two-song CD single. I heard he changed the name of his new band, SERPICO, well…Two up-tempo tracks that hold up just fine. This rocks. Wiz sings and plays guitar—it's a good thing! (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.ipanemarock.com)

KAOSPILOT – LP

Here we have the much-anticipated (by some, at least) full length from Norway's KAOSPILOT. I reviewed their EP many moons ago in these pages, and offered it much praise, which is likely why I am reviewing the LP now. Like the EP, this 12" slab of wax blasts your eardrums with that sound that has been oh-so characteristic of Scandinavian hardcore bands of late—that booming, wall-of-guitar sound that easily brings to mind such mid-90s Canadian outfits as URANUS and DRIFT. Unlike those bands, however, KAOSPILOT seems to take their sound further in terms of depth and character. There is the obvious heavy, chaotic aspect—which, by the way, is perfectly executed, urgent, and frantic—but there are also the soft intricacies carefully interspersed between the brutalities. I should also add that the artwork, done by someone named Regina, is particularly amazing and complements the music perfectly. Seek out this record. (SP)
(Level Plane, PO Box 4329, Philadelphia, PA 19118, www.level-plane.com)

KICK JONESES – "Tales of Discontent" CD

This is pretty weird—the band plays mid to up-tempo melodic punk with a European flavor (hardly surprisingly since they're German). I guess the closest reference point would be RANDY (minus the politics), but at times this sounds like everything from the KNACK, to EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, to WEEZER, to the FOO FIGHTERS. At first I thought I didn't really like this, but the more I listen to it the more I think it could be a grower. The whole thing is very well produced and packaged, as we've come to expect from… (AD)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK)

THE KICKZ – "Down and Out" EP

I love to hate Texas, but I gotta say, when I see that a band lists a Texas address, I'm expecting good things. The Texans probably like it that way. And while this record has kind of a lame pic sleeve, I like the fact that it's the KICKZ and not the KICKS. The A-side is kind of a mid-tempo, catchy, sloppy, slurring, street punk/hardcore number that, in my mind, never really takes off. Like I said, it's catchy (and all that), but I keep expecting it to go somewhere. Plus, it starts with this weird little REO SPEEDWAGON guitar lick. Maybe I'm being a little harsh. I was listening to an old SWINGIN' UTTERS record earlier today and you probably could have snuck this in there without me noticing. The B-side continues with more of the same, only it's starting to grow on me, particularly the catchy guitar riffs. Who knows, maybe this will make it on to my Top 10. (KK)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627, www.peladorecords.com)

KITTY LITTLE – "Nice Noise" CDEP

Somewhere in between the anthemic, straight-up punk energy of the CARRIE NATIONS and the cuddly pop of CUB lies KITTY LITTLE. I can totally picture this three-piece rocking sweaty basements all across the country and inspiring massive sing-alongs with their simple yet oh-so-catchy lyrics. Plus, I find hand-screened, multi-colored covers and inserts positively irresistible and, no matter what qualms we all may have with CDEPs, I truly appreciate these little five-song bursts of rock 'n' roll energy. Three cheers for KITTY LITTLE. (MX)
(Peterwalkee, PO Box 14794, Albany, NY 12212)

KLOAKAO – "Cuzao de Galinha" LP

Man, people keep churning out the fucking excellent melodic hardcore, and KLOAKAO is no exception. With a deadly combination of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT verses and STRIKE ANYWHERE choruses, and some of RANCID's unashamed sense of melody, this band totally slays the competition. If I were allowed one complaint (which I assume I am), I would say that the singing could perhaps do with less barking and harmony and more yelling and screaming, but I'm really just nitpicking. A truly great band tearing shit up on a truly great album. (MX)
(Oidos Sordos, c/ San Luis, 16, 39003, Cantabria, SPAIN, www.oidos-sordos.com)

KNIFE FIGHT – "What Have You Done?" EP

If you liked the demo, then you'll love this record. Be aware though that the vocals on this are less discernable than on the demo. That could be a bad or good thing, depending on your tastes. Personally, I liked the vocals better on the demo because I think it gave it more of a STRAIGHT AHEAD feel. Then again, I've been listening to that same four-song demo for the last year waiting for this record to finally see the light of day. If this is your first introduction to KNIFE FIGHT, then you're in for a treat. 11 songs played in less than 7 minutes at 45 rpm. Recommended for fans of hardcore. Period. (CC)
(My War, 36 Kings Circle, Malvern, PA 19355-2002)

LANDSCAPE – "LA Croisiere De L'Amour" CDEP

From the cover and title, I was expecting French emo, but this is posi-core from Germany. They remind me a little of I SPY mixed with a youth crew band. From what I can tell (there's no lyrics included) they are singing personal/political kinda lyrics. Five tracks of righteous angst set to speedy melodic hardcore. (AD)
(Scene Police, Humboldstr 15, 53115 Bonn, GERMANY)

LEFT FRONT TIRE – "42 Ways to Lose a Friend" CD

This band has some great songs! I could definitely hear the great track "Cheaters" sandwiched in between the ATARIS "In This Diary" and ALKALINE TRIO's "Had Enough" on my local modern rock station. Awesome vocal harmonies and great production. A bit of variety here, but on the up-tempo stuff, these guys stand out. Great punk pop. (RL)
(Redeye, 1130 Cherry Ln, Graham, NC 27253, www.leftfronttire.com)

LOBOTOMIA – "Lobotomia" CD

This is a reissue of this Brazilian band's album that came out back in 1987. This is dark and heavy crustcore with an edge of crossover metal. The recording is a tad muffled, but I didn't think it really distracted from the music. In all honesty, this didn't necessarily blow me away, but I think it stands as a testament to the progression of the Brazilian scene at that time. This is a new up and coming label that also has reissued another mid-80s Brazilian record by the band ARMAGEDOM (remember them from their split with FORÇA MACABRA?) And these releases are apparently being done with permission and legitimately. Right on! (RC)
(Speedstate, 5-34-4 Kozunomori Narita Chiba, 2860048, JAPAN; speedstaterecords.com)

LOCK AND KEY - "No Fate" CD

The beards and glasses are a dead giveaway. These guys are serious emo hardhitters, and they've come out fighting strong, armed only with No Idea-era HOT WATER MUSIC. If you dig that, you might just appreciate this too. (RK)
(Irresponsible, www.irresponsiblerecords.com)

LOUSY – "Babylon District" CD

Fast and rowdy streetpunk from Germany with a working class conscience. Super gruff vocals lead the furious anthem-style choruses—great hard driving punk rock! This is definitely worth your time to check out. (SR)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de)

LYNYRD'S INNARDS – "Untitled No. 3" CD

Another INNARDS CD up to par with their other releases, but this CD features a video of their goofy tune "Shitman the Robot"! They also explore other silly concepts in "We're the Opening Band" and "Cinderblock." A fine release. (HM)
(What Else? PO Box 1211, Columbus, IN 47202, www.whatelserecords.com)

MACHETAZO - "The Maggot Sessions" EP

Kick-ass, Spanish, blood-splattered gore-grind. This is a viciously thick and raw sound exemplified best by their monstrous mosh-speed riffs—never too fast, never too slow—over cold-body pummeling bass chunks and speeding fast drums. The singer pukes raw-throated highs and deep, deep lows. Perfect grind for hack hack hacking to the bone. AGATHOCLES mince-core fans should take note, as should old-time death metal CARCASS and IMPETIGO fans. (WM)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701-1766, www.firstbloodfamily.com)

MAIROLLOSNOUTA – "Dudas, Furia y Demas Ratos Muertos" LP

Spikey haired punk rock sung in Spanish. I don't understand Spanish but it sounds angry and political. There is also no contact information, so I cannot tell you where MAIROLLOSNOUTA is from. I can tell you this record is good, though, and that is all that counts, right? (JF)
(A Lone Production)

MAJORITY RULE -"Emergency Numbers" CD

MAJORITY RULE plays a striking blend of melodic and deeply dimensional metallic hardcore. Malicious vocals emerge painfully from a layer of atmospheric, emotional harmonies. Some parts almost remind me of a more evil RADIOHEAD. There are heavy and chunky guitars, rhythms seeded with tribal textures, experimental sounds, drowningly depressing lyrics, chilling breakdowns. The more hardcore parts remind me a little of fast parts from HIS HERO IS GONE. The vocals are also amazing, desperate and beastly. This is a cool record. (LG)
(Magic Bullet, www.magicbullet.com, www.majrule.com)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN – "Futility Metaphors" CD

This duo sounds like they love to jam out the complex riffs and melodies, but they also know how to compose a short, effective tune. They crank out complex riffs, meandering melodies, and off-tempo breaks that delve into emo and crust and METALLICA. Don't fear the awful artwork—these guys shred. (HM)
(Ass-Card, c/o Fritz Piontek, Annenstr. 5, 44137 Dortmund, GERMANY, www.manwithoutplan.com, www.asscardrecords.com)

MANSIC - "Everyday is a Tragedy" CD

Judging by the age (and girth!) these dudes display on the sleeve photos, I'm guessing they are a pretty venerable Swedish outfit. Never heard of 'em. Fortunately, there's nary a white belt in sight, nor a hipster garage tune within earshot. They do provide some energetic street punk/UK SUBS type stuff, livened up on a track or two with a violin (!)—which they manage to make fit right in. (RK)
(Bug, www.bugrecords.tk)

MARKED MEN – "I Can't Be Good" EP

Three faceless weirdos share their anxieties: "I Can't Be Good," "Nothing Worth While," "Settle Down," and "That Kid." They got the $20 Vegematic guitar buzz that has the stylus skipping madly…fast, furious, with a sorta frustrated quality to 'em. I would expect no less from MARKED MEN such as these. Good, good. (JH)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

MIGRA VIOLENTA – "Superficial" CD

MIGRA VIOLENTA blasts through 14 fast, thrashy tracks of angry punk rock from Argentina. The majority of the songs are between 45-50 seconds long and are interspersed with some catchy tempo changes and a touch of melody, but at the core all the songs are speedy and to the point. The vocals sound angry and strained, and the lyrics are a mix of political and personal observations. This CD is one of those multimedia suckers, with things like live footage and photos for those of you who are computer savvy. There were a total of 9 record labels listed on the back cover of the CD, so I just randomly chose one. (RC)
(Desobediecia, c/o Manuel Ramirez, PO Box 126, Seguin, TX 78156; desobediencia2000@yahoo.com.mx)

MINOR THREAT – "First Demo Tape" EP

So what we got here is a splattering of tunes previously released on 12" format way back

then—pretty pointless unless you're one of those dirty sweaty-handed, spotty-faced collectors that both myself and POISON IDEA seem to hate. All demo versions—which, let's face it—means you're parting with money for a bunch of cuts that are inferior to what appeared on the final release. Oh, the whole what's-the-point of it. (SD)
(Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007)

MIXEL PRICKS "Complete the Grin" CD

Off the bat, here's my beef with this band: facial hair and eyebrow piercings. A big no-no, especially on guys old enough to know better! Oh man, you guys are like 30, playing pop punk. Wake the fuck up and stick to your day jobs. This ranges from generic mutant pop crap to grown up self-reflection crap. Bor-ing! (BM)
(Murk, PO Box 4663, Lafayette, IN 47903)

THE MURDER SQUAD -"To Ashes You'll Return" CD

Hailing from Toronto, the MURDER SQUAD plays rapid metallic grind. Growly male vocals from the ex-singer of NY's ABALIENATION. Pretty punishing. Lots of fast changes, whirlwind and pounding guitar rhythms, and super fast, super brutal drums. Karen from SPAZMZ joins in to help out with vocals on the first track. There are also a DOOM and a DESPITE cover. Right on. The CD is enhanced so you can stick it in your computer and get some pictures and stuff. (LG)
(Wounded Paw, 26 Brookfield St,Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3A9 CANADA)

MY MINDS MINE - "Scenes Of The Complete Annihilation Of This Planet" LP

I've been wanting to use the word "blur" in describing a band lately and now is finally my chance. Blasting fast Dutch blur-core that's over the top insane with energy and power. Fans of HELL-NATION, HERESY, SOB, "Scum" era NAPALM DEATH, and anything intensely harsh, intensely distorted, and/or intensely fast, would be way into these guys. Awesome. (WM)
(Amenta, PO Box 990, 9400 AZ, Assen, NETHERLANDS, www.amentarecords.com)

NERVOUS EATERS – "Eat This! CD

I guess these guys put out one LP every decade or so. The old Boston band from the late 70s. Better than their watered-down LP from 1979, not as good as their early singles or the 80s LP *Hot Steel & Acid*. Wait, no 90s LP? This is decent, a little rock in a good way. Nothing essential at this point, but you long-time fans will welcome this. (RL)
(No Tomorrow, PO Box 1134, 120080 Castellon, SPAIN, www.notomorrowrecords.com)

THE NETWORK – "End Transmission" EP

The NETWORK, who are from New Hampshire, play some semi-technical metal/hardcore that mixes together powerful and surging rhythms, some major guitar riffage, a variety of tempo changes, and some really brutal vocals. They have a keyboard player, but it is barely noticeable except for a few very brief moments where it sounds like the song may break into some digital hardcore…but it switches right back to the metal stuff. Check this one out. (RC)
(Out Of Limits, PO Box 765, Farmington, ME 04938, www.outoflimits.com)

NICOTINE – "School of Liberty" CD

Hailing from Japan and sounding a lot like NOFX, these guys are bound to get compared to HI-STANDARD, and that's not all that far off the mark, though NICOTINE are way nuttier, so nutty that the TOY DOLLS even spring to mind on a couple of occasions. Half a decade or so ago, this would have been called SoCal melodic punk, but nowadays it's simply Fat Wreck-style punk, though on a few songs, NICOTINE show some originality and potential to break out of the mould and overall this is an enjoyable listen. (AD)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

NEW LUCK TOY – "Jet Lips" EP

This is power pop gold!!! I fucking love it. I am going to cry when I hear this on the alternative rock station, but it sounds like that's where they're headed eventually. But what am I going to do, keep them locked in the basement like that fucked-up-looking guy on the Goonies? The singer's voice is just warbly enough to keep them from being too clean to like. You would want to file this EP between your HÜSKER DÜ and JAWBREAKER records. It might hurt your street cred, but NEW LUCK TOY cannot be denied! Good, catchy songwriting. And is that slide guitar on "Zero"? I don't know, it sounds cool, though. Go buy this! (JB)
(Nobodylovesmusic, no address)

NOURISH THE FLAME / DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR – split CD

Well then, are you in the mood for some East Coast hard/metalcore to get your blood boiling? This split CD brings you NOURISH THE FLAME, from North Carolina, and DEATH BY DISHONOR, from Boston. NOURISH THE FLAME takes things slow, heavy and hateful, similar to HATEBREED. DEATH BY DISHONOR speeds things up a little (though the beatdown/breakdowns are still there) and goes down a path similar to INTEGRITY. If this is your thing, it would be worth checking out. (RC)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.spookcityusa.com)

OMENS – "Yeah-Yeah!" EP

Stereo. The (evil?) OMENS played in San Francisco not *too* long ago and I sorted my socks at home rather than watch 'em…shame. "Yeah-Yeah!" is as unrepentantly basic and to-the-point as you'd expect a song with that title to be. "Try Just Try" sounds like a desperate plea for love, money, respect, free drinks, or all of the above…they look like creeps and play like tough kids, which gives them a certified hand-up. My needs are neatly met with this one. (JH)
(Hipsville, 2591 S. Meade St, Denver, CO 80219)

ON THE TAKERS – "Highway Critters" CD

There's nothing too remarkable about this. It's mediocre guitar driven punk 'n' roll with cheesy solos and lousy lyrics. (SR)
(Regal Beegle, no address, onthetakers@yahoo.com)

ONE WORD SOLUTION – "Portrait of a Decrepit Nation" CD

This is some fast and snappy political punk rock from Southern California that has an edge of pop sensibility. The songs are kinda catchy and the recording is pretty good, but they failed to set my ears afire. Maybe they will hit your ears differently. (RC)
(Dedicated, www.dedicatedwreckers.com)

OPERATION LATTE THUNDER / ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS - split EP

OPERATION LATTE THUNDER plays some real cool-sounding punk rock, which is loose in form. It's all over the place, vocals reminding me of FILTH and FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, music reminding me of a more straightforward ORCHID, played at a tempo like LOS CRUDOS, with a BLOOD BROTHERS feel. It's chaotic punk rock done well. ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS is similar, but with some really cool vocal parts, and also quite a bit more of a metal influence, a more straightforward thrash hardcore sound, and vocals that don't line up with the music, like LIFE'S HALT. Some BLACK FLAG feel to it, too. Recordings for both bands are lacking in quality, but it might be a good thing for them. (WR)
(Mis En Place, PO Box 7195, Richmond, VA 23221)

THE ORDER OF THE FLY - "In a World Gone Mad" CD

The ORDER OF THE FLY comes from Southern California, and they do the whole MISFITS/INSANE CLOWN POSSE makeup thing. Musically, they are somewhere in between MISFITS, old OFFSPRING, and later NAKED RAYGUN, with a little metal influence. Intertwined with all the songs are "spooky" sound clips. This really does nothing for me, although the drawings (especially of the zombie cops) on the insert are really cool. (WR)
(Mad Science, PO Box 2122, San Bernardino, CA 92406)

PAINT IT BLACK – "CVA" CD

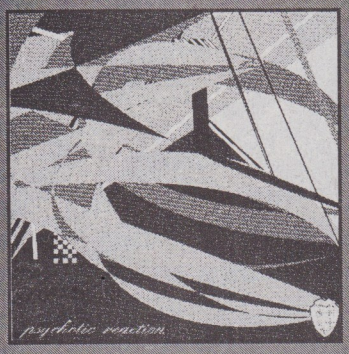
Members of melodic hardcore bands (LIFETIME, GOOD RIDDANCE, and KID DYNAMITE, I know this because there's a sticker that says this on the cover, I'm not a connoisseur of melodic hardcore or anything…) join up and form a band that is harder, faster and better than anything their other bands did. Sounding at times close to old NYHC (early AGNOSTIC FRONT and CAUSE FOR ALARM) and at other times like MINOR THREAT or DS 13, this would please fans of new hardcore (if it didn't say GOOD RIDDANCE on the cover…) Personally it's all a little too gym class for me. (AD)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmington, DE 19810)

PEACE OF MIND – "Values Between 0 and 1" LP

Wow. PEACE OF MIND has been around forever, for like ten years now, with three EPs and with this, two LPs. I gathered from the liner notes that it's been sort of a rocky ride—but ten years—that's impressive! This LP lodges them much more firmly in the warmly melodic, mid-tempo area occupied by MANIFESTO JUKEBOX and LA FRACTION. I have a photo of Aga, the female singer, in a frame on my wall, not because I'm such a huge fan, but because it's one of those classic punk poses. In the shot she is totally androgynous, bent in a crouch, microphone in one hand, pulling at her scruffy black hair with the other, head bent down and face hidden—a posture that might look tortured or defeated—if you weren't well-versed in the redemptive glory of punk rock! This LP is solid, cleanly recorded, with a graphic style that borrows from MILEMARKER and SONIC YOUTH. It's about the play of singing (real singing) with the strings and drums, and it's good, but I wish the songwriting endured the band's (intentional) fits and starts. The accessible vocals, perhaps, make me crave a clearly defined song that never emerges; instead it builds and builds but never comes back around—the kind of thing that could leave you breathless in a basement but is less fulfillling back at home. Still, I'd love to be in that basement right now. Time for a tour, folks, or what? (AC)
(Scene Police, c/o DPM, Humboldtstrasse 15, 53115 Bonn, GERMANY, www.scenepolice.de)

POLYSICS – "Neu" CD

The surprise disc for Mr. Jaded this month, a CD from a Japanese band that loves "DEVO and KRAFTWERK" and dress up in matching outfits. I'm ready to gag, but fuck me if this isn't a really engaging almost garage-lo-tech affair, with great songs and scratchy guitars. The vocals are especially good, being whiny, raspy, and adenoidal all at the same time. A really pleasant surprise and per-



haps a "chill-out-room" disc for all those post-shriek LOST SOUNDS fans out "there." (RW)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA, 35030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

PROJECT: BOTTLECAP – "Saving Rock 'n' Roll" CD

Good tuneful pop punk with indie and emo overtones. This kinda reminds me of early SHUDDER TO THINK, for some reason. Must be the tuneful vocals. Lots of tempo changes and pedal play here. This is pretty good if you like the soft verse with the powerful chorus. (RL)
(Skeptic Productions, 5781 Oakland Ter. Apt. D, Indianapolis, IN 46220, www.projectbottlecap.com)

PROTAGONIST – "Hope and Rage" CD

Nicely executed pop punk with strong hardcore overtones. Think a little EXPLOSION, a little more STRIKE ANYWHERE, and whole lot of suck. I seriously can't get into this at all. The more I listened to this, the more it actually made me angry that I had to review it. Maybe it might be the piano outro in the last song, but I think it probably has to with the trite chanted slogans that fill up a lot of this CD. I mean, at first it sounds like they are singing about something meaningful, but in reality the lyrics make little to no sense when reading them. Take a look at this gem: "As we walk through the valley of our pain and hate, and we cross the road undecided, and the figure in black points as we fail again." What did he just say? Or how about this one: "Two minute warning, nowhere left to go, life is a gun, embrace the final hour/No one lives forever." What the fuck does that mean?! Maybe the folks at Amoeba Records will know… (CC)
(Blackout 931, Madison St, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

PSYCHOTIC REACTION - "Every Little Thing / Minimum Life"

.....Wow, this sounds like more old-school punk/new wave/power pop done by Japanese.....and once again it's played well and sung well....the lyrics are from outer space but the spirit is there.....so whatever you do, don't cum inside me.....let it bust all over my face..... (SW)
(Mangrove, Base ACP Bldg 3F, Koenji Minami, Suginamiku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN, mangrove@recordshopbase.com)

PUBLIC TOILETS – "Wish I Was Stupid" EP

Wow. I don't know that there's much more that I can say. Six tracks here, and it's one rocker after the other. This has to be one of the most compelling punk rock records I have heard in some time. Two minutes of catchy, high-energy punk rock that carries a real sense of urgency, followed by another two mintues…followed by another…you get the idea. I'm generally not a big fan of the six-song 7" record, but these guys absolutely pull it off. I have a tendency to go on about Scandinavian bands, but I don't want to minimize this effort by grouping it anywhere. They cite AC/DC and the RAMONES as influences. I'd include JOY DIVISION in there as well. This, to me, is punk rock. (KK)
(Repo, Ribegatan 192, 164 45 Kista, SWEDEN, public_toilets@hotmail.com)

PUNCH IN THE FACE – "Dumb Hardcore" EP

Once again I am graced with this great Chicago quartet, this time in the form of six songs on 45 rpm. I said it once and I'll say it again: if you like Boston hardcore, especially NEGATIVE FX, then you need to pick this record up immediately. Then pick up their other record on Lengua Armada, which is just as intense and pissed off. I think their second song, titled "Not Here to Make Friends" pretty much sums this record up. KNIFE FIGHT would make the perfect match for a future split 7". (CC)
(Highly Questionable, PO Box 10715, Chicago, IL 60610)

RADIO REELERS – "Rockin' Sound" 12"

Any band that cites the DIALTONES as an influence gets my immediate, undivided attention. Throw in the DEVIL DOGS and "1977," and I'm glued. I was wondering if there was anyway that they could live up to my expectations. The answer is "yes." This fucking rocks. It's not complicated or fancy, but it is bad-ass punk rock. I have to admit that there is nothing terribly original about these guys, but there is a lot to be said for straightforward, catchy, high-energy punk rock, and they deliver that track after track. Titles like "Start This Party," "Bad Whiskey," "Got it In," and "Drink and Dance" say it all. Just in case you're wondering, it gets my highest recommendation. (KK)
(Radio Blast, Hildegardardstr. 13, 44809 Rochum, GERMANY, RBR@punkrawk.com)

REAL LOSERS – "Time to Lose" LP

A real oddity for a UK band that attempts garage, in that they manage to duck the seemingly inevitable UK tendency towards self-conscious irony and have just made a lowdown garage punk record. Other than the ARMITAGE SHANKS and a few one-off 7"s, this island can't seem to do this stuff right. But these cats have pulled it off. This is a really welcome addition to the slim shelf of non-BILLY CHILDISH-related garage, and touring American and Swedish bands would seem to finally have a great band to open up for 'em! At least for now! (RW)
(Squirrel, PO Box 481, Leeds, LS5 3TH, UK, squirrel records@hotmail.com)

REAL LOSERS / POP THREAT – split EP

POP THREAT are some sort of arty/indie/pop band that feature a bit of spacey noise jamming ala SONIC YOUTH or RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE in one of their otherwise pleasant dittites. Not my cup of poison is about all I can say about it. The REAL LOSERS do their darndest to live

up to their name with degenerate scuzz likely influenced by the SAINTS, USERS, SUPERCHARGER, and other good junk. This, I like (though they could stand to upgrade their recording quality more than a smidge). (DD)
(Squirrel, PO Box 481, Leeds, LS5 3TH, UK, squirrel records@hotmail.com)

RED CARD – CD

Earnest, tight, and extremely competent indie rockage: decent songs, good vocals, everything should add up to an interesting release, but it just doesn't do it for me. It's not distinctive from a lot of other bands doing this style, and sorry to damn with faint praise, but I can see plenty of folks enjoying this for what it is. (RW)
(Useless Chords, 206 Scholes St., #6, Brooklyn, NY, 11206)

REDSCARE – "Eight Pieces of Summer" CD

Not to be confused with the local RED SCARE or the old LA RED SCARE, this Canadian band has the indie emo punk thing going on. I guess I could lump this in with PAINTED THIN, the BONADUCES, and the WEAKERTHANS, in general. Eight tracks that have their moments. Good for fans of the jangly emo. (RL)
(Teenage Rampage, 5313 5th Ave, Delta BC, V4M-1K4 CANADA. www.theredscareband.com)

REDUCTION - "Social Disorder" EP

Fast and fucking brutal Japanese crust. Four super-distorted, super-heavy HC assaults. Quick changes and a slightly metallic edge make this recording sound feral. The vocals are unmercilessly tough. This 7" left burn marks of searing flesh on my skin, it's that on-fire. (LG)
(Reduction, c/o Naoki Umekarra, 3 mae Ogarra Mansion 1-15-18 Kishinosate, Higashi, Nishinariku, Osaka 557-0042 JAPAN)

ROSEWATER FOUNDATION / ARKHAM – split EP

Picture discs seem to be the order of the day this month, as this is the third one I've had to review. ROSEWATER FOUNDATION has this sort of unglued mid-tempo approach that I really like, with light quirky guitar work and a fuzzed out bass that sounds fucking great. In terms of style, the closest I can come to is a sort of a lighter, indie-tinged version of IGNITION. Unfortunately, there's only one track, so I'm left very curious and slightly unsatisfied. On the flip, ARKHAM delivers one longer, multi-faceted song that had me thinking of 12 HOUR TURN mixed with HOOVER or CROWNHATE RUIN. Good shit, but again, I want to hear more. A good split either way, and I'll definitely be keeping my ear to the ground to hear more from both bands. (SP)
(www.rosewaterfoundation.com, www.madweenrekerds.com)

ROT – "Old Dirty Grindcores" CD

Fuckin' a! Another great release this month for the grind-heads out there. This time around it's a collection of 65 songs, spanning the years of 1991 to 2001, including "unreleased, some demo songs, and also the out of print split Eps," from this long-running Brazilian death-crust-grind outfit. A great formula they've got to keep the kids coming back: the mandatory grotesque growls and hysterical screams, fast blast drums, and the simple, punishing heavy riffs all add up to quality mince-core. Comes with a great booklet packed full of info, flyers, photos, and lyrics. Recommended! (WM)
(2+2=5 c/o Douglas, Cx. Postal 1668, São Paulo/SP, 01059-970 BRAZIL)

RUMPS - "Necro Minority" LP

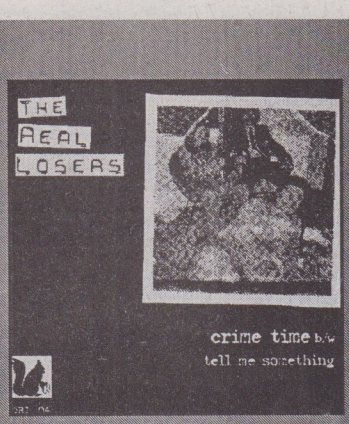
.....this is one fucking lousy record!!!!! .....Thrash-o-matic punk by the numbers....boring at any speed.....Spanish???? Maybe.....!!!! ...Other than that there ain't a hell of a lot to to ponder here.....!!!!! P.S. Don't forget to suck your mother's dick!!!!! (SW)
(Oidos Sordos, no address)

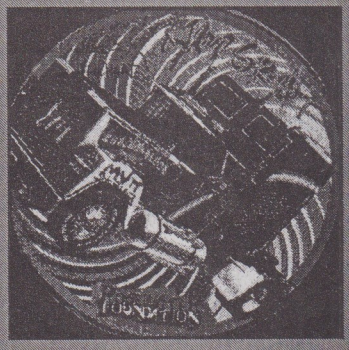
RUNAWAYS - "And Now..." LP

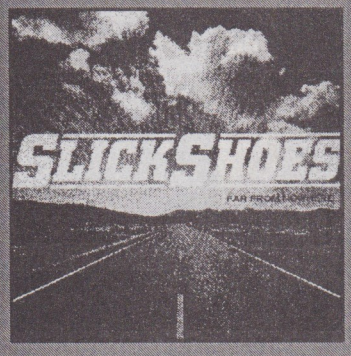
I have never been what you'd call a "fan" of the RUNAWAYS. I mean, yeah, they had some pretty good tunes, and JOAN JETT was and is still hot, but they always had way too much of a KISS influence for me to ever actually purchase one of their records. This pretty much confirms my beliefs that the RUNAWAYS are way overrated. Fans of the current DONNAS crap, get this and see where they stole their gimmick. (BM)
(Get Back, via Aretina, 25 - 50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

RUPTURE – "Lust and Hate" LP

This is a reissue of the "classic" Australian punk band's LP, originally released in 1994. Boring. All the songs are fully ripped the fuck off from a particular punk genre, without having the dignity to stick to one style and develop it. Crap. Shitty grind, shitty pop, shitty everything. And, as they are proud to be "anti-PC," I will include some lyrics here so we can see the brilliance coming from the "just wanna rock" side of things: "Daddy trained you to suck very well...you suck our dicks hairy armpits smelly ugly dike," etc. Don't think they never played in my town, 'cause we would have gone to the show and beat the shit out of them for this crap. P.S. they have moustaches. (JA)
(Paolo, Petralia, via Oderisi Da Gubbio, 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY)







THE SEEDS – LP

Italian reissue of the SEEDS' first album, which includes the classic "Pushin' Too Hard." I remember being a bit disappointed with this when I got my hands on it as a wee bairn, as I was expecting an album full of "Pushin' Too Hard"-quality material. A lot of the songs would've worked better had the guitar been less subdued and the keyboards less prominent (as on "Evil Hoodo") but, although I still wouldn't put it in the league of the 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS' first (or the SEEDS *Web of Sound* and live *Merlin's Music Box* efforts, for that matter), I have to admit that it's grown on me over the decades. Now it's your turn, flower punk. (DD)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, www.abraxasrecords.com)

THE SEEDS – "A Web of Sound" LP

Pressed on a piece of vinyl the weight of a tractor wheel comes maybe, with a great deal of debate, head-scatching and chin-wanking, the second-most important garage band ever. (Warning: my top three garage bands, like every other top three whatever, varies from week to week.) However, back to the point...mixing it all up in a velvet-crushed ruffled shirt-induced freakout came the heavyweights of hallucinogenics, uppers, and downers, as well as other assorted tomfoolery—the SEEDS. Distinguished by the nasally screeching of one of rock's lost icons (Sky Sunlight Sexon) and the ability to turn the most innocent of ballads into a brooding monster of a bad trip, the SEEDS never released a bad record, and like their close 60s cousins the 13th FLOOR ELEVATORS, ELECTRIC PRUNES, and the MUSIC MACHINE, deserve the hero worship that is usually reserved for porn queens and football stars. (SD)
(Get Back, Abraxassrl via Aretina, 25 – 50069, Sieci (Firenze) ITALY)

SEVEN FEET FOUR – "Departure/Arrival" CD

Perhaps my absolutely favorite thing about punk rock is when, without even checking, you can just feel where a band is from. The band itself may not even be conscious of it, but outsiders can quickly tell by hearing a band that they have spent a lot of time absorbing the atmosphere of a given place. Hailing from Sweden, SEVEN FEET FOUR take a lot from Gainesville's more technical bands (HOT WATER MUSIC, TWELVE HOUR TURN, etc.) and bathe their songs in something indescribably, but unmistakably Scandinavian. Maybe it's the energy, maybe it's the unhinged but directed feeling the whole album has; whatever it is, it packs quite a bit of power into 27 minutes. A hell of good record. (MX)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, www.coalition-records.com)

SHIKABANE - "Why Do You Live" LP

SHIKABANE, from Tokyo, plays awesome blazing crustcore that is nightmarishly dark and doomy. A slight metallic edge boosts complexity and drives the music to a chilling, agonizing level of heaviness. The lyrics are insightful, emotional, and deeply personal. From grind/thrash beats to slow pounding rhythms, the dimensional drumming underlies layers of heavily distorted guitars and amazing GISM-esque growled vocals. SHIKABANE sounds like they probably listened to and were influenced by bands like early S.O.B. or DEATHSIDE. Man! And seriously, the agonizing pain of the track "Nihilism" nearly flat-out killed me. I totally recommend this record. (LG)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

SHITFIT / MOMENT OF YOUTH – split EP

I love the name, and the music is fucking great too. SHITFIT's sound has the manic energy of YOUTH OF TODAY and the intense brutality of INFEST. Six songs of fast, harsh, raw hardcore. The lyrics are somehow absolutely cynical and bitter, yet insightful. MOMENT OF YOUTH play a much more straightforward style of hardcore. It's heavy on the youth-crew influence, but seems just inches away from a raw, gritty, DEATHREAT sound. Five good songs, but they don't grab me by the throat the way SHITFIT did. (VH)
(Malfunction, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

SHOCKS - "Bored to be in Zero 3" LP

Pretty blue and red splatter vinyl...pretty standard pogo '77 stuff, German lyrics...awww fuck it. This is what I truly hate reviewing. I sincerely hate reviewing foreign bands that don't sing in English. I just have no desire to listen to some band speak some language that sounds like gibberish to me. If you love that bullet belt stuff and speak the German tongue, then check this out. Me, I'm off to Ikea... errr, I mean the bar... (BM)
(Dirty Faces, Universitatsstr 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY, dirtyfaces@gmx.de, www.dirtyfaces.com)

SHUTDOWN 66 – "Welcome to Dumpsville.." CD

Aussie moptops mining the English 60s freakbeat scene. It's all Hammond organs and harmonicas with a Jaggeresque snarl. Sounds like they have a pile of PRETTY THINGS and THEM records lined up next to their crushed velvet suits. The music is boss, but the vocals are trying way too hard—ditch that turkey and you'll be onto a good thing. (TB)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

SLICKSHOES - "Far from Nowhere" CD

Corporate melodic hardcore by numbers. Lots of PENNYWISE/LAGWAGON/STRUNG OUT/UNWRITTEN LAW, *et al.* There's more thanks to sponsors, lawyers, and management than there is to plain ol' regular folks. The face of punk to come? There are some pretty neat guitar flourishes, if that's any consolation. (RK)
(SideOne Dummy, www.sideonedummy.com)

SNOT ROCKETS - "Bankrupt" CD

18 short lo-fi song about girls. I guess they have some problems with punker chicks, poor dears. The music is pretty basic poppy stuff, with dirty production values. Kind of like an insipid early REPLACEMENTS. (RK)
(Mackle, Box 111, Model City, NY 14107)

THE SPECTACLE - "Lakonia" 10"

Good, good stuff here. Not at all what I was expecting from the cover, which looks like something from a JAM record. What we have here is some really driving metal. I don't know much about metal, so I'll just say that it is mid-paced, with not a lot of technical stuff. Especially the drumming is very punk and straightforward. Like GARUDA meets FROM ASHES RISE, done really well. What really put this over the top for me, though, were the very intelligent writing that makes up the booklet, and the layout that goes along with it. Their ideas are frustrated but hopeful. There was a lot of thought put into this, and I have to say it made a good impression on me. (WR)
(Smart Patrol Recording Company, US distro through CrimethInc., PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402)

SPECTORS – "Beat is Murder: Cockfights & Cakefights 1992-1996" CD

Dick that I am, I've never heard of the SPECTORS. What I'm hearing is a pretty lively blend of authentically 1960s beat and "garage," at least as it was defined during the Clinton years. Judging by the cover pics the bands were an even mix of jocks and nerds, and the lyrics suggest a thumbing of genre conventions and a refreshingly stupid attitude ("Rhubarb Ruby," "Treacle Toffee World," etc.) It grooves. I'm on it. Track three is a spot-on cover of the MONKS' classic "Oh How to Do Now", which has the unfortunate effect of making their originals sound frail and weedy by comparison. Call them the BEAU BRUMMELS on cider, or Beat for the Broken-Brained. (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

STRAIGHTEDGE KEGGER / GRUK – split EP

STRAIGHTEDGE KEGGER.... heh...Anyway, finger-pointing, hardline, youth crew from Fresno, CA, with awesome production values and many a moshable breakdown at just the right point. Just kidding. This is female-fronted, pissed off, fast, rudimentary thrash with stoned, goofy lyrics. They kind of remind me of the recent DISREANTIYOUTHHELLBASTARDASSMANX EP. GRUK, on the flip, are from Chico, CA, and are equally pissed off and also female-fronted. They do a great cover of NEGATIVE APPROACH and that is a great description of their sound and style. Get this for the GRUK side for sure. (WM)
(Alishafish, 5319 N. San Marcos, Fresno, CA 93722)

SURF NAZIS MUST DIE - "Anti-Everything" EP

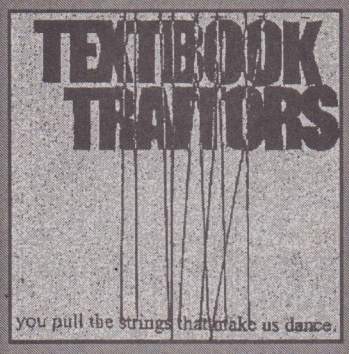
Wow! This rules hard! You won't believe me, but it's true. With songs like "Worthless Sunday, Urgh," "No One Likes Me," "Emo Kids Blown to Shit," and "I'm Not Anti-Girls, Girls are Anti-Me," SURF NAZIS MUST DIE plays hardcore like nothing I've ever heard. If you like your hardcore raw like LIFE'S HALT, unconventional like JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, and fucking funny as shit like XFILESX, but with a BAD BRAINS feel, and something off the wall like YOUR MOTHER mixed in, you'll love this. Every song clocks in under one minute, so I'm a happy boy. This German band rules my night. (WR)
(Red Red Red, www.redredred.de)

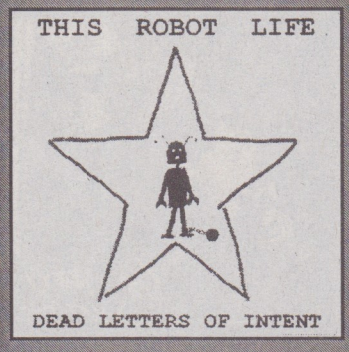
SWEET JAP / KILL-A-WATTS – split 45

Two excellent bands team up on this 45. SWEET JAP comes out first, and while the songs are good, they don't come close to matching their recent full length or their incredible live show. Still the songs are solid, just not anything special. For a sound comparison, think GUITAR WOLF crossed with GODS GUTS. The KILL-A-WATTS have the better side of the split with their basic garage rock sound. Overall this is record is solid, but you would be better off getting either bands full-length, and live both bands rock! (JF)
(Nice and Neat, PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

SWINDLE - "This is Not a Test!" CD

What I think is the third full length for this San Diego band. I have to say, they have gotten a lot better over the years. This album keeps me going—really good melodic hardcore with distinct vocals. It sounds maybe like a sped up EXPLOSION at times, but with more hardcore influence, sometimes reminding me of HOLDING ON. They throw me for a lot of loops, though. Lyrics range from personal to political. A fine release. (WR)
(Slow Gun, www.slowgunrecords.com)





TABULA RASA – "The Role of Smith" CD

I'm just thrilled that this is better than the last A-F Records release I reviewed (then again, it couldn't have gotten much worse). At least there's some detectable energy...hey, quite a bit of it, actually. The guitars alternate between PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES-esque frenetic leads and the thicker riffs of REFUSED, while retaining a fundamentally melodic sensibility, and the drums often kick major ass, inspiring dancing one minute and thrashing (as in the bodily movement, not the genre) the next. Honestly, this has all the pieces, but something just seems to be missing. Sometimes one has to see a band live to truly be convinced of their prowess, and I fear this may be the case here. (MX)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

TEMPER TANTRUMS – "Drummer Girl...Where Are You?" CD

Two gals in search of a permanent drummer, I suspect—although this does have drums. Stripped-down amateur stuff here. Punky songs with a little keyboard mixed in. Fans of UK fuzzpop and early Kill Rock Stars stuff will enjoy this. A fun release. (RL)
(Redtag, 2924 W. Maplewood Ave. #9, Wellingham, WA 98225, www.thetempertantrums.com)

TEXTBOOK TRAITORS - "You Pull the Strings That Make Us Dance" CD

Violent Milwaukee screamo, akin to bands like REVERSAL OF MAN or TO DREAM OF AUTUMN. Scathing vocal tantrum assault, experimental sounds, and complex drum rhythms give texture and complexity to the music. Slow, haunting sounds explode into a chaotic and turbulent ride through someone's worst hellish nightmare. Oh shit! And then I found out that these guys were still in high school. Man, this is a serious and deeply intricate accomplishment for any group, especially one so young. Fuckin' right on, guys. (LG)
(Magic Bullet, PO Box 2370 Merrifield, VA 22116)

THIRD DEGREE – "Six Years of 666" CD

Heavy Polish grind. Short songs. Harsh vocals. It's thick, pounding, brutal—everything you could possibly want from this kind of stuff without all the bullshit. (VH)
(Piotr Paltian, ul. Kolejowa 15/1, 10-284 Olsztyn, POLAND, www.thirddegree.hard-core.pl)

THIS ROBOT LIFE -"Dead Letters of Intent" CD

If I had a mix tape that featured the likes of MODEST MOUSE, JAWBRAKER, BLACK FLAG, and THE PROMISE RING, and it melted in the sun, it would sound like THIS ROBOT LIFE. No joke, every song on this CD sounds like a different band. (MM)
(Automation, www.mediaanemia.net)

THISTLE – "Tired Anchor" CD

I really hope the powers-that-be at *MRR* chose to scan in this album cover, because then I can show the world that it looks fucking exactly like the cover of THRICE's *The Illusion of Safety*. Now, I don't know shit about THRICE, except that they caused Al Burian to be mentioned in *Guitar World* (speaking of those fuckers, they said a band had the sound of the "Southern California Gillman [sic] Street scene"—don't let anybody tell you that a glossy cover equals legitimate, well-researched journalism), and that their name and the word "screamo" are sometimes uttered in the same sentence, but I'm pretty sure they sound nothing like this band's relatively lo-fi power pop. The singer has a nice little waver in his voice that brings Connor Oberst of BRIGHT EYES to mind, and gives the songs a more melancholy feel. I just don't want people to get confused, because this is good, and I'd bet my right eye that THRICE sucks. (MX)
(Tiberius, 4280 Catalpa Dr, Independence, KY 41051, www.tiberiusrecords.com)

THREADS - "Five Stabs to the Throat" CD

A hip, San Diego, artsy, emo hardcore unit. I think you know the type. No white belts, but the eerie keyboards and space age sound effects are still there. If they had a little more oomph, this band would fit comfortably on a bill with the LOCUST or VSS. The last song on the CD has a rougher feel to it—if all the songs sounded like that one this would be a great CD. Unfortunately, the rest are a little too mellow for my taste. Somebody needs to piss these guys off so they start playing faster and screaming louder. Maybe this review will help. (AS)
(Phantoms, 419 Bay Berry, Encinitas, CA 92024, www.phantomsrecords.com)

THREE FOUND DEAD / DYINGBREED - split EP

Holy hardcore from the land down under! This is a split of two awesome Aussie hardcore bands, both totally raw and fucking vicious. Full-throttle no-holds-barred hardcore. DYINGBREED delivers a heavy, anger-filled HC attack, a blend of power violence and 80s old school, with slow rhythmic pounding, murderous screams to heavy fast thrash attacks. The EP comes with a cool insert from the singer of DYINGBREED, with explanations for the lyrics of each song. THREE FOUND DEAD plays thrashy, slightly metallic hardcore.Their lyrics are about skateboarding and the mob mentality. Yeah. Worth checking out. (LG)
(Gash, PO Box 239 Nth. Carlton, Victoria 3054, AUSTRALIA)

TINY ELVIS - "We Are Not All Civilians" CD

Terrible sounding band name, good sounding music. Musically along the same lines of fellow Englishmen LEATHERFACE or East Bay Yanks SAMIAM. Good melodic punk. Whoever wrote the liner notes (probably some publicist) for the CD is either a kook, or the band is full of kooks, 'cause this band sounds nothing like BLACK FLAG, the GERMS, or POISON IDEA. And if it really is true that this band draws musically from NIRVANA and the DEFTONES, then that's almost enough reason to give this good release a bad review. Pick your audience. Do you want to be punk or on the Vans Warped Tour? (AS)
(Golf, PO Box 6, Wallingford, D.O., 0X10 9DD, UK,
www.golfrecords.co.uk)

TOYS THAT KILL – "Control the Sun" LP

It's impossible to talk about TOYS THAT KILL without mentioning FYP. To avoid dragging it out and becoming tedious like so many other fine bands have become before them, FYP were deconstructed and sent to the great band graveyard in the sky, only to be mutated and resurrected as TOYS THAT KILL, all without losing a beat. More mature and introspective, yet maintaining the goofy humor and dropping only a little of their spastic energy, I think I even prefer this band to its forerunner, and that's no easy task. Keeping things fresh is the hardest job for any long-running band, and *Control the Sun* manages to do this, continuing where *The Citizen Abortion* continued where FYP left off. The mangled playground songs and biting wit are still there, and have become mixed with a more cynical social commentary, all played to the same infectious tunes and solid punk rock that won't quit till it moves your ass. I've always found something almost tragic under all the bile and calamitous angst of FYP and TOYS THAT KILL, and this is evident on this record. Todd and Sean are superb songwriters—this may be the most underrated outfit in punk rock today. The album is rounded off with the trademark Recess artwork and great packaging, making this as essential as anything that has come before it. Buy! (AD)
(Recess, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733)

TRI-CITY THUNDERCATS – "Early Recordings" LP

This is a compilation of the first two THUNDERCATS EPs, plus some live tracks from their 2002 tour of Japan. This is good, solid, new wave-pop. I actually like the live tracks better than the other stuff, because all those mid-tempo pop songs need an edge if you're going to keep them from blurring together. They sound a bit like the FM KNIVES, without the Pete Shelley rip-off vocals. This band features an ex-bass player from the WIPERS and the drummer from LOVE AS LAUGHTER, if you care about bullshit like that. I don't, but you might. Great record, go get it. (JB)
(King of the Monsters, 8341 E. San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258)

TUPPERGUARROS – LP

Snotty Spanish garage punk. This shit is straightforward and high-energy. Plowin' you down like a steamroller, yes sir it does. Relentless, BIRDMAN meets TEENGENERATE action! Plus a cover of the ZEROS "Just Wanna Tell You." Can't go wrong with this one ….if you can find it, that is. (AS)
(Oidos Sordos, no address)

ULTIMATE WARRIORS – "Our Gimmick is Wrestling" LP

I'm not really very into gimmicks like wrestling for a band, but whatever, it's their band, they can do what they want. Aside from the schtick, the ULTIMATE WARRIORS come across, to this reviewer, like what a meeting between East Coast noise-violence heroes SUPPRESSION and West Coast power-death geniuses AGENTS OF SATAN would be like. This LP is kick-ass, the green cover was the right choice, and one day that mask is gonna come off…one day…. (WM)
(Doppelganger, 803 Saint John St, Allentown, PA 18103, doppelganger@postmark.net)

UNINSPIRED EMPIRE - CD

Fairly decent punk/ska. These guys aren't AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, nor (fortunately) VOODOO GLOW SKULLS. Not so much of the horns, and a fair amount of melodic punker stuff. They don't rock like NOFX, or even LESS THAN JAKE, but they don't suck awfully either. Can't really ask for more than that with your ska, I guess. (RK)
(Goblin,www.uninspiredempire.com)

USUALS - "Escape / Countdown"

All right, this is why I like this record: pretty blue vinyl, catchy as hell, co-ed vocals, catchy as hell, can't tell if they are singing in English or Japanese but it's so catchy that I don't care, and did I mention it's catchy as hell? Really fun power pop punk that is, of course, extremely catchy. What the rubes call "ear candy." Both singles we got in this month are kill-er. Find them and love them. (BM)
(Mangrove, ACP Bldg 3f, 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-Hu, Tokyo 166-0003 JAPAN, mangrove@recordshopbase.com)

USUALS – "I'll Keep Your Heart in Mind / You Make Me Cry"

Two tunes of Japaneses power pop that ain't gonna change your life but certainly ain't gonna waste four minutes of it. Expect no blind-sighting in this straight-up approach favored by the past and

present sounds of the FM KNIVES, DICKIES, and BUZZCOCKS. Done with a smile and a wink with both male and female vocals, it's a nice accompaniment to a sun-drenched Saturday with not a glimpse of work in sight. (SD)
(Mangrove, ACP Bldg. 3F, 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003 JAPAN, mangrove@recorshopbase.com)

UZI SUICIDE – "We Steal Everything" EP

Wow. It's great to hear a record by a band that's still excited about things. UZI SUICIDE blast out 11 tracks of energetic, lighthearted, sing-along hardcore that has a pro-shoplifting theme. Way too goofy for me to really get into, but they have my complete endorsement. (VH)
(www.ratzyouth.com)

VIRGIN PRUNES – "Sons Find Devils" LP

Yep, the VIRGIN PRUNES. I know nothing of the band apart from the fact that they hailed from the goblin-infested grottoes of Ireland, that one of their lineup was the brother of a U2 member (lucky him), and that they split hairs and ways some time in the late 1980s. *Sons Find Devils* is a sort-of murky-sounding live record culled from a live video recorded in 1986: drop the needle on the groove and you'll be underwhelmed by a molasses tidal wave. Drums pummel, guitars feed back and vocals double upon themselves in a wash of reverb. It's the kind of spooky-ooky haunted house music that made weirdos like ALIEN SEX FIEND and (even) the JESUS & MARY CHAIN rich and infamous…tracks like "Decline & Fall" and "Pagan Love Song" have a neat bass-driven chug that I can appreciate on its own merits. I reckon this would please more easily as a video than vinyl disc. (JH)
(Get Back, via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci, ITALY)

WARCOLLAPSE - "Crap, Scrap, and Unforgivable Slaughter" EP

Slow and heavy to fast and pain-afflicting. WARCOLLAPSE plays a devastating mix of Scandinavian and Swedish style-crust in the vein of AMEBIX and ANTI SECT. Side A's songs are slow and dramatic, with heavy apocalyptic sounds; side B's songs are powerful, fast, and raging. The heavily distorted, gruff howl of the singer is a perfect fit to the music. I fully recommend this one. (LG)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701-1766)

WARSPITE – "Gallery of the Macabre…" CD

Ouch. I should be used to it by now, but it hurts. It hurts! WARSPITE plays corny grindcore/death metal unrelenting in its painfully abusive guitar wankery. I'm sick of this spooky organ shit. Give me a break. Please! A 12-song CD…a complete waste of time. At this point, the best we can hope for is that some middle-aged folk-art lady will pull these CDs out of the landfill they'll inevitably be thrown in and make an art car out of them. (VH)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421)

WARUM JOE – "Au Milieu de ta Forme" LP

Fuck yeah! These old school new waver/punks have lost the good new wave groove-riffs combined with melodic chants in French. They even include a strange version of "Sonic Reducer." This is heads above their stuff from 1981 and 1982. This is the best new new wave stuff since the EPOXIES last EP. (HM)
(Tranzophobia, 14 rue Claude Delarea, 42000 St. Etienne, FRANCE, Tranze@free.fr)

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE - CD

I thought it was a 7" but it was a CD. The packaging is large and curious. I pulled it out to discover that inside my gatefold insert was a brand new—yeah, you guessed it—Oujia board. So I can sit in some Friday night, switch on my WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE CD, and call to all the demons from the darkside. You'll probably feeling a bit demonic when you listen to this intensely dark and chaotic whirlwind of screamo keyboard madness. Yeah, that's right, this is screamo keyboard hardcore brutality that turns from fast aggressive attacks to jammy guitar rhythms and experimental atmospheric noise, and then back again to fast melodious keyboard enhanced explosions. It took me a couple listens, since I'm not usually really into this style, but in the end I was won over. Well-executed. Weird. Sounds like the soundtrack to some Argento horror movie mixed with a scathing vocal attack and hardcore rhythms. Cool. (LG)
(Magic Bullet, PO Box 2370 Merrifield, VA 22116, www.magicbulletrecords.com)

WOUNDS LEFT DEEPER – "Emotion and Compassion" EP

It always brightens my day to hear a band that hails from a place that I don't necessarily expect punk bands to come from. WOUNDS LEFT DEEPER come from Switzerland and play some pretty sold melodic hardcore in the vein of (can you guess?) TRIAL BY FIRE, but with some chugging, near-metal breakdowns thrown in. To be perfectly honest, the parts sound really disjointed, and the songs don't really flow as well as they should in this type of music. The transitions from "thrashing" to "moshing" sound almost forced, and one wonders why they even bothered with the moshing in the first place. A good release, but maybe check the metal at the door next time. (MX)
(Prawda, Scholastikastr 24, CH-9400 Rorschach, SWITZERLAND, www.prawda-records.ch)

ZUMM-ZUMM – "Crusp Srexstling" CD

Ah, this is just up my alley. Starting out with a little noise, and continuing with spazziness that is almost indescribable, in the style of PUPPY VS. DYSLEXIA or the FOUR EYES, it takes me back to the days of fifty sweaty kids crammed in a basement frantically singing along. But what the fuck is crusp srexstling? (DP)
($8 ppd: Orange Twin, 475 Forest Rd, Athens, GA 30605, www.orangetwin.com, orangetwin@yahoo.com)

V/A – "Dirty Faces Vol. 1" CD

Leaning more into the hardcore side of the spiky punk world, this is a collection of tracks from the last 20 releases on the Dirty Faces label, and a decent sampler it is, too. A ton of great bands from all over the globe; winners by a nose are ANTIDOTE (who do my fave track by them, "My Life") and the NY REL-X (awesome female-fronted punk who sound like a sped-up VICE SQUAD), but South America isn't far behind with old school heavyweights COLERA, OLHO SECO, and AGROTOXICO, all playing great, thrashy hardcore. Other notables are PUBLIC TOYS, DISTRICT, and DAILY TERROR, who all play speedy UK '82-influenced punk. All these tracks have been previously released, but if you don't have all the releases, this is well worth checking out. (TB)
(Dirty Faces, Universitatsstr 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY)

V/A – "Old Day's Nostalgia" CD

S.O.A., from Italy, brings us one fucking intense comp CD. Three discs of hardcore and grind mayhem compiling over ten years of releases. ASSUCK. ANAL CUNT. CRIPPLE BASTARDS. DISRUPT, MAN IS THE BASTARD, etc., etc., etc. Did I mention this juggernaut contains three CDs' worth of music plus a booklet thicker than the Bible? If the word "brutal" had to be reserved for one release this month, this is it. (VH)
(S.O.A., Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67, 69 D0146 Roma, ITALY, www.soarecords.it)

V/A – "Powerpearls Vol. 10" LP

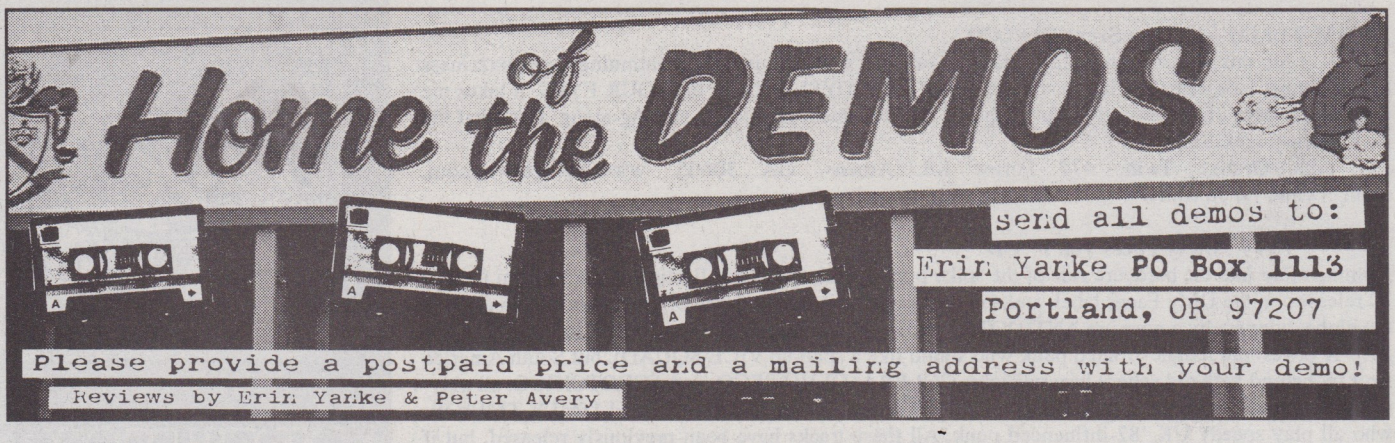
Like *Killed by Death's* wimpy younger brother, these comps pull together no-mark power-pop obscurities for collectors to wet their pants over. As with all these kind of comps, the results are often hit or miss (remember kids, rare does not always equal good), and with these comps, some of the stuff is just way too pop (on this volume REACTION, POP, and CHUZPE are waaaay to syrupy for me). But there are always some powerpop and mod gems shining through, and this record is no exception: the PYLONS, LAST WORDS, and LIQUID STONE are all new to these ears, but play great catchy mod revival tunes. The BLITZ BOYS and LIMIT are pop with a real punk edge and are the winners here. (TB)
(no address)

V/A – "Toronto City Omnibus" LP

Bands of all genres that would probably never play together join up on this compilation of the current Toronto scene. Included are CLASS ASSASSINS, HAYMAKER, LEGION 666, SCARE TACTIC, MURDER SQUAD T.O., CAREER SUICIDE, BLUE DEMONS, RIOT 99, FUCKED UP. A little heavy on the hardcore and crust (some bands have six songs, some only two), but CLASS ASSASSINS and FUCKED UP are standouts. (DP)
($12 ppd: Schizophrenic, 17 W 4th, Hamilton, Ontario, L9C 3M2 CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

V/A – "Varna Hardcore Point of View" CD

Varna is Bulgaria's third largest city. It was an inhabited place even before the Greeks established the colony of Odessos there about 580 BC. Later, under the Romans and their successors, the Slavs, Varna became a major port, trading with Constantinople, Venice, and Dubrovnik. In 1393, it was captured by the Turks, who made it an important military center. Nowadays, it is the main port for both naval and commercial shipping, and adjacent as it is to the coastal resorts of Golden Sands, St. Constantine (Drouzhba), and Albena, it has a cosmopolitan atmosphere. This is the kind of information I found looking on the internet and not in the accompanying booklet for this regional audio scene report. I also found out that the Bulgarian hardcore scene is still a young scene, only coming up in about 1992 after the fall of the Soviet Bloc. Anyway, this comp features eight local Varna bands, all playing within the same sort of parameters—obviously, as with any local scene, bands will influence each other to some degree, which is evident here—from the heavy, moshable hardcore in an US East Coast HC style (ANOTHER DAY, NOT BROKEN IN SPIRIT, NO VALUES, and OUTRAGE) to the DOOM-esque crustcore (BFH and NEVER AGAIN are my faves). It seems that all the guitars are heavy in Varna. Check out a scene you knew nothing about before this review—you could do far far worse for yourself. (WM)
(United & Strong, http://unitedandstrong.hit.bg, unitedandstrong@gbg.bg)



A helpful hint: you don't have to send two copies of your demo. And just a reminder, I don't review bands that thank god, or that address me as a guy. —Erin

AMPHETAMINE MISSIONARIES are an ex-STAINS, MAYHEM band from London. It's poppy street punk stuff. They play pretty average, mid-tempo songs with straightforward drumming and just slightly snotty singing. (4 song CD, no lyrics, amphetaminemissionaries@hotmail.com.) (PA)

BALLAST, on this, their second demo, has more darkness and more thrash to it, and no lady vocals. In general, this is a more straightforward effort. But for those who missed out on the first one, BALLAST plays music like BLISTER with thrash parts. The vocals are mostly shouted, and the energy is palpable. This one also came with a really nice print. (Trade or Stamps. 11 song cassette, lyrics included. 1247 St. Timothee, Montreal, P.Q., H2L 3N5, Canada.) (EY)

BERZERKERS play fast hardcore in a early 90s style. It's brutal, it's heavy, and it's recorded pretty well. If you need a reference, then it has something in common with the faster BORN AGAINST stuff. (10 song CD, lyrics, www.sinsitervibes.com/berzerkers). (PA)

BLANK TRADITION is another rock band. Curse the STROKES for what they started. Another band that looks up to the ROLLING STONES. By the last couple of tracks, the songs start to sound like pop punk and I'm about to fly out to New Hampshire to bust the snot out of the guy's vocals. It's really not that bad, but rock is rock, huh? (16 song CD, no lyrics, extra long thanks list (43 Raccoon Run, Hampstead, NH, 03841, www.rudegirlonline.cjb.net). (PA)

CHEW PAMELA mixes up a lot of different styles, kind of like NO MEANS NO, but with less variety, way more hard rock cliches (metal kind of breakdowns in the middle of stuff, and real affected guitar bits), and their quirky parts are less smooth. The vocals are mostly shouted, occasional mixing it up here, too, from screams to creepy sort of spoken style. ($7 ppd. 9 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 2570, West New York, NJ 07093-2570.) (EY)

THE DIRTY SWITCHES play rock'n roll tunes that are in the same vein as all those bands that are finding popularity on MTV. Something like the HIVES or WHITE STRIPES. They seem to draw on bands from the 70s like the ROLLING STONES or maybe the STOOGES. Not too inventive but not done badly. (4 song CD, no lyrics, thedirtyswitches@hotmail.com). (PA)

DONKEY PUNCH has a deep throat scream kind of shouter leading their onslaught. Tough and sort of plodding at times, but with a real rolling along kind of pace mixing it up. Metal guitar leads hold court, and sometimes the drums really sound like a drum machine (not just the samples either!). ($2. 8 song cassette, no lyrics included. 67 Quebec St., Portland, ME, 04101.) (EY)

THE FLOATING CORPSES have got me totally puzzled. It's crazy rock that's catchy as hell not to mention dancy as hell. There is something of the no-wave fad but there is also something of the PIXIES, especially in the male vocals. There is also a MAKE-UP sort of feel at times but don't let that turn you off. I usually hate these kind of bands but I really can't get enough of this. (8 song CD, no lyrics, thefloatingcorpses@yahoo.com). (PA)

FURY OF A THOUSAND ZEUSES and the BOOS share this demo. FOATZ are a lo-fi tornado of catchiness, tougher than poppy, and a little dark, too. The hard to hear vocals add to the effect of putting everything through a bullhorn that is actually enchanting and makes the listener (aka, me) feel more present (like, maybe they're in my basement right now). The BOOS are more of the traditional new Milwaukee scene of painful awesome catchy songs (ala MODERN MACHINES) but they're hard to hear through the chaos (like, sometimes you can't even tell if there's a drummer). The kernel of goodness is totally there, though. ($2 ppd. 7 songs for FOATZ, 8 for the BOOS, lyrics for both bands! 2014 Buffum St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.) (EY)

DIE ROTS play a catchy style of rockaroll, on the faster side of midpaced. Real guitar-driven, with those rolling bass lines going on to spice things up. There's some tough vocals, sung normally, and good group back-ups. (5 song CD, no lyrics included. 4925 Frenet St., New Orleans, LA 70115.) (EY)

FOUR STAR VOLCANIC play mid-tempo rock—if you're looking for something not threatening to play for your mom so she'll let you go to the hardcore show, well, you've found it. Kind of a moaning, talking style of singing, and sometimes actual straightforward singing. (12 song CD, no lyrics included. 1091 Castle Dr. Watkinsville, GA 30677.) (EY)

FRANK CASTLE plays that tortured emo hardcore where you can sort of picture the guy screaming rolling around on stage. The music has a melodic edge to it, as well as some quirky tendencies, but for the most part it's tempo changing (pretty fast, to a lurching slow) straightforward cathartic emo. ($5 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 302 Pinewood Dr., Marshall, TX 75672.) (EY)

HOBART does the emo thing in a hardcore way. Much of it is instrumental. The vocals that do happen are your typical screams but there ain't nothi'n wrong with that. The songs are driving and pretty catchy but they tend to mix into one long song. (8 song CD, no lyrics, slochinese@msn.com). (PA)

HELLPETROL throws out some poppy street punk tunes. It's somewhere in between SNUFF and the WORKING STIFFS with a touch of STRAWMAN (the style usually depends on who sings the song since all three band members participate). For the most part it's pretty catchy but only one of the five songs ("Flipper") really stands out. (5 song CD, no lyrics, Hildebrandtstr. 8, 40215 Dusseldorf,

Germany, hellpetol@gmx.de). (PA)

Dear **INSPECT HER GADGET**, your CD-R didn't take. Send another if you want to. —Erin

IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE brings us their second demo, which is less all-over-the-place hardcore, and more in the great Swedish style of the hardcore. The guitars do that thing where you more lurch to them than move just your head, and the drums are non-stop driving, The screaming has become more of mourning shouting, distorted and cool. Hell yeah. (7 song cassette, lyrics included. 548 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117.) (EY)

JOBBED OUT follows in the school of East Coast hardcore when metal first came to town, specifically with the guitar sound, and the mosh breakdowns sounding like metal songs, and have lots of drum flourishes bringing you into and out of them. The pace is fast, but at a comfortable head banging level. The vocals are rabid spoken, with group vocal shout along going on. ($3 CD, $1 Cassette. 10 song CD, lyrics included. 19 Halstead Ave., Yonkers, NY 10704.) (EY)

KBH pulls out some MISFITS meets SUICIDAL style tunes. It's all uptempo and pretty catchy stuff. I guess you could call it rockabilly punk. The recording quality is good for a demo and it runs at just the right length. (5 song CD, no lyrics, 1530 S. Highland Ave., Apt. N, Fullerton, CA, 92832). (PA)

MASTER MECHANIC has a lot of stuff out there so I'm not sure why they are in the demo section, but that's what you get with CDRs you cheep bastards. This CD is called *Compilation*. They play sloppy pop. I guess it's in between rock, power pop, pop punk ,and X. I'm not sure it that helps but there are some really cool bass lines, complex guitar riffs at mid-tempo drumming. (12 song CD, no lyrics, PO Box 4247, Pittsburgh, PA 15203, mastermechanicusa.org). (PA)

THE MONISTATS work the style of pop punk with a little rockaroll to it. The tempos a little faster, the vocals are kind of snotty, and the pop punk wo-wo-wo's are also in the house. (3 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 14243, Gainesville, FL 32604.) (EY)

THE OBSERVERS totally rock. They play a good mix of what sounds like early 80s southern California punk, with surfy guitar stuff going on, like AGENT ORANGE, and then mix in some late 60s style sonic rockin, but with a pretty lo-fi recording. The vocals are sort of snotty shouted, but the break it down music parts are accompanied by the slower spoken vocal style I am a sucker for. This is quality. ($3 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 1930 SW 13th Ave., Portland, OR 97201.) (EY)

POM POM GETS STUCK is a comp of about 20 different bands. The flow from song to song is really great, but occasionally the levels really vary. It's mostly on the pop punk side, but with some field trips over into the catchy rock. The range would be like from THE QUEERS to GAUNT. (29 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 14243, Gainesville, FL 32604.) (EY)

PULLOUT! has a modern clean punk sound, mixing it up sometimes with ska riffs, and sometimes with stop start timing. Mostly mid-tempo, with the vocals mixed between the croon when singing, and the snotty shout when angry. ($5. 7 song CD, lyrics included. 527 Fourth Ave., Lindenwold, NJ 08021.) (EY)

RENTOKILLER plays spastic hardcore. It's fast, it's screamy, it's heavy, and it's distorted. It's not original or anything, but they do it well. They also throw enough catchy changes in to keep the stuff interesting. (6 song CD, lyrics? yes, www.rentokiller.tk). (PA)

RISE AND SHINE are now trying to be BOBBY JOE EBOLA. It's live and acoustic. Please stop. And by the way, don't fucking tell me what to do. CDRs are demos and this is a bad one at that. (23 song of bad lyrics that are not included, riseandshine@perplexagon.com). (PA)

RIPPED TO SHIT plays like an early 80s thrash style that sounds just plain ol' catchy to the ears in '03. Funny how real fast gets to be slower over the years. Total guitar driven, no metal licks included. Lots of shouting, both alone and with a group here. ($3 ppd. 7 songs plus "bonus material" on this cassette, no lyrics included. 102 Cartier Cres., Hamilton, ON, L8W 3T8, Canada.) (EY)

RUNNING FOR COVER is a smorgasbord of hardcore, from moshy to explosive D-beat style, to just your standard 4/4, fast-as-hell style. The guitars are half noodly, and half wall-of-noise style, but the vocals stay pretty similar the whole was through, shouted with so many words in the fast part, and real drawn out agony style screaming during the mosh parts. ($3 ppd. 20 song cassette, lyrics included. They request you don't write the band name on the envelope. Mike Gifford, 105 Jewett Parkway, Buffalo, NY 14214.) (EY)

SIX BEER BLADDER can almost be explained in the name of the band. Cheesy, melodic hardcore. Do people still listen to GUTTERMOUTH? Well they still listen to the early DESCENDENTS. It's an overdone style of music and they don't do it too well. (15 song CD, no lyrics, thank god, www.sixbeerbladder.com). (PA)

SHOVELFIGHT plays some crust metal with acoustic intros. It's interesting when they stick to the intricate guitar work but the straight-up punk stuff is pretty sloppy and the vocals are over the top with the growling. All the songs stick to the same formula where they start with a quiet, dare I say, sensitive part and go into the painfully distorted crust punk with some cool guitar wanking every once in a while. (11 song CD, with lyrics, PO Box 18753, Asheville, NC, 28814). (PA)

STAY GOLD sounds like KID DYNAMITE without the really fast parts. A tougher, faster MONSULA? Right in that ball park of being emo without whining. The vocals are snotty without the nasal factor, and seem to be to focus of the band. The music is mostly mid-paced but with a dynamic range. Really good recording, too. ($3. 7 song cassette, lyrics included. 17 Lakewood Ave., Manamawkin, NJ 08050.) (EY)

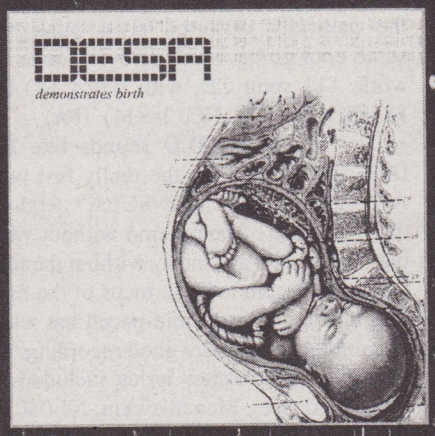
VILENTLY ILL is a lo-fi and funny thrash band, a step past the songs with funny titles. I think, from my old lady, going downhill memory, that this is a one-man band four-track project. Anyway, the drums are drum-machine sounding, the guitars are full of a kind of warm distortion, and the vocals are real upfront, split evenly between a soft-spoken style, and sounding like the yelling punker that he is. (112 songs(!) on this one cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 410325, San Francisco, CA 94141-0325.) (EY)

WHEEL OF DHARMA is a crazy grind band from Finland. They are also very kind for having made a booklet in Finnish and English. CD comes in a cool camouflage pouch that a good crusty could easily make into several patches. For the most part the songs are fast and heavy, but contain the essential slow, mosh-inducing breakdowns. Unfortunately, the recording quality is lacking and the music doesn't have the real heavy hitting sound that it should. "Disphoria" (the second to last song) is their epic and deserves a good listen. It's a bit slower but musically it is their best song and my personal favorite. (11 song CD, with lyrics but I find no contact info so the band should get in touch). (PA)

THE YELLOW PRESS is an ex-TORCHES TO ROME band (no not Mike). I'm sure they will hate me for saying this, but it sounds like a hardcore version of MODEST MOUSE. There's also something of early BLOOD BROTHERS here. It's good, mostly heavy, rocking, loud songs. One of the better demos that you'll find out there. (4 song CD, no lyrics, www.theyellowpress.com). (PA)

DESA
30 YEARS WAR
THE SPOTLIGHT SYNDICATE

COMING SOON: UNDER A DYING SUN - Supernova CD/LP, DESA - YEAR IN A RED ROOM CD



DESA
Demonstrates Birth CDEP
Link 80 member demonstrate a new beginning. Precludes a brand new full-length entitled "Year In A Red Room" coming out in September.
www.desadesadesa.com
OUT NOW

30 YEARS WAR
Under The Gun CDEP
Screamy politically-charged Santa Cruz post-hardcore. Precludes a brand new full-length coming this year.
www.30yearswar.com
OUT NOW

THE SPOTLIGHT SYNDICATE
...Forget The Static Past... CD
Hailing from Reno, Nevada, Ex-This Computer Kills members bring you a blend of screamy new-wave punk rock music that'll make you dance.
www.thespotlightsyndicate.com
OUT IN AUGUST

SUBSTANDARD RECORDS § WWW.SUBSTANDARD.COM

Sound Idea Distribution
PO Box 3204
Brandon, FL 33509-3204

Phone (813) 653-2550 Fax (813) 653-2658

www.soundideadistribution.com

sndidea@ix.netcom.com

ORDERING INFORMATION

Minimum order is $10 or it will be returned.
U.S. cash, check or money order made payable to Bob Suren.
PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE FOR THE U.S. ONLY.
In the US, add $3.85 for first class postage, if you want it.
Can and Mex surface mail: add $1 per item
Can and Mex airmail: $3 for first item, $1 each additional
World surface mail: $2 for first item, $1 each additional
World airmail: $4 *each* for first 2 items, $1 each additional
PLEASE list alternatives or you may get a credit slip.
CATALOGS: Send $1 US, $2 world.
CREDIT CARDS: We grudgingly accept your yuppie plastic.
Call (813) 653-2550, 12-8 PM EST
PAY PAL – CALL or EMAIL before sending payment

Failure Face "Complete Failure" CD $6 (40 songs, 24 pages)
Action Directe "La Nouvelle Conspiration" LP $8.50
Born Dead Icons "Salvation On The Knees" LP $8.50
Armed With Intelligence/Young Ones 7" $3.50
Artimus Pyle "Inheritance" 7" $5
Fourteen or Fight 7" $3.50
Punched In The Face 7" $3.50
Machetazo "The Maggot Sessions" 7" $3.50
Rupture "Space Apes" LP $8.50
Seventeenth Class "In Utter..." LP $7.50 or CD $7.50
Warcollapse "Crap, Scrap and..." 7" $3.50
V/A "Histeria" LP $8.50
Stalag 13 "In Control" CD $12
Ass-End Offend "Welcome To The..." 7" $3.50
Dragnet "We're All Cutthroats" LP $8.50 or CD $11
Effigy "Grinding Metal" 7" $3.50
Phobia "Grind Your Fucking Head In" LP $8.50
Zoe "From Hell" 7" $3.50
Abuso Sonoro "Herencia" LP $8.50
Beyond Description/Kontatto 7" $5
Carpenter Ant "Never Stop Skating" 7" $3.50
Caustic Christ/Intense Youth 7" $3.50
Funeral "Cry Of State Desperation" 7" $3.50
Gouka "Chaos" 7" $3.50
Guyana Punchline "Null Transmission" 7" $3.50
Iconoclast "Domination Or Destruction" 7" $3.50
Modern Life Is War 7" $3.50
Ulcerrhoea/Bizarre X 7" $5 (Germany)
Ultimate Warriors "Our Gimmick Is Wrestling" LP $8.50
Warhead "What To Do + The Lost Self" LP $10 (Japan)
V/A "Dark Thoughts: A Tribute to C.O.C." 7" $3.50
V/A "Toronto City Omnibus" LP $8.50
V/A "Last White Christmas Vol 1" CD $12 (Raw Power...)
V/A "Last White Christmas Vol 2" CD $12 (CCM...)
Consume/Reslove 7" $3.50
Damage Deposit "Do Damage" 7" $3
Iron Lung/Lana Dagales LP $8.50 or CD $8.50
Misery "The Early Years" CD $10
Misery/Extinction of Mankind CD $10 (13 tunes, bro)
Blind Society/Vitamin X 7" $3.50 (Live)
Orchid "Chaos Is Me+Dance Tonight" CD $8.50
Path Of Destruction "1:00 AM" 7" $3
Annihilation Time "S/T" LP $8.50 (a lot like Bl'ast)
Defector "Punk System Destroy" 7" $3.50
DYS "Wolfpack" LP $12
F.U.'s "Kill For Christ + My America" LP $12
Jerry's Kids "Is This My World?" LP $12
Poikkeus "Simpatia Paholainen" 7" $3.50
Vilently Ill "Heal The Earth" LP $8.50
Unholy Grave "Against Terrorism" 7" $5
Unholy Grave "Chaotic Raw Madness" 7" $3.50 (Live 2002)
Mass Separation "Tak Mau Lagi" $3.50 (Malaysia)
Bathtub Shitter "Fertilizer" 7" $3.50
Head Hits Concrete "Hope, Fear and the Terror..." 7" $3.50
Rot "Your Lie Is Gone – Your Day Has Come" LP $8.50
Capitalist Casualties "Planned Community" 6" $3.50
Anfo "La Sangre De Latino America" 7" $3.50 (Peru)
Widespread Bloodshed 7" $5
Sangre De Los Puercos 7" $3.50 (aka "Blood Of The Pigs")
Youth Attack "S/T" 7" $3.50
Deathbag/Witch Hunt 7" $3.50
Riisteterror "Taabajara Hardcore" 7" $3.50

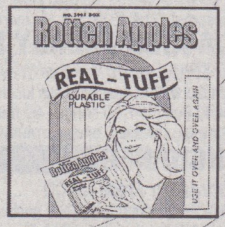
BEER CITY SALE: 50 cent 7"s, $4 CDs – See the web page
BCT TAPES $4 each – all 27 titles – Check the web page!
STORES: ASK FOR WHOLESALE RATES!
BUY MRR DIRECT FROM SOUND IDEA!
And be sure to visit the Sound Idea Store
113-H East Brandon Blvd in beautiful Brandon
Open 7 days – noon til 8 PM
USE THE PO BOX FOR ORDERING!

EMPTY RECORDS U.S.

Mea Culpa
They put you in a mask

SOLGER
Codex 1980

Lost Sounds
Rats Brains & Microchips



Rotten Apples
Real-Tuff Durable Platic

www.emptyRecords.com
POB 12034 Seattle, Wa 98012

WELCOME TO THE EAST COAST!

WRETCHED ONES
CD "go to work"

LIMECELL
CD "destroy the underground"

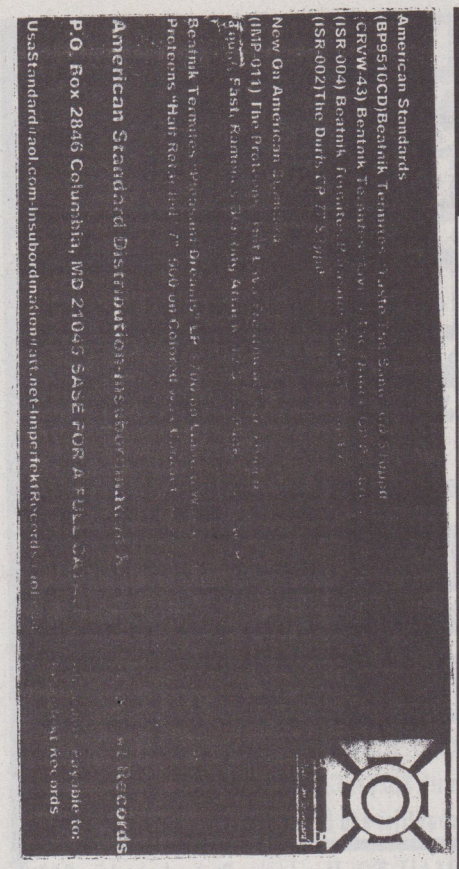
WRETCHED ONES
CD "we don't belong to nobody"

LIMECELL
CD "self titled"

WRETCHED ONES
CD "self titled" w/ goin down the bar

ORDERING INFO: send your name and address with $10 per CD ppd in the USA. Other countries add $3 for each CD. Have a nice day.

MAIL TO: Headache Records po box 204
Midland Park, NJ 07432



Super Pezhead

YOU NEED BUTTONS

1 Inch buttons for low prices

B/W	Color
50/$15	50/$17.50
100/$22	100/$27
500/$100	500/$125

Turn around time is 5 to 7 days but many times faster

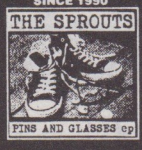
Super Pezhead Buttons
P.O.Box 588
Friendswood, TX 77549
buttons@superpezhead.com

Make all checks and moneyorders out to Super Pezhead

www.SuperPezhead.com

SOUND POLLUTION

SINCE 1990



THE DUDOOS
***Kogidaso! Shura-ShuShun!* CD**
The 2nd Dudoos release with 3 bonus tracks not on the Japanese release. Killer incomparable melodic punk.

THE SPROUTS
***Pins and Glasses* 7" EP**
20 song debut EP colliding early D.R.I. into TEENGENERATE. Fast, spastic, snotty, rocking, bad ass tunes.

FASTS
***s/t* LP/CD**
Hyper rocking HC thrash at it's finest! The debut release for Tokyo's FASTS. Shitloads of hooks, shouted choruses, speed, personality!

THE DUDOOS
***Specium Sommer* CD**
14 songs of crazed melodic punk from Tokyo. Original and awesome! "THE DUDOOS are incredible!" Short, Fast, + Loud

V/A HIGH ENERGY HIGH VOLTAGE
CD *$5ppd world!free with orders over $15*
A cheap way to hear how ass kicking all these bands are on Sound Pollution. 50 songs - 69 minutes!Includes songs from upcoming releases, ones currently in print, and some long gone.

UNCURBED
***Chords For Freedom* CD**
8 new songs continuing their onslaught of some of the most brutal and catchy punk ever created. Packaged in a beautiful digi-pack.

V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE VOL. 3
3x7" EP/CD
6 bands, 22 songs on 3 split EP's between U.S. & Japanese powerhouses. A full on energetic hardcore onslaught - an orgy of thrash. With FLAG OF DEMOCRACY, IDOL PUNCH, VIVISICK, BRODY'S MILITIA, STRUCK, and THE FARTZ. *3x7" price the same as an LP.*

HELLNATION
***Dynamite Up Your Ass* LP/CD**
21 new songs of blistering thrash brutality, no filler. Ballistic speed with loads of hooks. First new LP/CD in over 3 years and best in their history.

also available: HELLNATION *Thrash Wave* CD, MUKEKA DI RATO *Acabar Com Voce* CD, ALLERGIC TO WHORES *The Lipstick Murders* CD, KRIGSHOT *Orebro Mangel* LP/CD, UNCURBED *Punks On Parole* LP/CD, EXCLAIM *Critical Exploder* LP/CD, V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE CD, NINE SHOCKS TERROR *Paying Ohmage* LP/CD, ALLERGIC TO WHORES *Shadows* ... CD, Y *Global Player* LP/CD, V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE Vol. 2 LP/CD, WHN? *Stand Fast...* LP/CD, SCALPLOCK *On Whose Terms?* LP/CD, KRIGSHOT *Och Hotet Kvarstar* 7"EP, MEANWHILE *Same Shit New Millennium* LP/CD, UNCURBED *Keeps The Banner High* LP/CD, Y *Pseudo Touth...* CD, MEANWHILE *Lawless Solidarity* CD, ALL ILL *Symbols...* 7"EP, HELLNATION *Fucked Up*

SOUND POLLUTION PRICES
7" EP $3.50 USA, $4 Canada/Mexico, $7 World - $5 each additional
CD $8 USA, $10 Canada/Mexico, $12 World - $10 each additional
LP $8 USA, $11 Canada/Mexico, $15 World - $12 each additional

MCR CO. JAPAN RELEASES
MCR is celebrating their 20th anniversary with the release of the photo zine/book "INFERNO PUNX". $16 U.S., $20 Canada/Mexico, $25 World.

Over 150 photos (8 full color pages and 76 black and white pages) of ABILITY / ABRAHAM CROSS / AGE / THE ADDICTION /AGREE TO DIFFER / ANTI AUTHORIZE / ARGUE DAMNATION / ASPHYXIA / ATROCITY EXHIBITION / CARNAGE / C.F.D.L. / CHAOS C.H. / COLLAPSE SOCIETY / CONDEMNED / CONTRAST ATTITUDE / CORRUPTED / CROCODILE SKINK / CRUSADE / DEATH AGONY / DECEIVING SOCIETY / DECONTRUCTION / DEFECTOR / DEFUSE / DEFIANCE / DISCLOSE / DISLIKE / DISTURB / EFFIGY / FEROCIOUS X / FINAL BLOOD BATH / FRAMTID / FRIGORA / GLOOM / HAKUCHI / ICONOCLAST / THE KICKERS / LASTING NOISE ATTACK / LAUKAUS / LIFE / ORDER / POIKKEUS / POVERTIES / REALITY CRISIS / REASON WHY / SCREAMING NOISE / S.D.S / SOOTSE / TRAITOR-43 / Z.O.E.

no checks! use a money order payable to: Sound Pollution.
All orders outside the U.S. shipped by AIR mail.
Print catalog free with order or send $1.
Check the web site for a complete list of available titles, news, tour dates, sounds, order by credit card, etc.

SOUND POLLUTION
P.O. Box 17742 Covington,KY. 41017 USA
www.sound-pollution.com

J CHURCH
STORM THE TOWER
DFI
On The Road

JULY

23	W	Denton, TX - Rubber Gloves
24	Th	drive
25	Fr	Phoenix, AZ - Modified
26	Sa	San Diego, CA - Che Cafe
27	Su	LA, CA - Chain Reaction
28	M	SF - off
29	Tu	SF - Bottom of the Hill
30	W	Portland, OR - TBA
31	Th	Seattle, WA - 2nd Ave. Pizza

AUGUST

1-5		Canada - TBA
6	W	Minneapolis, MN - Triple Rock
7	Th	Chicago, IL - Fireside Bowl
8	F	Cleveland, OH - Grog Shop
9	Sa	Pittsburgh, PA - Roboto
10	Su	Philly - Calvary Church
11	M	Boston, MA - TBA
12	Tu	NJ – Maxwell's w/ The Plungers
13	W	NYC – North Six w/ The Plungers
14	Th	DC - St. Aloysius Church
15	F	Baltimore, MC - Talking Head Club
16	Sa	Chapel Hill, NC - Go Rehearsals
17	Su	Atlanta, GA - Echo Lounge
18	M	Columbia, SC - New Brookland Tavern
19	Tu	Gainesville, FL - CG Coffeehouse
20	W	somewhere in Florida
21	Th	somewhere in Florida
22	F	Houston, TX - Fat Cat's
23	Sa	Austin, TX - Emo's

J CHURCH CDRs

The following CDR titles are fundraisers for the label. They are $8 postpaid and include entire shows. Payments to Lance Hahn or through Pay Pal to honeybearrecords@hotmail.com.

"You Don't Have To Say 'No' – Live at Peabody's in Cleveland 03-17-97"
"Culture Is The Opposite Of Life – Live at the Gilman St. Project 10-29-93"
"Trick Or Treat – Feedback And Distortion – Live at Pitzer College 10-31-93"
"The Personal Document – Live at the Crawlspace in Chicago 05-27-94"
"Blue Jeans Hurt My Crotch – Live at the Bottom of the Hill February 2000"
"The Phantom Limb – Live at the Bottom of the Hill 10-29-00" (HB028)
"Carlton Fisk – Live at Studio #158 in North Windham, CT 05-30-94" (HB029)
"The Man Who Left His Will On Film – Live at the Gilman St. Project 08-20-93"
"Fake Family Vol. 1 – Live at the Dublin Castle in London 05-19-95"

More to come!

Honey Bear Records
1730 E. Oltorf #135
Austin, TX 78741
honeybearrecords@hotmail.com

ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ABORT! #13 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Press the eject...the unlucky number issue of *Abort* is part internal monologue, part rough and tumble hardcore zine, part uncomfortable history lesson, all rendered in high-contrast black on white. Editor Johnny Abort strikes a balance between comedy and tragedy, all of it delivered in a sort of wiseguy Brooklyn vernacular that works well with the material. (JH)
Jonathan Spies / 362 Prospect Ave #2 / Brooklyn, NY 11215

ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEW Vol. 8, No. 1 / $4.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 76 pgs
APR is a thinly veiled anarchist "independent media" project, with two of the three editors being well-known anarchists. The coverage tends towards the critical-of-America-on-its-own-terms kind of coverage of academics and pundits that has been popularized by Chomsky, which leads one to believe that the motivation of this magazine falls under the anarcho-liberal umbrella. A look at the letters section will dissuade you of that thought. A quote will tell the tale. In reference to a letter saying the editors should leave the country, one editor says "...It sounds like you're in the same league as Hitler where humanity is concerned. I prefer not to associate with people who want to "wipe out" entire populations just because you don't like them. May you remain powerless to act out your fantasies of genocide." Ouch. The coverage in this issue is very heavy on the Israel-Palestine conflict, with a mostly topical (and if you read Indymedia, familiar) flavor. There is an incredible reprint from Fredy Perlman (remember that they are undercover anarchists) titled "Anti-Semitism and the Beirut Pogrom" that is a must-read. (AR)
PO Box 4710 / Arlington, VA 22204-4710

BINOCULAR REBELLIOUS #1 / $2
5 x 5 - copied - 60 pgs
There is a fanatic at the heart of this fanzine. A folk fanatic, actually, with some serious investment here in a punk rock (with a generous dash of "hippie") brand of conservative or regressive traditionalism and a patent (but not necessarily contradictory) desire for the total destruction of an apocalypse. Hello, misanthropy! Histories of modernist art movements and punk rock album covers rub shoulders here with personal (and detailed) reflections on spirituality, the occult (D&D, Satanism, Freemasons, and black metal included) and conspiracies galore. This last (and lengthy) element is quite tedious, as he suggests that the Nazis used occult powers to rise to fame and that George W. Bush is sacrificing goats in his presidential Oval Office. OK, I made that last one up, but it's not far from the author's

statement: "Using the occult to benefit one's economic status is the main reason for its constant presence in America today." Every essay is a line drawn in the sand, and the tone of the fanzine is "You're either with us or against us." (Whoa, cowboy!) Here, the author positions himself on the side of purity and idealism with no room for compromise. It's in the language he uses to describe Oakland, punk rock, the bogeyman called "society," whatever "bastardism," "perversion," etc. For me, these terms and their hierarchical ordering of value are dangerous, especially with their histories of usage in, for instance, producing the specter of biological and social "miscegenation." Although I imagine it would be dreary to be so puritan in your lifestyle or politics, for some this isolation functions as evidence of the rightness of their convictions. Old-school Mortar Hate-style graphics and design reinforce the black-and-white nature of this ideological divide, as well as its appeal to "tradition." (The cartoons of anteater-like persons are cute, though.) And on a personal note, as someone who was born in a country with a recent colonial and neocolonial history, I don't much appreciate the ahistorical and irritating claim made here that "we are all colonized." Please stop, thanks. Plus, I think the author fancies himself a hobbit. I hope this makes me an orc. Grrr! (MN)
PO Box 3635 / Oakland, CA 94609-0635
www.goblinko.com

BUMMERS AND GUMMNERS Vol. 4 #11 / $3, free to prisoners
11 x 14 - printed - 24 pgs
Back after six and a half years, this is a rural zine with how-to information and tales of a slower-than-urban life. There are stories inside about log removal by horses to create a fish habitat, building a brick oven, making simple cheese out of short-dated milk, interviews with teen peace activists, and much more. I wouldn't mention this if I was reviewing for my other publication, but since this is *MRR* I feel the need: this zine definitely has a bit of hippie vibe, but the good DIY kind of hippie that you can learn from, the kind that did DIY before you went to your first punk show. (GZ)
Box 66 / Yoncalla, OR 97499

CAPINCH #5 / $4
8.25 x 11.75 - printed - 48 pgs - Italian
Back with a new, slicker look after a two-year hiatus (which explains why I haven't seen this around), *Capinch* explores the underbelly of powered-down rock 'n' roll, centered on rhythm & blues and 60s punk. In addition to informed articles on the 13th Floor Elevators, the Crawdaddys, and Australia's X, of old, *Capinch* interviews the Japanese rockers in the Gravedigger Five and the Morlocks, and more. I was impressed with the interview with Scott Soriano from Los Huevos, and the one with the Intellectuals, a male/female duo from Rome who put out an awesome EP a while back. This is heavy on the 50s and 60s

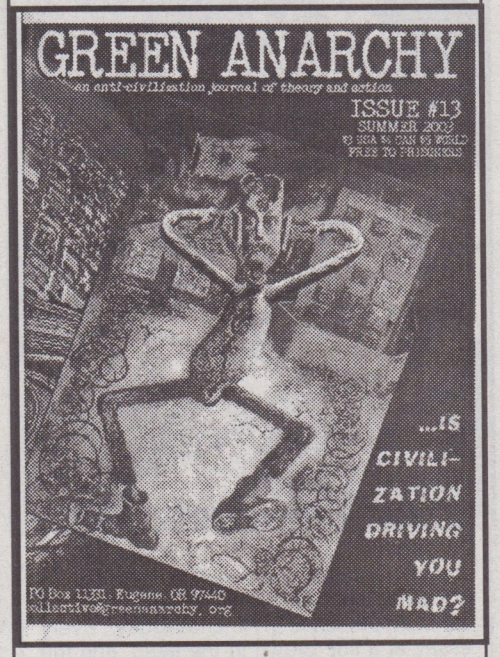
underground/fringe rock history, but it's not just a retro thing. New record reviews fill up the back (the record covers are interspersed with the obligatory boring pin-up girl art). Garage rockers, check it out. (AC)
Giuseppe de Matteis / via G. Carducci #20 / 20064 Gorgonzola (MI) / Italy
capinch66@fastwebnet.it

CHAINBREAKER #2 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
For the second issue of a zine, *Chainbreaker* seems to be starting off in high gear, so to speak. It's a bike zine, comfortably lodged in New Orleans—where the editor works at the bike co-op for love and as a bike delivery person for money. While plenty of references are made to hometown bike work and play, however, editor Shelley uses this issue to explore what biking means to people in other countries and situations. In an astute example, she notes that the "65-year-old man riding past me in one of New Orleans' poorer neighborhoods riding a little girl's pink and purple Huffy is not a political statement." This is compiled of contributions, and Shelley seems to have a real knack for getting the right stories out of the right people. There is a story about an exciting project in Guatemala to construct useful tools, like well pumps and meal grinders, from bike parts. The story about bikes in India was vivid and informative, but it would have greatly benefited from some supplemental reading. The best piece in here is Ethan's entertaining "My Life at the Square Wheel," about a post-broken-heart escape trip that didn't go as planned: "instead of long, tearful days biking around exotic lands, I got long, tearful days fixing fucked-up bikes for Dublin low-lifes." *Chainbreaker* is really packed with good voices and intentions. We need a good, steady bike punk zine like this—one with contributors, and humor, would be great—a modern-day *Mudflap*? (AC)
621 N Rendon / New Orleans, LA 70119

CHAOTIC NOISE #3 / free
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 22 pgs
Interviews, reviews, and a couple of rants in this free punk zine. The Dexter Chumley Attack interview is amusing, as the band reveals that they are named after a real person. The real Dexter's son is emo and hates the band for it. Hee hee. Interviews with Filth of Mankind and Hollowed Out are also included. (GZ)
1020 W Kings Hwy # 10 / Bellmawr, NJ 08031
dbeatbastard@yahoo.com

CHORD EASY / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs
From the makers of *Dwelling Portably,* this is a guide to figuring out songs, based on common chord progressions and music theory. The layout is a bit dry, and while this would probably help someone who has at least some basic knowledge of playing guitar or piano and the major and minor chords, I think it would overwhelm a beginner. For $3 you can send for the full version, which sounds like a good tool for songwriters and those who like to learn songs by ear. (MD)
Light Living Library / PO Box 190-CE / Philomath, OR 97370-0190

CHUMPIRE #161 / stamp or trade
3.75 x 8 - copied - 8 pgs
Well cheers for the new format, I think it's an improvement. Content-wise, it's the same ol' you had been getting—stories from Greg's life and some central PA punk info. He's a teacher and writes about a retreat he took with his students, as well as the recently closed and recently opened venues in the area. (JM)
PO Box 27 / Annville, PA 17003-0027



CRASH #1 / $1.50
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 27 pgs
Grumble, grumble. Why doesn't anybody make artfulness a priority? Hey Shay! Your zine is really eclectic and pertinent to the ladies' issues! But why you gotta be so dang sparse with the layout, deeewwwwddd? Try harder. I read this on Muni and the squint action was in full effect. You don't need tri-column size 8 font in a half-sheet zine. The best article is definitely "The Pinking of Peace Politics" by Ashley Nelson, with the close contender "Jim Crow Revived in Cyberspace" by Greg Palast. What is up with "How To Be a Feminist and Still Pose for Playboy"? It had potential but made zero argument and came off sounding just as airheaded as anybody would expect. Plus, you know, sex worker confessionals are a dime a dozen, and a dozen times better than this. I wish y'all were kidding. Maybe I'll forgive you because of the Claire Cavanah Toys In Babeland interview. Maybe. (JB)
crashzine@hotmail.com
http://crashzine-onlineo.tripod.com

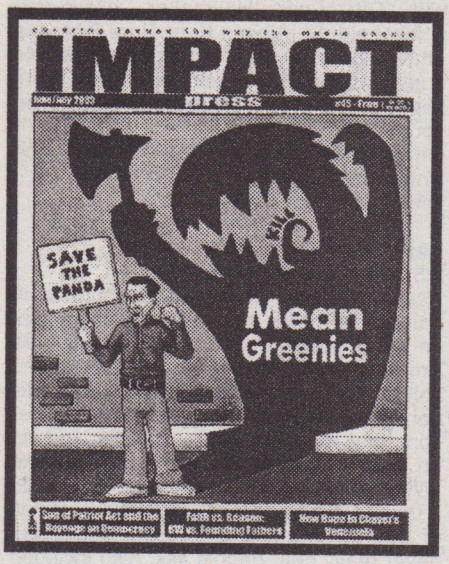
DIG IT! #28 / $6
8 x 11 - printed - 48 pgs - French
Wow! I dig this zine. It is so cool! Lots of my fave garage punk rock featured in this issue, including interviews with the Bellrays. Streetwalking Cheetahs, Little Killers, Crypt Records, Sonny Vincent, Swindlebra Records, and Bruce Duff of 45 Grave. There is also an informative article on the French punk scene in '77 to '78. There are no record reviews to speak of, but the reader will still discover what is current and rockin'. J'aime cette zine! (HH)
Armadillo / 32 Rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
www.digitfanzine@chez.com

DOUBLE UNDERGROUND #1 / free?
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 22 pgs
OK, I admit I didn't know what to expect from a zine made by a prisoner. I think if it sticks around it could be a good resource and a venue for communication. This publication is DIY as fuck and pretty brief. It has some stories and an essay/intro and poems. Get in touch. (JB)
Ted Mangano / #50157 WSCC / POB 8045 / Carson City, NV 89702

EAVES OF ASS #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pages
First off, this kid can really write. I would recommend it for the prose poem "On My Youth" alone. That's right, I'd recommend this zine because of a poem! Also includes a critique of working class pride, a sex fantasy letter found outside a middle school and a theoretical piece about whether Jesus Christ was a Highlander. On the downside, I could really do without the six pages of getting drunk and transcribing CD reviews. But this is a good zine and will be getting much better, I'd bet. (GZ)
Craven Rock / PO Box 406784 / Louisville, KY 40204

EVERLONG #4 / $1 + SAE
6 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
Subtitled "a Bristol punk rock fanzine," there is an extensive section of local show reviews to keep you updated on what's gone down recently. Local band Five Knuckle is interviewed, along with fellow Englishmen Argy Bargy, Light Year, and The Business. Representing the fuckin' USA in the interviews are the Chinkees and Garrison. Twelve pages of music reviews and a two page computer game review close it out. The interviews aren't especially

in-depth or interesting to a non-fan of these bands, and I'd say that goes for the whole publication. (JM)
Shane Baldwin / 1 Shilton Close / Kinswood / Bristol / BS15 9UZ / UK



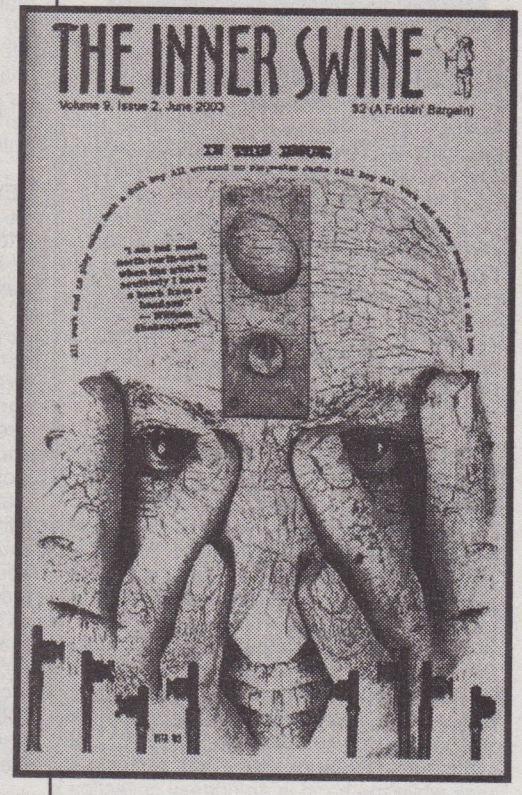
FANORAMA #26 / $5 or free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 - printed - 40 pgs
Long-running queer punk zine packed with articles and information. Includes a prison diary, intergenerational relationships (not illegal ones for any feds reading this—the zinester here is 47) and growing old rage-fully, short porn, straight bands that act queer as a "joke," and lots of letters, reviews, and nicely reproduced photos. This is a big zine, totally worth the price if you're looking for a queer punk zine. I could do without the numerology and the "magick" bits, but that's me and there aren't too many. Bad doggie centerfold seems to imply the need for an age statement. (GZ)
109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905
fanorama1@aol.com

THE FREE PRESS DEATH SHIP #3 / free or donation
8.5 x 14 - printed - 54 pgs
It is as if my brain has been waterlogged for days and somebody put it in a fruit dehydrator. I can think again, and I'm all chewy and tough. If you are even slightly into anti-technology rhetoric and enjoy the book arts, this publication is for you. The entire journal is made without the use of any computer technology. There is a running debate (with many contributing arguments) about ISBN and ISSN codes, which aren't free even though they are pretty much required for distribution. The editor Violet Jones is smart, full of intellectual spite, and ready to take on anyone. The letters section is immense and really thoughtful and full of diverse voices. The reviews section is dedicated to zines and DIY publications and the message is clear: *Free the Press!!* I haven't felt this challenged by a zine in a long time. I can think of 10,000 worse things to spend your time or donations on. (JB)
Violet Jones / PO Box 55336 / Hayward, CA 94545

GREEN ANARCHY #13 / $3
12 x 17 - printed - 36 pgs
Green Anarchy is the North American anti-civilization quarterly. It is affiliated with John Zerzan and is easily the most condemned anarchist publication on this continent. Established anarchists despise the *GA* (and by association, primitivist) perspective because it approaches anarchism without the old platitudes in hand. The *GA* perspective does not cite "the problem" as being only the State and Capital, but Civilization. This means that the *GA* perspective criticizes technology, urbanism, production, and even language, art, and representation. This issue has lengthy articles on education, economics, mental health, urbanism, and war (not "the war," but war). The editorial staff contributes a lengthy and good piece on the Greek N17 movement. Finally, the magazine continues to publish a very lengthy summation of direct action over the past three months, with special attention to anti-war actions, ecological actions, and indigenous resistance. There is an insert advertising the Break the Chains conference happening in Eugene this summer and enough muddy graphics and riot porn to choke Bakunin. (AR)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

HIGH HEELS SLUT #6 / $3
5.5 x 8.25 - copied - 64 pgs
Someone in Belgium loves pop-driven, American punk rock 'n' roll. *High Heels Slut* editor Wim covers all the bases in that stadium, interviewing the Radio Reelers, the Peawees, the Hunches, the Briefs, Smogtown, the Kidnappers—you get it. It gets you wondering whether the internet is always so great for music zines…like, without being able to easily conduct email interviews with the darlings of the scene, Wim might be more inclined to cover a local band or two. Still, there's something to be said for virtual internationalism, and these interviews are informed, to the point, and not too fawning. The only original idea in this zine is "Teenage Kicks," a series of interviews with old Belgian punks. This time it's Bart Van Thuyne, the 6th oldest punk in the Belgian scene (for issue #6). Bart tells some great stories—with touching similarities to the recollections of CBGB's and the Masque that we hear from doddering scenesters in the USA, but differences as well; like when did your club get closed due to night noise, drugs, *and lice*? Bart discusses his work turning the hippies in his village on to punk rock, his first political activities, and the shows: "We were pogoing until my hair melted and all the soap was running into my eyes, so I had to jump on blindly!" Hey Wim, you have entertaining stuff here, but I sure as hell wouldn't buy *High Hells Slut*—the only women in the whole zine are naked caricatures, on the boring and poorly rendered Crumb-style cover art! (AC)
High Heels Slut c/o Retard Wim / Wagenbrugstraat 91 / 8560 Moorsele / Belgium
Cottenier.wim@yucom.be

IMPACT PRESS #45 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Impact is an *Utne Reader* for the *Punk Planet* set. While the layout is not as inspired as *Punk Planet* and the content isn't as slick as *Utne*, the soul of this magazine is informing the wasteland of Florida that there is something outside of Fox News. This it performs admirably. This issue was mostly mediocre, with an essay regarding the "green washing" tactics of some mainstream environmental groups, another on the cozy relationship between the Bush administration and the religious right (no! really?), and a pile of short-ish music reviews. An essay that did stand out was "Son of Patriot Act and the Revenge on Democracy" which—while highly utopian in that it considered the current regime democratic—was really informative about the new batch of legislation (and intended plans) coming from the current administration. If you are in Florida, this is a must-have. If you are elsewhere (especially in a big city) you probably already have access to most of this information in the form of a free weekly. (AR)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817



THE INNER SWINE Vol. 9 Issue 2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 64 pgs
This was a painful read. In fact, by the time I got to the last piece—a way too lengthy bit of fiction—I must admit I was so bored and annoyed that I didn't bother finishing it. The editor rants and raves about various subjects—temp jobs, society's perception of "crazy," booze, going to a wedding...some of it is funny, but his writing style is often irritating and wordy. I think this must be what

happens when you have a boring office job, a boring life, and channel that boredom onto paper. (MD)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

INSIDE FRONT #8 / $5, $7 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 194 pgs
See my column. (AC)

INTERSTITIAL #1 / $1 US / $2 other
8.5 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
Well, I guess that this is a music zine, but not exactly. Yes, it does contain record reviews and interviews with bands such as the Red Hot Valentines, even zine reviews, by god! But oh, there's so much more. Comics, politics, funny writing on mix tapes and movies. Yes, this is a zine with a lot of personality. Something for everyone. I think that more zines should step outside the boundaries of " music zine" or "personal zine" in the way that *Interstitial* does. Good job, dudes.(BD)
editor@neufutur.com

LET'S ALL DIE #5 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 46 pgs
A few times in my, ahem, reviewing career, I've had to read part of a serialized novel starting in the middle. It's always a little frustrating because the plot refers to previous chapters, the characters' motivations are less clear than they would be otherwise, etc. But I can say that this piece of *Let's All Die* makes me wanna go back, start from the beginning, and read the whole thing. Well-written adventures of a not-too-punk guy on tour with a punk band. Casey Haight learns about the punk scene with fairly open eyes while the band is an uneasy collection of the jaded, the militant, and the unimpressed. The opening section where Casey refuses to come home for his Grandma's funeral is particularly well done. At times, it's a little too boy's-club: touring band on the road, smell, fart and jerk-off jokes, etc., but overall it's highly recommendable. You might wanna start with #1, however. (GZ)
Dead Celebrity Books c/o Ductape / PO Box 741 / 1057 Steeles Ave / Toronto ON M2R 3X1 / Canada
Colin-jerkass@yahoo.com

LUCIDITY #1 / free?
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 43 pgs
I would bet money that only 2% of zine readers out there actually *enjoy* a poetry zine. The fact of the matter seems to be that plenty of people like to write it, and very few like to read it. It is all reprinted Benjamin Zephaniah poems anyway. Get real! The other stuff in this zine is suggestive of the title…ramblings and musings that are harmless at best and boring at worst. "How Music Came to Earth" talks about the Nahuas way of explaining Ehecatl (the Wind, an aspect of Quetzalcoatl) brought music to the Earth from the House of the Sun. I have to say the randomness of this article really surprised me. (JB)
under_their_radar@hotmail.com

MEATSHEET #6 / $2
8.5 x 11- copied - 16 pgs
In the intro, the editor informs us that this is "a Howard Stern fanzine" which also covers music. This issue interviews Balance of Terror and Burnt by the Sun (these came out pretty good), and there is an unreadable talk with Count Me Out. (Editing: there is a place for it.) Also interviewed are a comedian and a prank call guy who are featured on the *Stern Show.* Reviews and photographs round it out. As you might imagine, some of the Stern shit is real dumb. "I don't try to offend" the editor says—I'm sure the "towelheads" with whom "WE ARE AT WAR" know it's all in good fun, right? (JM)
John DeSmet / 202 Robbins St A / Philadelphia, PA 19111

NEVER 1984 #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 34 pgs
A team of teenage boys tackles the weights of the world and their community with a slew of short columns directed at the effects of government control and social ills in *Never 1984.* The tone of most of the articles is rife with disgust, animosity, and yes, a sweetness that rings true when ideas are punctuated by "this is bullshit!" Expressing a need to recognize sexism in commercials and encouraging a boycott of oil companies, while often oversimplified by the format of cut and paste zine culture, is something that all of us do need pounded into our skulls. My sentiment of zines that ramble about topics that have been the rambling fodder of zines for the past 20 years is one of sheer delight these days. No longer are they boring zines—now they're helpful reminders that what has been deemed fucked up is yes, indeed, still fucked up. (SD)
Andrew Ninnemann / 4401 Fair Oaks Ave / Menlo Park, CA 94025

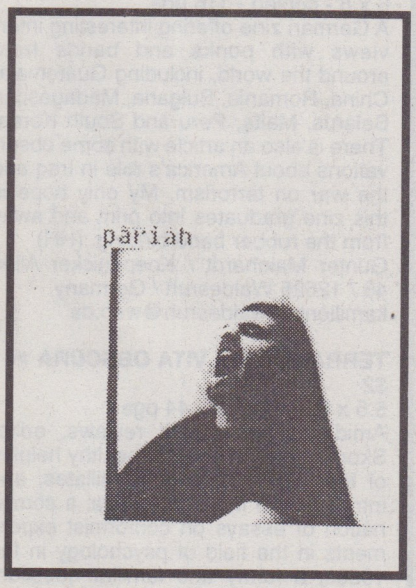
ON FIRE #3 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 72 pgs
Self-described as a "journal of the DIY hardcore punk community," this hardcore fanzine features a standard mix of band interviews and essays. A denunciation of punk isolationism makes the argument for spreading punk rock (as an essence or inspiration) to arenas outside the space of the show or the fanzine, while some standard media criticism goes on and on about the commodification of our lives in the nostalgic vein of some forms of modernisms (with nods to Baudrillard, etc.). There is an appallingly reductive CrimethInc dictionary of terms (which dismisses feminism with a Reaganesque stereotype, which boggles the post-riot grrrl mind), lengthy interviews with Off Minor, Haymaker, xCautionx, Chokehold, St. Albans Kids, Pure Evil, and others about the state of hardcore (a staple question), and some reviews to round out this issue. Not my scene, but it could be yours. (MN)
On Fire / PO Box U69 / Wollongong University / NSW Australia 2500
xonfirex@hotmail.com

PANIC ACTION #1 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Panic Action is a straight up punk rock music zine that is thin in volume and heavy on band interviews, with the Put-ons, FM Knives, Greg Lowery of Ripoff Records, and Johnny Stingray of the Controllers. The kids behind this venture ask some direct questions that make for interesting background on many of these bands; questions like "Why *did* you break up?" "How much would it take to get back together?" and musings of that ilk that I find myself thinking but never really hear people ask. Also included are a few really funny "essays" on why punk rock is so fucking awesome. (SD)
1906 Botany Dr / Tallahassee, FL 32303

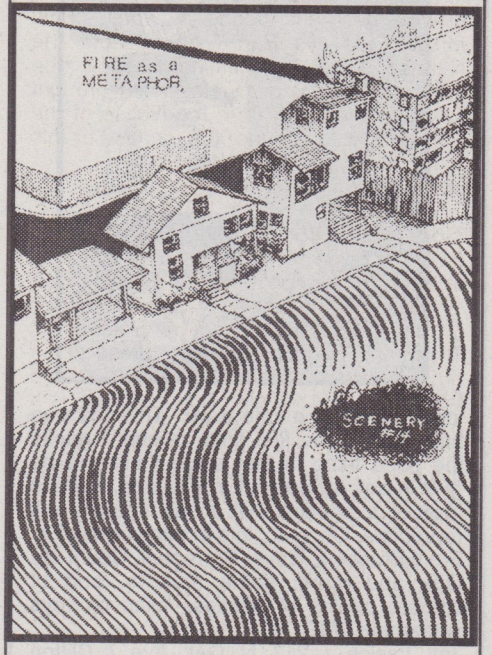
PARIAH #5 / 2 stamps, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
Not a tribute to the old East Bay band—it's a collection of essays and reprinted articles. I have a real low tolerance for poetics, which some of the writing drifts into, but I'm quite partial to business articles about fashionable clothing companies, and anti-war Neitzsche spiels. I think this is one of those publications that a school pays for and the kids put out. Overall, I don't think it's so great, but there is a quantity of writing, and some quality, for a low price. (JM)
Dan Shea / 201 S Ashland / La Grange, IL 60525

PERRO MALDITO #2 / free?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 26 pgs
This is a rad, enthusiastic grind/fastcore-based zine from Italy. It starts out with some good articles on copyright ethics and aboriginal Australians, and moves on to interviews with Melt Banana, Discarga, Headless Horsemen, and Zas! Records. There is a tour diary from the slightly dodgy Cripple Bastards, but that's easily overlooked. And, of course, record and zine reviews abound. What I like about this zine is that you can tell by the interview questions and the tone of the reviews that everyone involved is totally stoked on putting it together. Awesome. (CJ)
V Biffi 11 / 20050 Sulbiate (MI) / Italy
kctoshio@tiscali.it

PERSONALITY LIBERATION FRONT #4 / $7
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 96 pgs
OK, so the first thing that struck me was the cover price. $7?! But then I realized that this zine also comes with a CD comp from deplorable recordings, so it's not that bad after all. Especially since it comes all the way from Australia. So what do we have here? Well there's the usual zine reviews and record reviews. There's an interview with Catharsis, and the rest of the zine focuses on queer issues and politics. Personal writing, propaganda, travel stories, an herbal abortion guide and much more. This is a really thick zine and it is very well done in my opinion. Both informative and entertaining. Good reading for punks from all walks of life. (BD)
PO Box 430 / Newtown / NSW / 2042 / Australia
unigeek@hotmail.com



PLASTIC BOMB #43 / $7
Everything one could possibly want from punk can be found in this great zine from Germany. This issue has the second part of an interview with Weird System Records, including the label's complete discography. Also included are interviews with TV Smith, Attila The Stockbroker, and Anti-Flag. There are loads of new record reviews, lots of cool ads, columns, articles on politics, everything! And of course the zine comes with a rockin' 30-song CD sampler. This zine is always worth the price of admission, so check it out! (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de



POSITIVE CREED #5 / 50p + s.a.e. or $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 62 pgs
Not being from England, I had never heard of most of the bands and zines interviewed in here (The Once Over Twice, Barbie's Dead, Vext, All the Sixes, and tons more). However, that turned out to be a good thing—it was refreshing to read about a scene I knew absolutely nothing about. This zine is good for strangers to current UK punk because it also includes a little bit of scene history as well as reports on current bands, zines, and events. The interviews aren't outstanding, but they get the job done. Check out the handwritten Chaos UK history and the article on the British fetish scene. (CJ)
17A Charnley Ave / St Thomas / Exeter / Devon / EX4 1RD / England

RACE RIOT #2 / $6 US, $7 World
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 118 pgs + 32 pg supplement
OK, let's save time. Go get an envelope right now and start filling out the address below. This is Mimi Nguyen's follow-up to *Evolution of a Race Riot.* Five years in the making (!), this zine is a compilation of some of the best writers of color who have connections (historic or current) to punk rock. By no means, though, is every entry related directly to punk rock—instead, this zine works to "deconstruct social relations and the exercise of power." There are some great writers here: Lauren Martin (*Quantify*), Bianca Ortiz (*Mala*), Sabrina Margarita Alcantara Tan (*Bamboo Girl*), Tara Sinn (*We Like Poo*), Jose Palafox, Iraya Robles, and many, many more. The compilation as a whole is bigger than the parts. Differing opinions and theoretical differences create an underlying tension between old school identity politics and newer, more complicated and nuanced constructions of race and subculture. Writing styles also vary greatly between the contributors, ranging from academic intellectual to teen anger, so there's something for everyone. Comes with a supplement listing information on every zine done by a person of color that Mimi could find information about. Expensive, but comprehensive and well worth it, packing a lot more food for thought and challenging arguments than that CD you were thinking of buying. (GZ)
Pander Zine Distro (enclose another buck for a catalogue!) / PO Box 582142 / Minneapolis, MN 55458-2142
slander13@mindspring.com

RANCID NEWS #2 / £1 or $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 68 pgs
This glossy-covered London zine features interviews with Less Than Jake, Pitchshifter, Shadows Fall, Red Lights Flash, and more. Everything in here is far too major label-centric for my taste... Even the columnists can't help but mention mainstream bands in their sometimes self-indulgent anecdotes. The Atom and His Package interview was OK, but, like most of the other interviews, the questions were boring and tired. And, for fuck's sake, they review the Deftones' new record right next to E.T.A. in their record review section. Ugh. (CJ)
www.rancidnews.co.uk

REPORT ON SPLITTING THE SKY #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
This is yet another publication coming out of Break the Chains, a prisoner support group from Eugene. Break the Chains is impressive for the volume of propaganda and work it appears to be doing. Break the Chains originated when Eugene, a perceived center of anarchist activism, started to lose more and more of its community to the prison system. Alongside traditional prisoner support, Break the Chains is also active in propaganda. They produce a (bi-monthly?) newsletter, host local speaking events, and in the case of Dacajeweiah ("Splitting the Sky"), sponsor tours of political prisoners. This publication details the specifics of the first speaking tour of *Splitting the Sky.* It is very detailed, both in presenting the information that *Splitting the Sky* offers and specifying (in some excruciating detail) all the groups that hosted, worked with, and attended the tour. (AR)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene OR 97440

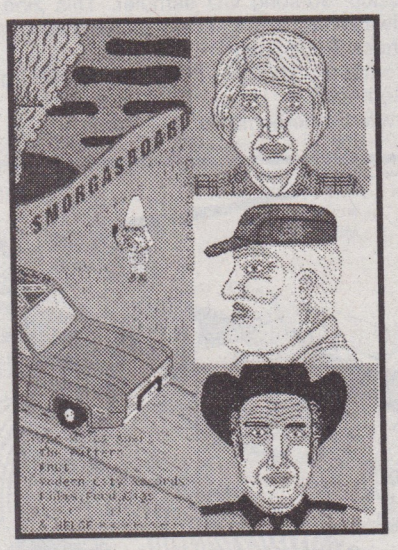
SCENERY #14 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 36 pgs
There is a simple story of a college town. There is a simple story of punks living near each other, taking over the most fucked-up houses and spaces because we don't have time to care about that kind of comfort; we're too busy creating music and art. The new issue of *Scenery*, a comic years in the making, delves into that which we often try

to carefully let live in the back of our heads—that transient element of our lives, which allows—and often unavoidably determines—our link to gentrification. Mike Taylor illustrates a time and place not so far back in the past to accompany text written by Rich Simpson. The language is weighty (yeah, there were a bunch of big words I had to look up), though airy in the vivid, romantic imagery that accompanies the academic approach to a familiar topic. Mike's illustrations (ethereal, milky lines that evoke movement and energy) lend the warmth that is needed to make the text float off the page and up into your brain. These kids are smart, yo. This is our history. This is important. (SD)
Mike Taylor / PO Box 28226 / Providence, RI 02908

SMORGASBOARD #1 / $5
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 47 pgs
Feeble, sitting-up-straight humility. Relief spilled over visually vapid contents, depending on whether you are interested in the confessions of a corporate job, a rant on Jehovah's Witnesses, opinions on the War On Iraq, and interviews with The Pattern, Knut, Modern City Records, and The Miles Apart. The interview with this awesome comic artist Helge Reumann sparked my interest, but it is brief. There's a ton of reviews and even some fondue recipes, but I'd say the best article is a commentary on the current political applications of the film Dr. Strangelove (Or how I started to love the bomb). I can sense that the editor of this zine worked really hard on it, and that is important not to overlook—but it needs to develop a personal style or voice for me to stay awake. (JB)
Smorgasboard@hotmail.com

SKIN DEEP #1 / $1, postage, or trades
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Well, if you thought you'd never see a skinhead poetry zine, you were wrong. Of course, this is a "parody" skinhead poetry zine which makes it even better (and I swear there was another parody zine from this Minneapolis PO box that I've seen before). Poems about fighting, bleeding, homosexual attraction, skinhead clothes and the working class in general. Not quite as funny as Hard Skin, but I laughed out loud many times while reading this. Recommended if this disclaimer doesn't bother you: "If we were sensitive faggy punks we would warn you about the anti Semitism (sic), racism, homophobic stuff or whatever in this zine. But were (sic) skinheads and this is America, the fucking raddest country." (GZ)
Skin Deep / PO Box 13093 / Minneapolis, MN 55414

START TODAY #3 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
'88 sXe HC dudes! Just like the good old days! I opened this and the testosterone was like a fucking mosh pit dropkick in the face! Pointing fingers, X's on hands, the Swatch...you know the one! Porcell! Revelation Records, the kids, the Krishnas, the Bold singles, Top 10 t-shirts (*definitely* the COS "True Til Death" navy blue with puff ink!), the skateboards, "there's nothing I love more than a sea of kids with pos



tops"... am I in a time warp? This shit was bad enough the first time around! I guess the good thing is that since there are *no girls* in any crowd shot in this zine, there is less of a chance that these morons will reproduce. Oh yeah, lots of interviews—Far From Breaking, Never Surrender, Count Me Out, and more; some reviews, and of course, photos of shirtless piles of boys screaming. (MD)
Jeff Lasich / 217 N Oak Ave / Clifton Heights, PA 19018

STRAIGHT SOB FANZINE #5 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a mostly anarcho-liberal personal zine with á heavy aspiration toward activism (as in the ideology that symbolic action paves the road of social change). There are a half a dozen complaints about "complaining" in the pages of this issue. There are starry-eyed reviews of anti-war protests in NYC, condemnations of suburbanization and GMO-style agriculture, with the accompanying proclamation of what "good work" would look like; veganism, distributing anarchist literature, boycotting large corporations, reducing, reusing, and recycling. I don't want to be too harsh on this young project, as the author is a coherent writer (although there is poetry), and is on the right path, but the doctrinaire attitude of these sorts of zines has long since gone out of style. Here is to a future of the political personal zine that presents more problems than solutions, more dreams than ideologies, and more heart than interred corpses. (AR)
63 Highland Rd / Hackettstown, NJ 07840

SUSPECT DEVICE #40 / $1
6 x 8 - copied - 44 pgs
Columns, interviews, reviews. The interviews have some enthusiasm behind them, as the bands were contacted after the editor was stoked on their live shows. Thankfully, they also read like the editor has done 39 previous issues and knows something about how to put one together. The bands are: the Mingers, Jets vs. Sharks, Cold Blue Sky, Sick on the Bus, and the Last Chance. The two columns I enjoyed were Steve Scanner on sex museums of the world, and Welly Artcore talkin' shit on professional football. *Suspect Device* is a pretty good read. (JM)
PO Box 295 / Southampton, SO 17 1LW / UK

THE SWING KID #1 / $4
6 x 8 - copied - 116 pgs
A German zine offering interesting interviews with punks and bands from around the world, including Guatemala, China, Romania, Bulgaria, Madagascar, Belarus, Malta, Peru and South Korea. There is also an article with some observations about America's role in Iraq and the war on terrorism. My only hope is this zine graduates into print and away from the rubber band binding. (HH)
Gunter Meinhardt / Koepenicker Allee 46 / 12625 Waldesruh / Germany
kamillentee.waldesruh@web.de

TERRA FIRMA - VITA OBSCURA #4 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
Amid zine and book reviews, editor Skorn throws in another healthy helping of that which fascinates, titillates, and intrigues him in *Terra Infirma*: a combination of essays on conformist experiments in the field of psychology in the 1950s, a funny and familiar questionnaire about the bias our society has with heterosexual stereotyping, plus a look at the Masons, makes for a true "fanzine." I like it. I really dig the first story about finding the "Gates of Hell" in Columbus. Complete with a detailed map of how to find the place on your own, it reminds me of my own exploratory walks last summer of the canyons and alleys of

Berkeley and SF. These small instances shore up our ideas of public space and community. There is something in the seeming randomness of this zine that makes for a complete picture. (SD)
Skorn the Viking / 709 Middlebury Rd / Webster, NY 14580

THRASHFREAK #1 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 27 pgs
Mad, bad ("good" bad) and dangerous to read. *Trashfreak* is the journal of p. rock-obsessed juvie...and features interviews with Straightedge Kegger, Sweden's Svart Sno, Fearless Chimp, Monotone Destroyer, and rough-and-ready comic strips (starring the likenesses of Ian Mackaye and GG Allin). It's rough, it's grubby, and it'll leave dirt beneath your fingernails. (JH)
Ryan Williams / 1320 W Escalon / Fresno, CA 93711
thrashfreak787@aol.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #161 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - offset - 32 pgs
Toinen Vaihtoehto is a hardcore mag densely packed with record reviews, mailorder lists, band interviews (Lothar, the Bud Junkies, and an Armageddon Clock tour diary), and some information for the politically minded. Lots of pics of spiky-haired punks cavorting in their natural habitats, the Blighted Urban Landscape. As it's written entirely in Finnish, I'm unable to crack the words, but the zine still bears the unmistakable mark of *quality.* (JH)
PO Box 1/65200 Vaasa / Finland

TOWN OF HARDCORE #5 / $2 N America, $3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Talk about a Town Without Pity. *Town of Hardcore* is a finger-pointing, name-calling tough-guy hardcore zine that I really have no business reading. It's all male-on-male action featuring the likes of Terror, So Be It, Violent Minds, geriatrics the State and Underdog, and the requisite zine and record reviews. The inside front cover bears the legend "Fuck You All." (JH)
1458 Reynolds Ave / Burlington, ON / L7M 3B7 Canada

UHPRA #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
UHPRA stands for The United HC Punk and Hip Hop Radical Alliance. It contains interviews with What Happens Next and Crucial Unit and a little bit of political commentary regarding how fucked things seem to be these days. UHPRA has a mission, and that is "to work for social justice and end oppression"—good luck, guys! Also they aim to bridge the gap between HC punk and hip hop of a political nature, and with this in mind, there is also an interview with hip hop artist Nomar Slevic. (BD)
1160 Timbercrest / Youngstown, OH 44505

UP MAGAZINE #9 / $7
8 x 11 - printed - 60 pgs - Dutch
There are plenty of interviews in this newest issue, including the bands Peter Pan Speedrock, Turbonegro, Sepultura, Born From Pain, the Briefs, the Mars Volta, Ozma, and others. There are also lots of new record and zine reviews, plus plenty of cool ads for the latest releases. Finally, the zine comes with a 24-song CD sampler. (HH)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands
www.upmagazine.nl

THE UPDATE #38 / $15 per year
8.5 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
This is the bi-monthly update from the Los Angeles "Branch group" of the Anarchist Black Cross Federation. The ABCF is an anarchist prisoner support group that organizes around supporting political prisoners and prisoners of war. They are infamous in the American anarchist scene for focusing more of their energy on prisoners with nationalist (as in national liberation struggles) pedigrees than anarchists. That appears to be changing, with a fairly positive "scene report" of a meeting with LA-ABCF and Break the Chains (from Eugene), reports from "Free" and Rob Thaxton. The cover of this report features a full page on the 25-year anniversary of the MOVE imprisonments, but the article within the magazine is only a third of a page. This is a useful resource if you are interested in the state of prisoner support politics. (AR)
LA-ABC Branch Group / PO Box 3671 / Anaheim, CA 92803-3671

USUAL SUSPECT #7 free or stamps
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 24 pgs
This "low-tech and committed" zine documents the thoughts of a prisoner serving time for robbery and assault. He gives us a first hint of his wry humor when he notes, in his introduction, "I guess this would be more entertaining if I said I was a political prisoner." But not true—this fanzine is worth checking out. Dave fills his fanzine with thoughtful reflections on the possible impact of post-9/11 legislation and patriotic sentiments on prisoners, the current administration, the ideological work of the prison, reviews of records, books, and fanzines, and his "travails of being the token punk rock bass player in a state correctional institution band." My only complaint is that I wish Dave's essays weren't so short, because his writing is provocative and often insightful, and deserves more wriggle room and explication. So donate some stamps to his pal, who is copying and distributing this zine, and then pen letters urging Dave to write more. (MN)
Usual Suspect, c/o Mishap / OIB 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

WE'RE GONNA FIGHT #5 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
International political straightedge zine. It's based in France, but the focus is worldwide. Packed full of interviews, news and reviews from Asia, Mexico, South America, Europe, and Eastern Europe. A good zine with which to broaden your horizons while remaining *punk.* The editor is actively looking for more information on the less well covered political punk scenes of the world, particularly Asia, so get in touch. (GZ)
WGF 8 crs Gambetta / 69007 Lyon / France
w.g.f@free.fr

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #11 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
Another issue of the essential "perzine' review zine edited by Davida Gypsy Breier, who also does *Leeking Inc.* All the reviews here are done by a staff of zinesters and are of recommended titles (no bad reviews, those get left out). Besides all the famous and semi-famous reviewers, and the hundreds of reviews, there's also a zine history section with good essays on pacifist newsletters during World War II and Benito Mussolini, zinester. *XD* just keeps getting better, so if "perzines" are your thing, you should be subscribing already. (GZ)
PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078
Davida@leekinginc.com

FIRST BLOOD FAMILY

NEW!!! Crust Grind-Core from Spain!!

MACHETAZO

"The Maggot Session" 7"EP

Swedish D-Beat/Anarcho Crust HC flavor

WARCOLLASPE

"Crap, Scrap..."7"EP

40 Trax of Fast nihilistic [illegible] HC thrash

RUPTURE [illegible] Apes" LP

SOLD OUT!!!!!

[illegible]d 500 total press. Made in Czech Rep

STILL HOT!!

BATHTUB SHITTER "Fertilizer" 7" U$A Reissue

DISCIDER "Drinking To Forget The Future" 7"EP

Ltd Editions are WHITE Vinyl, Silk Screened Cover, And Hand Numbered! With patches, stickers, or buttons. Ltd Editions are 50 or100 records. Preorders Reccomended!

PRICES:	USA : CAN/MEX : WORLD		
7"EP	$4.00	$5.00	$7.00
LTD 7"	$5.00	$6.00	$8.00
10"/LP	$9.00	$10.00	$14.00

CASH, MONEY ORDER (USA), OR IMO (world) too:

MAILORDER AMANDA DOBRON

CATALOG+ FBF "WI Skull Logo" Sticker $1.00 or 2 x IRC

Buttons: FBF "WI Skull ", FBF "Eyes in Name", DISCIDER "Black Star", DISCIDER "Dark Crystal", BATHTUB SHITTER "Logo" U$A = $1.00 Each (3 for $2.00) : WORLD $1.50 each (3 for $4.00)

PATCHES: FBF "WI Skull Logo", BATHTUB SHITTER (2 designs) MACHETAZO, WARCOLLASPE, BLACK MARKET FETUS U$A: $1.50 (3 for $4.00) WORLD: $2.00 (3 for $5.00)

FIRST BLOOD FAMILY
PO BOX 1766
MADISON WI 53701-1766
www.firstbloodfamily.com

NEXT UP: NAILED DOWN 3x7"/CD, TEEN CTHULHU CD WARCOLLAPSE CD, MISERY/PATH OF DESTRUCTION 10"/CD DISCIDER/BLACK MARKET FETUS 7"/MCD

NEW RELEASE FROM SUPERSPEEDWAYMUSIC

FEATURING MUSIC FROM...
LOS OLVIDADOS
FREE BEER
FANG
THE CLIFTONS
THE SICK
TEXAS THIEVES
CLAY WHEELS
SLOE
THE ODD NUMBERS
BLACKLIST BRIGADE
THE FORGOTTEN
AND MORE...

16 TRACKS OF MUSIC DRIVEN HARD

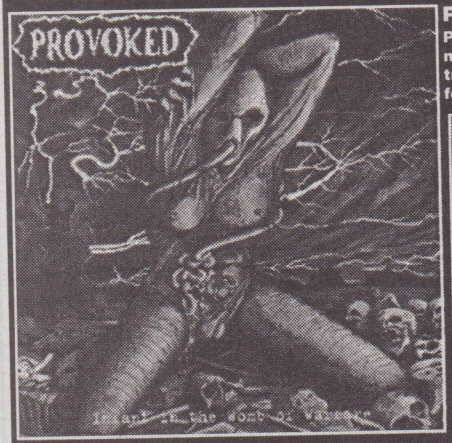
GO TO WWW.SUPERSM.COM FOR MORE DETAILS

AVAILABLE AT INTERPUNK.COM

LISTEN RESPONSIBLY

ART: MARCO NFT WWW.NOFRONTTEETH.CO.UK

MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN! ...AND AGAIN! ... AND AGAIN!



PROVOKED *Infant in the Womb of Warfare* LP
Provoked is the direct result of gathering five of the maddest heads in Minneapolis in a single band. Eleven tracks of raging, anarcho-punk mayhem, with strong female vocals and angry social-political commentary.

PHOBIA / RESIST AND EXIST split LP
All new material: political grind / crust.

DOOM *Police Bastard* 7"
The classic 1989 EP from the crust masters.

PROFANE EXISTENCE IS BACK!
Profane Existence, the international anarcho-punk resource magazine, is now being published quarterly again. PE #40-42 are now availble and #43 should be out early August. Subscribe today for the latest news, action, events and information from/for the interenational anarcho-punk community.

Prices:	USA	Can/Mex	World
LP	$8	$10	$12
7"	$4	$5.00	$6
PE Zine	$2	$2	$3

Checks, MO's, well-hidden cash...

Send 2 (US) stamps or IRC's for mailorder list of hundreds of titles we distribute or visit us online.

PROFANE EXISTENCE

PO BOX 8722 • MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408 • USA
HTTP://WWW.PROFANEEXISTENCE.COM

Busy Beaver Buttons

SINCE 1995!

★ 1 inch
100 for $25
500 for $100

★ 1.25 inch
100 for $30
500 for $125

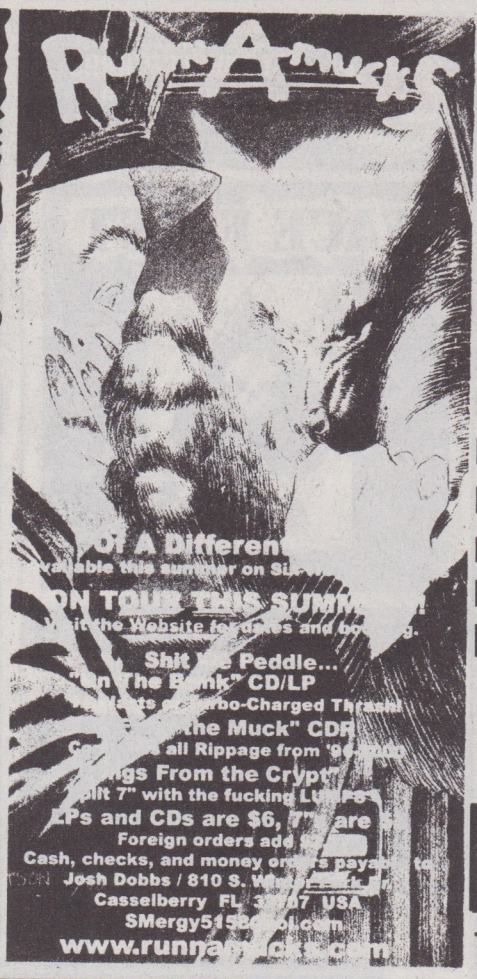
★ 1.5 inch
50 for $20
100 for $35
500 for $150

★ 2.25 inch
50 for $30
100 for $45
500 for $180

CUSTOM BUTTONS
It's Easy! Just Send:
1. your art
2. payment (check, MO, or cash)
3. your address and phone number

Prices for black ink. Full color, extra. ***Contact us.***
Postage included. (ground 1st class)

www.busybeaver.net
buttongal@busybeaver.net
773.645.3359
P.O. Box 87676
Chicago, IL 60680



PHOBIA 'GRIND YOUR FUCKING HEAD IN'
12"/CD 17 SONGS 15 MINUTES! FAST
STRUCTURE OF LIES/MISERY INDEX CD/12"
MISERY INDEX FORMER MEMBERS OF DYING
FETUS & S.O.L. FORMER MEMBERS OF UNRUH
BURN YOUR BRIDGES 12"/CD
MEMBER OF SPAZZ &LACK OF INTEREST 23 TRAX
pignation "devestating life scheme"cdep/7"
powergrindviolence from poland(12-02)
STRUCTURE OF LIES ABACUS CD
Technical death metal influenced by Carcass,At the Gates & Suffocation/hardcore parts to hook x-unruh
SHANK Coded Messages In Slowed Down Songs
12"/CD(split release/625) (06/02) hardcore thrash
INFEST "NO MAN'S SLAVE" 12"
19 SONGS RECORDED 1995
OTOPHOBIA "MALIGNANT"
12"(CD ON SLAP A HAM)
NITROMINDS "FIRE AND GASOLINE" CD
MRR:GORILLA BISCUITS / old BAD RELIGION
PHOBIA "SERENITY THROUGH PAIN
12" GATEFOLD/POSTER
STRUCTURE OF LIES/IRANACH
SPLIT CD AZ/NH GRIND
HIRAX "BARRAGE OF NOISE"
10"/CD IN THE VEIN OF HIRAX
REALITY PART#4 THE ENCLITIC 7"
HAYMAKER/OXBAKER 7"
HIRAX "BLASTED IN BANGKOK" 10"/CD
PHANTASM "WRECKAGE" 12"CD
HAWGJAW/MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES 7"
HAWGJAW "beLIEve nothing" 12"
INFEST "LIVE KXLU" 12"
MAN IS THE BASTARD "MANCRUEL" CD
NO COMMENT DISCOGRAPHY LP/CD
HIRAX "EL DIABLO NEGRO" PIC 7"/CD $5 US/$7 WORLD

DEEP SIX RECORDS
P.O. BOX 6911
BURBANK CA.
91510 U.S.A.
WWW.DEEPSIXRECORDS.COM
7" $4/$6 10"/12"/CD $8/$10 cdep $4/$6
ext haymaker/fucked up7' infest cd SIEGE 12

HAVOC

MAILORDER P.O.BOX 8585 MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408

New! **FROM ASHES RISE/VICTIMS** Split LP/CD From Ashes Rise brings forth 8 new tracks of devastating dark hardcore power while Victims unleashes a total Scandinavian hardcore assault. Flawless production and Pushead cover art put this one totally over the top. **LP HC1211 CD HC5011**

New! **VARIOUS No Hold Back All Attack** Compilation of Minneapolis/St. Paul punk and hardcore. 54 bands! Unreleased tracks from Dillinger 4, Misery, Martyr AD, Holding On, Soviettes many more. USA $10 ppd, Can/Mex $13, World $21 air/$13 surface/ 2 x CD = $12 ppd worldwide. **TRIPLE LP HC1213 DOUBLE CD HC5013**

New! **DAMAGE DEPOSIT Do Damage 7"** 8 tracks of critical thrash and sick breakdowns, mix of early 80s Boston style HC with Youth Crew Crunch. Ex Code 13. **HC 7032**

New! **PATH OF DESTRUCTION 1 A.M. 7" EP.** Feel the Darkness era Poison Idea style hardcore from ex members of Assrash, Calloused, Pontius Pilate and Code 13. **HC 7031**

DESTROY Discography CD Re-release of the Necropolis LP on Sound Pollution with the entire Destroy vinyl output as "bonus tracks." All the 7" and comp tracks. **HC5008**

SPITTING TEETH Don't Believe the Hype 7" Off-the-hook fast critical hardcore from Seattle. The guys who brought you the Million Man Mosh return to burn! **HC7030**

AMDI PETERSEN S ARMÉ Blod Ser Mere Virkeligt Ud På Film 7" Second ep from Danish HC ragers. Sounds like the missing Dischord 7" from 1981, or lost Black Flag sessions from 1980, but in Danish! **HC7029**

VITAMIN X Down the Drain Second full length. Fast intense Hardcore from Holland. The perfect mix between straight edge youth crew and fast-core thrash. **LP HC1207 CD HC5007**

WOLFBRIGADE Progression/Regression Havoc brings you more savage Swedish Hardcore. Wolfbrigade (formerly known as Wolfpack) shred your ears with a total Scandinavian d-beat crustcore assault. Vinyl version is a Picture Disc! Split release w/ Farewell records of Germany. **LP HC1206 [PICTURE DISK] CD HC5006**

CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T Two guys from Aus Rotten, 1 from React and 1 from Submachine combine to create a new hardcore powerhouse. Combining the stylings of early Corrosion of Conformity with faster Swedish hardcore resulting in a manic HC sound. **HC 7028**

RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema One of the great Finnish hardcore bands of the 80s returns. No weak rehash here, full on hard driving Finnish style hardcore that put Tampere on the map! Licensed from Fight Records, remixed with a bonus track! **HC 7027**

IDENTITY PARADE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN, 1995–2000 150 Pages, Black & White, Hardcover Havoc records' first effort at publishing. Kristofer Pasanen has compiled an amazing book of his live photographs of bands taken over the last five years. Hundreds of bands are photographed from Crust to SE to Emo; see the web site for a complete list. **HC-IDP [BOOK]**

SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen Second LP from the masters of dark Swedish hardcore. Heavy and brutal b-beat mixed with crusty HC and thrash styles. A pulverizing steamroller of Swedish hardcore. Split release with No Tolerance Records of Sweden. **LP HC1205 CD HC5005**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass The "lost" LP re-issued. This is a totally remastered and remixed second release of the hard to get first LP which came out on Devour Records of Japan in 1999. An over the top wall of thrash. Brutal no-holds-barred sonic assault. This is the most powerful material by the most intense band in hardcore today. CD contains all Nine Shocks' recorded material other than the Paying Ohmage LP. 38 tracks total, including all the 7" and comp tracks. **LP HC1204 CD HC5009**

MISERY The Early Years Includes the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s, the Misery side of the split LP with SDS, and the Production Through Destruction LP. 71 Minutes of Amebix style apocalyptic crust. Split release with Crimes Against Humanity Records. **CD HC5004**

HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP / CD Crucial hardcore from Minnesota's Holding On! Mixes the crunch of Judge and Chain of Strength with the anger and raw power of Negative Approach. Totally pissed off, raw, powerful Hardcore! Split release with THD, Havoc and 1% records. **LP HC1203 CD HC5003**

DS-13 Killed by the Kids One of the best bands in hardcore today. Amazing second LP of early 80s-style thrash/ HC/ punk. Excellent production, Pushead cover art. **LP HC1202 CD HC5002**

VARIOUS ARTISTS When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, & Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/ HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands. **HC1201**

CODE 13 Complete Discography 1994–2000 All the 7"s and comp tracks with one unreleased song. **CD HC5001**

ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission Obedience Denial New band with members of Brother Inferior, Burnpile, and Subsanity. Fast punk/HC a lot like the later Brother Inferior material. **HC7026**

VITAMIN X People that Bleed Third 7" by this Dutch SEHC band. Fast HC sound similar to DS-13 or Life's Halt. Great political SE lyrics and high energy HC. **HC7025**

TEAR IT UP S/T Ex Dead Nation, killer fast hardcore with lots of drive and energy. **HC7024**

DS-13 / CODE 13 13 song split 7" Sweden and Minnesota united in fast, raw hardcore pride. **HC7023**

REAL ENEMY / HOLDING ON Twin Cities Hardcore split 7" Political straight edge and youth crew hardcore. **HC7022.5**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror Unit 7" EP Awesome raw fast thrash from Cleveland. **HC7022**

KAAOS Nukke Re-issue 1985 Finnish HC, classic stuff. **HC7021**

CLUSTERBOMBUNIT...and the Dirty Little Weapons 7" EP Brutal dis-core from Stuttgart, Germany. **HC7020**

UNITED SUPERVILLAINS (USV) Escapist 7" EP crucial fast HC similar to old Boston bands like DYS, Siege and SSD full speed ahead! **HC7019**

SPAZM 151 S/T 7" EP Second 7" by this Texas HC powerhouse. Hardcore like Black Flag, Poison Idea or Battalion of Saints. **HC7018**

DEMON SYSTEM 13 Aborted Teen Generation 7" EP U.S. press of this amazing Swedish hardcore band, fast aggressive powerful old-school hardcore. **HC7017**

CODE-13 A Part Of America Died Today 7" EP Third and best EP from Minnesota thrash punk defenders of the faith–twelve songs. **HC7016**

TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu 7" EP Demo and comp tracks from this crucial Finnish hardcore band of the early 80s. **HC7015**

TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa 7" EP More incredible Finnish thrash hardcore first released in '83. **HC7014**

NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR split 7" Tulsa, Oklahoma's best hardcore old and new. **HC7013**

PROTESTI S/T 8 track EP HC7012

HEIST Pain Is Causing Life 7" EP HC7011

DISTRAUGHT S/T 7" EP HC7010

MURDERERS S/T 7" EP HC7009

CODE-13 They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace HC 7008

H-100'S Texas Death Match 7" HC 7007

MASSKONTROLL Warpath 7" EP HC7006

CODE-13 Doomed Society 7" EP HC7005

BRISTLE System 7" EP HC7004

AUSROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy 7" EP HC7003

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours of Madness 7" EP HC7002

DESTROY Burn this Racist System Down 7" EP HC 7001

To read complete descriptions, hear MP3s, or order by credit card, visit www.havocrex.com.

TO ORDER: Send US Cash or Money Orders payable to Havoc Records only, no checks! Make sure to give us your name, mailing address, item description and/or catalog # and quantities.

POSTPAID PRICES: 7" Records: $3 USA, $4 air Can/Mex, $5 air world. LPs: $8 USA, $12 air Can/Mex, $12 suface world, $16 air world. CDs: $8 everywhere. Book: $15 air USA, $20 Can/Mex, $20 surface world,$25 air world.

Orders shipped via media mail within the U.S.. Expect delivery to take 2–3 weeks. Overseas orders, especially surface mail, will take much longer. Bullet belts are also available in the USA.You will need approx. 2 links for each inch of hip measurement, available in brass, 30¢ each and chrome, 60¢ each.

HC-PUNK!

INFEZIONE

"OPPRESSIONE QUOT.."LP
(their first demo tape recorded back in 1986 finally put out on vinyl! This is raw, fast and aggressive: crazy guitar alla Wretched tupa tupa drum and out of control vocals + anarchist lyrics that are malatesta-inspired!)

L'A.D.M. EP

(110% Italian 84 circa hardcore that make you dancing and jumping.!)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA

"aistien juhlaa" LP
(members of amen, uutuus, forca macabra and wasted!!
'82 style finnish hardcorepunk, short, fast and simple,23 tracks of finnish hardcore perfection influenced by the early terveet kädet!!!)

EU'S ARSE

discography LP
(everything!!!...:EU'S ARSE / IMPACT "Split EP , EU'S ARSE "Lo Stato ha Bisogno di Te? Bene, Fottilo" EP plus a full live and 3 unrelease song!!)

DISGUSTING LIES

"don't ask...." 10"LP
(D-beat monument!! polish crustcore with an heavy sound and so much more swedish roots than before for Wolfbrigadefans!)

FORCAMACABRA

"nos tumulos abertos" LP
(Repress of the first 12" of the finland legend Forca Macabra just in time to celebrate their 10 year anniversary of HC-thrash! The record is repress with the band license and it have the same kind gatefold jacket of the first press, get it now!)

CONTRASTO

"Statico senso"LP
[20 songs of 110% HC!!!! with the fast of the 90ies and the riff with bit of melody classic of the end of 80ies [chorus!!]...

SHIKABANE

"ego and desire" EP
[japan crust attack with a dark edge alla Warhead or Nightmare!]

upcoming:Jilted/Murder Disco x split LP,LADM 12",Contrasto 12",The Futures 12" ecc...

Agïpunk

agipunk@libero.it
Check The Web Site
http://utenti.tripod.it/agipunk
P.Paid LP/CD=8$ Ep=4$
Write for a full wholesale list!
We carry in Europe:
MCR company

BRAND NEW FROM

RAT TOWN RECORDS
and Distribution
P.O. Box 50803 Jax Beach, Fl 32240 USA
dan@rattownrecords.com

FACE FIRST

IGNORANT ASSHOLES

7" $4.00 ppd in US only!

Brutal fast hardcore from New Orleans.
9 songs. Hand numbered. Limited Red Vinyl.

Ordering Information
Send 2 stamps for a complete catalog.
Stores/Distros call 904.246.0428 for more info.
Mexico/Canada add $1 per item. Overseas add $2 per item
Send Cash or Money Order Made Out to:
"Dan Knieriemen" Not Rat Town Records
CD's • VINYL • DVD's • VIDEO's •
T-SHIRTS • STICKERS

www.rattownrecords.com

BATTLE FOR THE AIRWAVES VOL.2
WEST COAST PUNK VS. EAST COAST OI!

TEMPLARS
THE WRETCHED ONES
THE WORKIN' STIFFS
THE BODIES

FIRST 200 ON GREEN VINYL!!

SAME FORMAT AS VOL.1 : 4 BANDS, 4 SONGS, 4 HITS!!!
1 SONG FROM EACH BAND. ALL SONGS ARE UNRELEASED.
AFTER A TOUGH BATTLE IN VOL. 1, REIGNING TAG-TEAM CHAMPIONS THE WORKIN' STIFFS (CA) & THE BODIES (CA) TEAM UP TO FACE LONG TIME EAST COAST POWER-HOUSES THE TEMPLARS (N.Y.) AND THE WRETCHED ONES (N.J.). EACH BAND SHOWCASES THEIR UNIQUE SOUND AND SHOWS WHY THEY STAND ABOVE THE MILLIONS OF BANDS TODAY.
$4 PPD (USA)/$6 (REST OF WORLD)

THE SHRINKS - MY MINDS GONE 7" - $4(US)/$6(WORLD)
THE BELTONES - SHITTY IN PINK 7" - $4(US)/$6(WORLD)
TRUST FUND BABIES - UP TO NO GOOD 7" - $4(US)/$6(WORLD)
THE SHIFTERS-SHATTERED CD - $8(US)/$10(WORLD)
BOVVER WONDERLAND-FORGOTTEN HEROS CD - $8(US)/$10(WORLD)

RADIO RECORDS
PO BOX 1452
SONOMA, CA 95476
19 CALIFORNIA 77 RADIO RECORDS
www2.vom.com/~radio77.index.htm

IT BEGINS IN OCTOBER
The earliest Flux recordings and the band before...
DOWNLOAD FREE SAMPLES NOW AT
WWW.DRSTRANGE.COM

CLASSIFIEDS

PILGER hit you like a truck in the face. Furious hardcore compared to almost every 80's USHC band. MINOR THREAT, GI's, VERBAL ABUSE, CHANNEL 3 & more. Get your fix of 16 blasts of raging hardcore. £6 UK/$10 world postpaid from soutHCoast records, 38 Gatcombe, Southhampton, SO31 5PX, UK

I'M LOOKING FOR JAPANESE, USA, BRAZILIAN, ITALIAN, ETC. Write for my want list. Your list gets mine. Cash or trade to Finnish rarities. Altse Alatalo, Puistolammentie 34, 95420 Tornio, Finland.

SELL, TRADE EX-YU VINYLS (Pipatka, Paraf)...and punk rock labels I'd love to hear from you if you think you may have something to offer me. Let me know about your releases, listings or catalogue is welcome. Please send all correspondence, news, tour dates, music for airplay and promo giveaways to the address below. Many thanks in advance. Drago Milkotic, 55 Kresimirova, HR 21211 Vranjic, Europe.

NATIVE AMERICAN, HACKER, PUNK ROCKER in federal prison seeks pen pals. Help me stay in touch with the scene! Drop me a letter and I'll tell you my story. Will reply to all. John Smallwood, 0439-010, PO Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

BASTARD RADIO compilation cd $2 (U.S. cash only), or mixed tape or cd in trade. Issues 1-5 available. Each cd has a mix of punk, hardcore,reggae and hiphop. Please specify which issue you want. Write: 2217 W Lupine/Phoenix, AZ 85029.

$4 WHORE, a CD by The Strap-Ons about the dirt on the street that the new world order is imposing on the world. 14 songs like JOHNNY JIHAD & TRAFFIC TICKET. Send $12 to P.O. Box 4132 Palm Springs, CA 92263.

K-9 CHRIST INCARNATE comes back down Geeking Dream 25 song CD with songs like Strap-On Sally, Butraped By Life for only $10 postage paid. To: CNF, PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA 23503. http://www.thestrap-ons.com

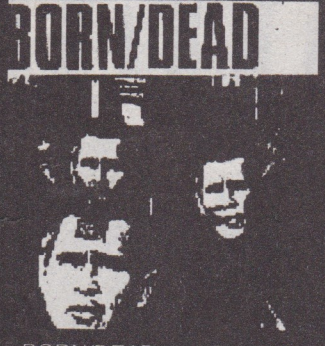
WASTED YOUTH – Thrash hardhead locked up 14 years looking for pen pals. Age, race, gender not a problem. All letters will receive response (sorry no prisoners). Brad Kehm, #90395-012, PO Box 33 Terre Haute, IN 47808.

BAND OF FELONS "Drown My Sorrows, Drink My Dreams" CDEP. 5 songs of loud, boistorous punk rock 'n roll. $4ppd. $5 gets some stickers and pins too. Trades welcome. Band Of Felons, P.O. Box 38, South Amboy, NJ 08879. Also available at Interpunk & Vvinyl.com.

IMPRACTICALCOCKPIT will be touring from July 9th till Sept. 9th, playing wherever they can east of the mississippi. Call their tour hotline for schedule updates and songs from payphones along their way. Also, if you know places for us to play please get in touch. 504-891-5008.

GUYANA PUNCH LINE
"Dir e Aktion" LP/CD

SHIKABANE
Why Do You LIve 12" Limited



BORN/DEAD "our Darkest Fears Now Haunt US 12"/CD

BORN AGAINST "REBEL SOUND OF SHIT AND FAILURE" LP/CD

PRANK

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH "Art of Self" 7"
DROPDEAD/TOTALITAR Split 7" / CD-EP
SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS 7"
ARTIMUS PYLE "FORTRESS" 7"
GRIMPLE " UP YOUR ASS" LP/CD
KYLESA LP/CD
BORN AGAINST "NINE PATRIOTIC" LP
BORN AGAINST"BATTLE HYMNS' LP
ARTIMUS PYLE "Cold Cold Earth"7"
JABARA "Why We wish" 12"
GRIMPLE "Phil" 7"
ARTIMUS PYLE / CROW split 7"
HIS HERO IS GONE "Dead of Night" 7"
GUYANA PUNCH LINE "Irritainment" LP/CD
Write for complete catalog or Check www.prankrecords.com

LP's =$8 US/ $10 Can/Mex $14 World Postpaid
CD's =$10 US/ $11 Can/Mex/ $12 World ppd
7"/CD-EP=$3.50 US/ $5 CAN/MEX/ $6 Worldppd
no checks please

Prank-P.O. Box 410892 San Francisco, CA 94141-0892 USA

BORN /DEAD EUROPEAN TOUR SEPT 25th, 2003- NOV 1st

Check www.prankrecords.com for dates

Direct Distribtuion/Wholesale via MordamRecordsc-www.mordam-records.com also try ebullilton, Revolver, Sub, Deadalive , Hardcore Holocaust , SOund Idea. Stonehenge,etc,etc.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED STANDARD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
PERMIT No. 728